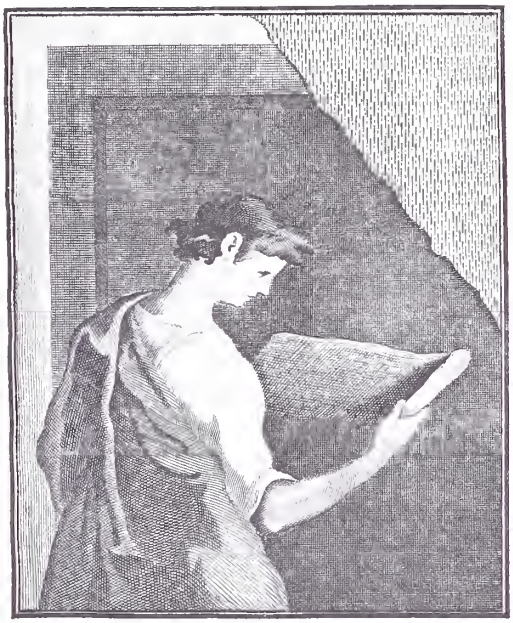

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THE CRAFTSMAN

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GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR
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THE CRAFTSMAN

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"AND WE WOULD PITY? HOW MANY MEN WOULD BE ABLE TO LIFT THE LOAD THESE WOMEN BEAR? BUT THEN THE MEN OF WHOM WE SPEAK WERE NOT BORN OF SUCH WOMEN: LABOR IS WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL; IF WE WOULD AVOID NATIONAL CATASTROPHE, LET US WORK, OR OUR CHILDREN WILL BE OUR CURSE."

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THE SONG OF THE BIRCH CANOE: BY CHARLES A. EASTMAN (OHIYESA)

"OTHER," spoke up one day a shy little Indian maiden of the Algonquin blood, "mother, I want to make my own canoe! I am old enough now to make it tight and strong."

"Ayashe must know when she has the confidence in herself to make her own canoe. I shall be glad if that time is come," answered the busy mother, with her quiet smile.

The mother of Ayashe, "The Little One," was a notable wife and mother from the standpoint of the Algonquin woman. Her tepees, canoes, baskets, mats and the garments of deerskin wrought by her hand were models of craftsmanship. No one ever left her home hungry or dissatisfied, and her husband and children were considered to be especially fortunate. She had taught her only daughter these primitive womanly arts, and it was her pride and ambition that Ayashe should in time become as efficient as herself. But like all good, sensible mothers she was practical and economical, therefore she had never yet allowed Ayashe to try her skill at canoe-making, on the ground that she would be sure to waste many sheets of good birch bark!

"It is my heart's wish to provide for myself every bit of the canoe; its bones, flesh and nerves as well as its fine robe and ornaments," now exclaimed the happy little maiden.

The chief was informed by his faithful wife that their daughter had determined to make her first canoe.

"My daughter must know that the Great Mystery himself gave us the canoe to be our carriage and beast of burden for untold generations," he declared with gravity. "The brother tree, the birch, has generously offered us his skin, as is told in the sacred legends, and the other brother, the cedar, has given not only of his skin, but his flesh, and very roots for frame and sinew, and finally our brother pine gives his life-blood, the pitch, for the seams. We have always honored these three in commemoration of their aid. As you all know, it is our custom of old when about to make a canoe, and particularly the first canoe, to make an offering to the Great Mystery and the spirits of the trees, expressing our thanks, and also praying that the spirits which

pervade the air and water may handle the frail bark gently. My daughter must not forget this," ended Medweasunk (which means His-Voice-Is-Heard-Amid-the-Lightning).

"Yes, yes, Ayashe shall go with me to the Manito rock tomorrow; there she will leave her offering and the wind will bear it afar over the lake." Thus spoke the old grandmother, Kezhikone (The-Fire-Burns-Briskly).

THE sun had just appeared among the treetops, red as a ripe apple in the misty air when the old woman and her granddaughter were already halfway across the lake, nearing a solitary island whose rocky summit rose domelike and venerable, fringed at the base with some ancient pines and cedars. It was a veritable shrine to the wild man, a cathedral of Nature, hallowed by the worship of generations. There tradition had been heaped upon tradition for hoary centuries, until some had been obliterated and others assumed new shapes, even as the boulders that were strewn upon its shores.

The canoe was lifted bodily from the water and laid gently upon the rocks. Then Ayashe, at her grandmother's bidding, went on until she stood alone and breathless at the summit of the cliff, where the sheer wall of stone descended to deep water. The old woman waited for her halfway up, for no human presence must disturb that solemn communion with the Spirit.

Ayashe, like an eaglet from her giddy height, gazed in ecstasy upon the expanse of deep black water, studded with fairy groups of verdant isles just awakening to life at the touch of the rising sun. Never before had she known such an overwhelming consciousness of the unseen world. Stooping, she laid her bundle of tobacco and paints upon the rock, gathered some dry moss, and with her grandmother's flint and steel made a tiny blaze, to burn incense of cedar and sweet grass. Then for several minutes she stood in silence, facing the east, and uttering in her soul the simple prayer of a child to the Father of all.

When she descended from the rock, Ayashe placed the canoe upon the water and launched under the cliff a miniature canoe which she had brought with her, freighted with wild rice and maple sugar. Having finished the simple ceremony according to the usage of her people, she came back happy and impatient to seek the forest for the materials of her maiden canoe. Before the next dawn the girl and her mother had set out for a larger island where there stood a stately grove of primeval birches. At the foot of one of the most venerable, Ayashe reverently placed her symbolic offering; then with sharp

knives she and her mother stripped the finest of the bark, making perpendicular cuts as high as they could reach, and then gently loosening the many-layered skin. The mother was an unerring judge of quality in this matter. All birches of smooth surface may look good to the inexperienced canoe-maker, but the complexion tells much to one who is instructed in woodcraft.

"Ah, *nishishin!*" (very good), exclaimed several of the Algic grandmothers, when they inspected the large, smooth rolls of bark which the proud mother lifted from her canoe, and which Ayashe joyously spread upon level ground, with heavy stones upon the edges, not forgetting to sprinkle each with a decoction to make them more flexible. She accomplished this in the midst of an admiring circle of women of all ages, matrons with their babies on their backs, and young girls who secretly hoped that they might be equally successful when their turn came to go after bark for the maiden canoe.

ONE more day the good mother spent in the deep woods with her daughter, and at evening they brought back their load, slender poles of the swamp or white cedar, together with some of the flexible roots and inner bark of the same tree. These were stripped into cord or coarse thread and laid aside in coils and bundles, while Ayashe's father devoted himself to whittling the poles to a proper thinness in preparation for the framework of the canoe. Meanwhile the maiden herself went into the pine woods and secured a quantity of pitch for the sealing of it. All having been made ready, both father and mother watched her work while she drew on the level ground the outline of her canoe.

Just outside of the family home of birch-bark, Ayashe's mother had her fireplace, and near by was a commodious arbor, roofed with tamarack poles and balsam boughs. In this scented and shady ground she spread her best mats and skins, and here she invited all the young men and maidens of the camp for Ayashe's canoe-making. The girls were asked to bring their bone and wooden awls, while the boys brought sharpened knives. Meanwhile Medweasunk went after game, and his wife was busy opening her choicest boxes of maple sugar and woven baskets of wild rice.

All was ready. The people came gladly. The old medicine-man, Ogama, offered a short invocation and made his address to the friends in behalf of the maiden. The best singer struck his rawhide drum and there was a lively song and dance.

And then to work. Ayashe had selected the trees whose bark she took under her mother's guidance. With the help of her family, she had prepared this bark, the roots, and the wood for each part, and the

pitch was melted and stood in readiness. She had exerted her utmost skill to draw the totem of her clan, the beaver, upon the headpiece, and for her personal emblem she made also the figure of a loon, the swift and fearless water bird at home in calm or storm.

There were just five pieces of thick flexible bark. The middle one was six feet long by four wide, and on either side a strip was added, four feet by one and a half. The end pieces were six feet by three, save where they projected to meet the short side strips. At head and foot these pieces were rounded to form the bow and stern, and small triangular pieces were added for the curve. Stout pegs having been driven into the ground as marked out by Ayashe, and the pieces of bark placed in position, the girls were invited to sit on either side, two workers to each seam. One punched the holes for the strong cords of cedar roots; the other drew these cords firmly, the two edges being very slightly overlapped. As the bark had been properly softened for easy handling, it was very pliable, and the maidens worked fast and beaverlike, yet not unskilfully or unthinkingly, for they watched closely for any defect or irregularity; moreover, behind them stood others to give warning. As they worked, they talked among themselves in soft, musical voices, as one would imagine the brook talking to the pines, or a tree full of blackbirds in the springtime.

Soon the first set of workers was relieved by another, and so on until the hand of every maiden present had added her love stitch to Ayashe's first canoe.

ALL this time the older people were interested spectators. Lovers of mirth and humor, they pretended now and then to ridicule the skilful work of the maidens, likening the unfinished canoe to some clumsy or ungainly thing in nature. This drew forth playful retorts and laughter. At last the main seams were finished, and the released bark, true to old habit, again formed itself into a hollow trunk. The suggestion of a canoe was there, but without grace or dignity.

"Do not work all the time, children! You must eat, now." So speaking, the good mother brought forward a steaming kettle of venison, and another of ducks with wild rice. Then there were wild berries to follow. Such simple feasts made these children of the woods very happy. "'Tis a pure and wholesome joy: to work, laugh, play, dance and eat!"

After the meal was finished, there came a few drum-beats and another song, ending in cheers and laughter. Then all was still, and one could hear plainly the swash of gentle waves on the beach, while in the distance the loon gave his high-keyed call of inquiry. The

From a Photograph by Dr. William Jones.

A GROUP OF BIRCH-BARK CANOES MADE BY THE OJIBWAY INDIANS OF LAKE MATABE, ONTARIO: THE BEAUTY OF THE CRAFTSMANSHIP IS ESPECIALLY SHOWN IN THE OVERTURNED BARKS.

From a Photograph by Dr. William Jones.

OJIBWAY MOTHER AND CHILD FLOATING
THROUGH THE LAKE REEDS AT TWILIGHT.

From a Photograph by Dr. William Jones.

INDIAN-MADE CANOES AT THE NORTHERN LAKES OF LONGFELLOW'S COUNTRY.

From a Photograph by Dr. William Jones.

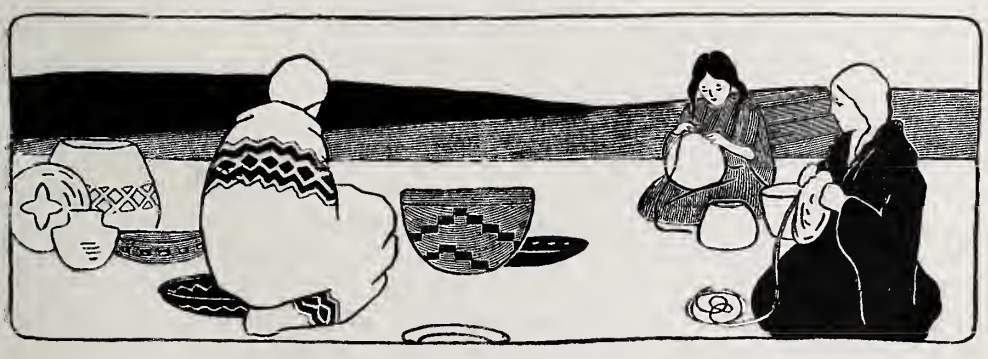
INDIANS OR WHITE MEN WHO HAVE MADE THEIR CANOES AND TRAVELED IN THEM A LIFETIME REGARD THEM WITH REVERENT HUMAN AFFECTION.

cheerful gathering again became absorbed in the task, and this time it was the turn of the young men. They must insert the back-bone and ribs of the canoe.

As with the maidens, the work was doubly manned and crew followed crew, each vying with the other. There were neither saws, squares nor planes, but merely knives, awls and stout cords for the work. The light craft was finally completely surrounded by strong warriors, and in the midst of their laughter, yelps and whoops of joy the graceful canoe was born!

Then came the final ceremony, the christening, as it were, which was both serious and impressive. Ayashe not only dressed for it in her finest doeskin robe with long fringes, but prepared her whole soul for the event. She walked at the head of the procession, in silent prayer, carrying in her hand a filled pipe, the customary emblematic offering. The little bark was carried by four warriors to the water's edge, followed by the maidens, then the young men and finally the old people and children.

Ayashe stood upon the white sand, with the deep pine forest at her back, and they laid her canoe at her feet. After holding the stem of the pipe upward for an instant, she turned and gave it to the old man, Ogama, who stood immediately behind her. He lighted it and passed it around the circle in deep solemnity. When all had finished, the young men launched the canoe with a spring, Ayashe holding in her hand a cord fastened to the bow. For the first time it danced upon the gentle waves—the creature of a day, conceived in love and reverence, brought forth in the midst of feast and dance and joyous toil—the canoe of Ayashe, the little Algic girl!



GERMANY AN OBJECT LESSON IN CIVIC ACHIEVEMENT: WORK AND DISCIPLINE THE SECRET OF HER SUCCESS: BY JOHN CORY

NE of the most spectacular features in recent world history is the rapid rise of Germany to riches, power and prestige. From a group of ragged little kingdoms biting and snarling at each other, Germany has accomplished an amalgamation, a centralization that makes her one of the most powerful nations of two continents. In international politics and in industry she has attained place among the first three nations. In military organization, in scientific research, in the application of knowledge to practical conditions of life and the enlargement of technical and popular education she is perhaps foremost among all nations. Her ascendancy in music was one of her first national achievements. In her art alone, which also includes her architecture, is there a streak of weakness and futility, as though her strength had gone into the humanities rather than the arts.

It is a matter of no small significance to all the growing changing nations of the world, the reason or reasons for Germany's splendid civic achievement. What force or combination of forces has cemented her broken unhappy little kingdoms? What power has overcome the overwhelming ambitions and selfishness of her small principalities? Why should one monarch and one system of industrial achievement be accepted by a dozen small rulers? How was the chain linked together so that its power today threatens to clasp and hold nations that were great and old when Germany had a dozen rulers?

It is well possibly to consider the German nature individually. Whether in his own country or abroad, the individual German possesses to a preëminent degree stamina, pertinacity, reliability, understanding associated with patience, skill, the outgrowth of both. Manufacturers the world over prize the German workman. He is conspicuously thoroughgoing. In traveling over America today the farm that seems in the best working condition, that suggests a sure income, well planned and well managed, is more often than not in the hands of the German-American. In the manufacturing world where in the few instances really good craftsmanship is desired, again we find the superintendent seeking the German cabinetmaker, the man who has pride in his work, a joy in revealing that pride. In practically all stages of economic development where conscientious thrift is needed, the German finds a ready welcome. It is our pleasant task in this brief article to try to discover some of the circumstances that have produced these sterling qualities.

In the first place the German race, or races, for there are at least

two well-defined types, are of comparatively pure blood. Excepting the English, no other great nation is as fortunate in this important particular. Nature abhors a hybrid, and peoples of mixed blood are handicapped in the struggle for national efficiency.

The process known as the survival of the fittest sternly meting out its terrible lesson, justice, during early historic and Mediæval ages, gave the modern German his physical foundation. Nature has never placed Germany on her most favored nation list. In the early days, before the people with their irrepressible resoluteness had taken matters somewhat into their own hands, she was an austere and niggardly mistress. Dense black forests and fever-laden swamps filled the native mind with awe of some terrible despotism. Economic need drove all the inhabitants to fierce and continual conflict. At best, life would have been a hard struggle; but hemmed in by hungry neighbors, each little lean kingdom could survive only through coöperation, self-sacrifice and discipline among its individuals.

With the advent of feudalism the need for these qualities was intensified, if that were possible; for in no country was the feudal system more ferociously developed than in Germany. The thousands of petty princes were in perpetual strife; there was ceaseless insecurity, and an unrelenting necessity in each little group for organization, obedience and self-denying loyalty to an arbitrary chief.

AS modern Europe emerges, the lot of the German peasant is still hard. Split up into many States, his country is the cockpit for all nations. Husbands, sons and brothers being commandeered first here than there, the women wrested the scanty sustenance by toil and heavy sweat. The history of Germany has been, and still is shaped by tremendous external pressure; and the character of her people has been profoundly influenced by the surging upon her borders of Slavs, Romans, Papists, Swedes, Austrians, French and Russians. Savagely suspicious of and antagonistic to neighbors as a result of the long-standing strifes of clans and communes, the numerous little States, however, needed this great pressure to grind them into confederation. Echoes of clannish mistrust may still be heard in the Fatherland, although the bogey of British ill will has lately stilled many a wee protesting voice. Is there not tragedy, pathos and heroic determination in that line of the national song, "If only we always like brothers together may hold, *Deutschland über alles?*" Germany today is united in the letter and in spirit. Her people have begun to direct to the Fatherland the burning devotion, the self-forgetting coöperation, the inflexible loyalty which they were schooled to lavish upon the smaller unit.

The secret of the power of the German is his sublime respect for authority, which was born of the primitive awe of fearsome Nature, nursed by the Mediæval tyranny of feudalism and matured by the necessity for obedience under modern external pressure. Frugality and industry were early enforced by an ungenerous soil. Self-sacrifice was the price paid by communal preservation.

In our days the German prospers sanely. He has personal poise, individual content. He is self-controlled, cultured, capable alike as head of family and member of society. Centuries of rigid discipline have given him social perspective; he stands in no danger of being fever-ridden, consumed body and soul by the desire for wealth and power. He has a nobler idea of the purpose of life.

The men in Germany marry young. The women work hard, in the field, in the garden, in the house; the incentive is not personal gain, but family well-being. Those twin Fiends—Idleness and Hustling—have no abiding place within the realm of the Kaiser. The German is happy, because he is constantly occupied without being slave-driven either by an overreaching ambition or by a desire for display and sensation.

Two factors stand out in German racial development—the compelling necessity for steady labor, and the insistent demand for coöperation, communal consciousness, self-sacrifice and civic loyalty.

These were also the conditions under which our forefathers developed a forceful manhood. But, alas, our country proves to be a spoiled darling of Nature, and our people have become intoxicated by her prodigality. "*Civis Germanus sum*" has ever been a clarion call to social service. Time was when a "*Civis Americanus sum*" was also impressive, but today it is a vain and empty boast, devoid of all true patriotism. The irresponsible manner with which the most worthy of our fellow countrymen evade the laws of the land and violate the regulations of their communities is nothing less than appalling.

As our own country is prodigal to us, so we in turn are lavish toward our children. And as we are careless of our civic duties, so our children are unmindful of our wishes (recent articles to the contrary, none the less) German civilization is, by common consent, a success. America has yet to justify "the world's greatest experiment in democracy." She will do it only when a majority of her citizens is actively, intelligently and disinterestedly concerned in the welfare of the State.

To this end the young generation must be deliberately trained. Much of our trouble comes from a misinterpretation of the term education, which is so often considered as merely coextensive with the far less vital term, scholarship. Admirable as scholarship may be, it is but a speck on the horizon of education.

From a Photograph by Mrs. Riordon.

THE GERMAN WOMEN STILL WORK IN THE FIELD: THE INCENTIVE IS NOT PERSONAL GAIN BUT FAMILY WELL-BEING.

From a Photograph by Mrs. Riordon.

IN GERMANY THE WORKING PEOPLE ARE MAINLY HAPPY BECAUSE THEY ARE CONSTANTLY OCCUPIED WITHOUT BEING SLAVE-DRIVEN EITHER BY AN OVERREACHING AMBITION OR BY A DESIRE FOR SENSATION AND DISPLAY.

From a Photograph by Mrs. Riordon.

CONTRAST THIS WOMAN WITH AMERICAN GIRLS, GIANT STRENGTH, YET WOMANLY POISE; RUGGED ACTION, YET SERENITY: A LIFE OF LABOR WHICH GIVES A MOTHER STRONG, HALE CHILDREN.

From a Photograph by Mrs. Riordon.

SO OFTEN IN GERMANY THE HUSBAND, SONS AND BROTHERS ARE COMMANDEERED FOR THE ARMY THAT WOMEN HAVE LEARNED TO FACE THE BATTLE OF LIFE OUTDOORS AS WELL AS IN: OUT OF IT THEY HAVE GAINED STRENGTH, POISE AND COURAGE.

Now, the child in its growth repeats in *epitome* the history of the race. By creating an approximate environment, can we not implant in any child the virtues of any race? With this possibility in view, we should model after the most successful nation—the Germans. As we have seen, the deciding factors in their moral evolution have been a physical situation requiring constant, unremitting toil; and political circumstances demanding concerted, unselfish civic endeavor.

THE FAR COUNTRY

THERE was no shining street of gold,
But just a trail of green
Where grasses ran across the mold
Beside a brook serene.

There were no amaranths of light,
Nor fadeless asphodels,
But just wee daisies shy and white
And violets in the fells.

There was no choiring cherubim,
But just a raptured lark
Made music on a nearby limb
From morning until dark.

There were no pearly gates ajar
Nor throne from glory spun
But just the quiet evening star,
And just the morning sun!

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

THE FAIRY FAITH AND PICTURED MUSIC OF PAMELA COLMAN SMITH: BY M. IRWIN MACDONALD

DO sane, well-balanced and cultured people believe in fairies? Hardly anyone would admit it in so many words, but does not a large part of our modern literature, painting and music prove that, whether it is acknowledged or not, the majority of mankind has a keen and imperishable interest in the invisible world that lies beyond the ken of objective consciousness? In the days when life was less involved in the network of material things, men accepted the reality of the subjective world as simply as they did that of the things apprehended by the senses, because their perception was unclouded by inherited skepticism. Wise men and seers who had mastered the secrets of Nature by penetrating into her hidden places knew that the realm which alone is evident to our bodily senses lies like a landlocked bay at the edge of a boundless ocean teeming with conscious and intelligent life. Unlettered peasants who lived in the fields and woods and were much alone knew there were fairies, sprites and goblins because they felt them all around and now and again they saw them. Poets knew it as children do, because they lived

PEN AND INK SKETCH OF HENRY IRVING BY PAMELA COLMAN SMITH.

so close to the heart of things that the veil was very thin. We all know the faith of the past. We know, also, how the clouds gathered and the gulf widened when mankind grew so busy with its own affairs and so wise in its own conceit of them that everything pertaining to the unseen kingdoms of Nature was dismissed contemptuously as folk-lore or superstition.

A PEN AND INK SKETCH OF ELLEN TERRY BY PAMELA COLMAN SMITH.

The question now is: are we once more bridging the gulf? We seem to be doing so, and in many ways. We are forever hovering about the borderland, only we call it psychical research, occultism, experimental psychology, and such high-sounding names. When we venture over the edge, we adopt Kipling's device in the matter of the sea-serpent and call it fiction. But the fact remains the same. We are becoming less academic in our attitude toward folk-lore, and are beginning to realize that a belief which is rooted in the life of every nation belongs to the collective experience of humanity and cannot die out.

Thinkers like Schelling, Villanis, Edward Carpenter and William James have prepared the way and shown the possibility of reconciling the visions of seers and transcendentalists, and the beliefs of the folk in all ages, with the materialistic knowledge of average mankind. And now William Butler Yeats and his colleagues in the Celtic Revival

are translating mysticism into plain language by openly avowing their belief in fairies and their knowledge that such beings exist. This avowal is something quite different from the literature of fantasy or the speculations of philosophers, because it states what purports to be a simple fact that may be proven by anyone who cares to go about it in the right way. Another step has been taken by Mr. W. Y. Evans Wentz, who has just published in England a book which deals exhaustively with the fairy faith as a living thing today, and this book is vouched for by authorities in the Universities of Oxford and Rennes. But the most direct evidence of a belief in the actuality and occasional visibility of subjective beings is given by Pamela Colman Smith, who not only asserts that she sees such beings and the countries in which they dwell, but makes pictures of what she sees.

THESE pictures are strangely convincing. Perhaps that is why such crowds of people went to see a collection of them that was exhibited in a New York gallery last spring. Although well done, they were not specially remarkable for technique. There were hundreds of as good or better pictures shown in other galleries at the same time. But there was something about them that appealed irresistibly to the mysticism that, consciously or unconsciously, occupies so large a place in human nature. The note of simplicity and sincerity was unmistakable. A few were paintings, boldly decorative in design and blazing with color, but by far the greater part were drawings in pencil or India ink. Of these, some were mere hasty sketches, evidently dashed upon paper within the space of a few minutes and left to stand as the record of strong but fleeting impressions; others showed a more careful working out of similar impressions. But without exception the subjects were fantastic and unearthly, baffling the understanding while quickening the imagination into flame. They were glimpses into an unknown world,—that land of fantasy where color takes the place of our clumsier modes of expression, and forms are as elusive as mist and as fanciful as a dream; in other words, fairyland.

The key that unlocks this world to Pamela Colman Smith is music. She is not a musician herself, nor does she care greatly for music for its own sake. But the rhythm of it, and the changing harmonies, stir certain subconscious depths in her and so enable her to enter the realm which lies beyond ordinary consciousness and to bring to the light visions and sensations which might otherwise struggle in vain for utterance. She sees music, rather than hears it, and she expresses,—as perfectly as she can and with the literal directness of a child,—exactly what she sees.

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"PETER PAN," FROM A DRAWING BY PAMELA COLMAN SMITH.

Reproduced from the Collection of Frederick Allen King.

FROM A DRAWING BY PAMELA COLMAN SMITH, INSPIRED BY BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONY NUMBER FIVE IN C.

Reproduced from the Collection of Frederick Allen King.

"RECESS": FROM A DRAWING BY PAMELA COLMAN SMITH.

MISS PAMELA COLMAN SMITH, FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

SKOWHEGAN, ME.

There is nothing supernatural about this effect of rhythmic, harmonious sound. Many of us have actually experienced it, for all people whose senses are profoundly stirred by music see vague visions and feel the color of the tones. But we are so used to ignoring our subconscious impressions that for the most part they remain vague and formless as clouds and are forgotten as soon as the stimulus has passed. Our minds are not ordinarily attuned to the reception and comprehension of such impressions, far less to giving them forth again in objective form. Herein lies all the difference. We all share the hidden life, but only the few have the power to express it or make it visible. Great poets, artists and musicians have it, and children are so close to it that they try sometimes to make the grown folk see and understand what is so real to them. But they have not the power. Their visions are laughed at as fancies or punished as falsehoods, and so imagination—the priceless image-making power of the mind—takes flight and the land of fantasy fades into nothingness.

But, given the open mind and vivid perception of the child, and the power of expression that comes from long training in the coördination and control of both conscious and subconscious faculties, as well as in the technique of art, and pictures like these cease to be inexplicable. It is simply another application of the powers held in the old time by the master weavers of Kashmir. The story goes that an English traveler in India once went to see the weaving of the royal shawls. As the weavers worked, they sang,—one of the endless crooning chants that swing like a pendulum to the strange syncopated rhythm of the East. Going close to the looms, he saw that the brilliant, intricate web was being woven without chart or pattern of any kind. He asked the master weaver how such a thing could be. The old man answered: "Sahib, we see the colors and patterns as we sing, and so we weave the shawl." Pamela Colman Smith sees the thronging images as she listens, and so she makes her pictures.

THESE visions are not in any sense the obvious pictures of operatic or programme music. When the composer explains his own emotions or spells out his ideas, her mental canvas remains a blank. Abstract music alone comes to her in pictures, and the more remote and elusive is the expression of the thought or feeling of the composer, the more clearly defined is its symbolic presentation to her inner vision. Grieg, for example, brings to her nothing but the everyday pleasure of listening to pleasant, obvious melodies in which his message is clearly spoken and the colors are brightly and thickly laid on. Wagner, with his colossal images of gods and heroes, and the profoundly sensuous appeal of his stupendous orchestration, brings a

strong response from her, it is true,—but it is passionate revolt from all that the music means. There are no pictures in it to her, only a confused blur of violent antagonism.

But when the music is in harmony with her own innermost being, the gates to the Otherworld are thrown wide, and for the time she is one with the beings that in Celtic lands are called "The Silent Ones" or "The People of Peace." Not always the same people or the same land; the regions that are revealed to her differ as widely as did those seen by Swedenborg in his subconscious journeyings, and vary according to the inspiration of the composer, but always she sees what the music endeavors to express. It was said of Schumann that he saw thoughts and emotions symbolized in pictures, and then told in tones what the eyes beheld. For this woman the tones are resolved again into pictures, and every line reveals the emotional content of the music.

The pictures are wholly symbolic, not in the conventional sense, but as the natural expression of one who puts thought and feeling into symbolic forms rather than into tones or words. One feels that there is no effort to interpret what the music may mean, but rather the spontaneous portrayal of the same vision or emotion that inspired the composer. That both spring from the same source is revealed by the pictures themselves, for each one shows the peculiar individual quality of the music of which it is the visible form. Not only do the subjects differ widely in character as the inspiration changes, but the very method of handling differs. Even the quality of line in the original sketches, which is broad, powerful and sweeping when it represents Beethoven's titanic emotions, becomes dainty and precise under the influence of Mozart, sensual and freakish in the portrayal of certain moods of Richard Strauss, and vague, delicate and at times austere when it endeavors to define and fix the well-nigh formless musical fancies of Debussy.

God save you merry gentlemen
May nothing you dismay.

Yet, by a strange contradiction, it is the music of Debussy that reveals the most glowing, vivid pictures in the collection. The pencil drawings made at the time may outline the merest suggestion of wan, unearthly forms, but when the imagination of the artist is aroused and begins to build consciously upon the memory of the vision, the result is a painting that

glows with jeweled color. Debussy himself says that both drawings and paintings are his dreams made visible, and always keeps a portfolio of them at hand.

"YOUTH": A SKETCH BY PAMELA COLMAN SMITH.

They come in strange forms, the fancies of this dreamer who strives always to express in his music the inexpressible,—to make his hearers feel as he does the glamour of color, perfume, lights in a murky sky, the rush of the wind, the bodiless might of the sea,—this tone-poet whose never-ending search is for some way to bring back to humanity its lost sense of the invisible. That is why the pictures of his music belong wholly to the land of faerie. The like of "L'Isle Joyeuse" never was seen on earth, but those who look long at the picture know that in the Country of the Young,—the Land of the Living Heart, as it used to be called,—there must be just such a happy isle, bathed in burning sapphire light and towering high out of a peacock hued sea. *Maeldūn* saw the fair, strange isle as he voyaged in the Western Sea, and they told him it was the Island of Joy. The Greeks, too, dreamed of islands like this, far out in the unknown ocean that rimmed their world, and called them the Islands of the Blest.

AND in this fairy world the elements are dimly personified, just as men who were simple and closely akin to Nature personified them ages ago. Not in allegorical figures, solid and fleshly, such as we see in so-called imaginative and symbolical paintings, but in mist-wreaths and falling rain, sunbeams, clouds and snow that contain hardly more than the suggestion of a hidden personality. This is what Debussy is always hinting at, and this is what is mirrored forth in the pictures of his fugitive fancies. One is of a garden in the rain, where the drenched brilliance of the flowers gleams dimly through the gray shadows of the rain. It is a passing shower, such as might fall from any summer cloud, and yet it gathers into tall shadowy forms that trail draperies of mist over the blossoms which they seem to bless with outstretched arms. These rain-forms appear in many pictures, moving singly or in groups through lush green meadows, and they are

always the same. Clouds, too, come as dancing figures, fleecy and dazzling-white against the blue sky, and the airy forms are what every child sees, for they are only clouds. The snowflakes whirl into huge diaphanous forms that dance madly against the black night sky, and the west wind sweeps through the heavens with the rush of a hurricane, a colossal goddess veiled in the flaming purple and gold of a tropic sunset.

Sometimes the visions are wholly of the borderland, where it shines momentarily through the cloud of the material world. A shepherd boy, pixy-led over the heather-covered hills in the luminous twilight, plays his pipe for the circle of pixies that frolic at his knee. Or the "seven towers of faerie" appear for a moment amid tossing sunset clouds, that part far enough to allow just a glimpse of the Land of Heart's Desire. Again, a ship comes sailing out of the darkness over the curling purple-blue waves of a fairy sea,—a ship that embodies all the dreams of child-humanity as to what the golden treasure-ship of pure romance might be. It is a gorgeous myth of sea-adventure, a towering galleon with flame-colored sails swelling in the strong wind that impels it onward, and sides overlaid with plates of beaten gold.

But when the curtain rolls up on the world of Beethoven there is an end of fairy fancies. This is a titanic world that saw the beginning of time,—a world of tossing seas, trackless deserts and mountains that pierce the skies. It is peopled with kingly forms that move with slow statcliness or remain motionless, lost in brooding thought. They never dance. There is always the suggestion of storm; of the possible war of elemental forces, yet as a whole the visions are sternly reposeful. The feeling is that of overwhelming strength, either held in leash by some unseen force, or quiescent after a storm of emotion. The action is expressed in great swinging curves that image forth the rhythmic surge of the music. The lighter moods of Beethoven, the occasional buffoonery, seldom appear. It is the grave splendor of his spirit that dominates the forms in which the varying melodies are made manifest. Perhaps the most purely symbolic of all these springs from a movement in the Sonata Appassionata. In this, a stormy sea beats heavily against the shore, threatening to engulf the towers and spires of a distant city. But for the moment their force is gathered together in one gigantic billow that rears itself like a serpent, and the crest of this billow curls over into the semblance of a woman's face,—dreaming, wistful, with great eyes set wide apart and the delicate pointed chin of utter femininity.

Deeply symbolic also is the presentation of Cesar Franck's emotional, passionately religious preludes, fugues and chorales, with their rich, somber coloring and their sense of spiritual unrest. The

most significant of these is the "Call to Earth," which images the imperious urge toward objective existence. Three godlike figures have heard the call and yielded to their destiny. One, clad in gleaming robes and with crowned head still touching the clouds, stands on the earth erect and stately, but in the drooping, dreaming face is seen the numbing influence that slowly lulls the spirit into the stupor of physical existence. Another towering form in the far background is stumbling forward, drawn down as with invisible cords to the waiting earth, but with arms flung up to heaven as if imploring succor. The third has fallen prone and already is blending with the earth so that it is hardly distinguishable from the swale in which it lies. Only the jewels of its robes and the white unconscious face catch the gleams of celestial light from its former home.

AN INFORMAL SKETCH OF ELLEN TERRY: BY MISS SMITH.

Exactly the opposite chord is struck by Richard Strauss, and the pictures here are merry, elvish, richly sensuous. But they are imaginative rather than visionary,—*Don Quixote* tilting at maliciously frolicking windmills, or *Till Eulenspiegel* dancing recklessly in the wake of a bounding nymph, both mad with the intoxication of the music, which seems to roll around them in the form of billowing, jocund clouds. It is all of the earth, well spiced with genial deviltry. Russian and Slav music also appears in pictures that are sensuous and imaginative. They are either freakishly fantastic or luxuriously melancholy. The very lines of the pictures which delineate Tchaikovsky's chronic despair droop even as his themes droop, in the entrancement of soul-satisfying woe. Dvorák, though, hearty-humored and close to Nature, gives to the world music that appears as dancing, blossomed-crowned creatures that are not so much dryads as trees endowed with conscious life and the power of movement.

Some of Schumann's music takes forms that are wholly human. A movement of the Second Symphony, for instance, brings to light a

vigorous youth, tall and strong, pulsating with the sheer joy of life as he springs upward to the effort of casting into the air the falcon that perches on his outstretched arm. But for the most part the element of fantasy is dominant. A phrase from the First Symphony takes the shape of a gaunt old tree, with bare branches blown by the wind; yet the tree is a woman, helpless in the grip of mortal anguish, rooted fast to an abhorred spot and bending before the strong wind of destiny. A Nachtstück (No. 4) shadows forth a towering peak against the primrose sky of dawn. Up the mountainside toil weary, shadowy forms,—the dreams of humanity returning home.

Pamela Colman Smith is so naturally a mystic that she has but little intellectual interest in mysticism. From childhood she has had the gift of the "second sight" which is common among the Celtic peasants of Ireland, Scotland and Brittany, and she believes in what she sees as simply and implicitly as they do. She never thinks of this power as clairvoyance, or exploits it as such, but uses it precisely as she does the senses and faculties which are common to all. In temperament and personality she is as much of an anachronism as was William Morris, for like him she belongs to an earlier age, but the only outward evidence of this is a childlike and utterly unconventional sincerity which finds expression with fearless freedom. She does not dabble in psychology, as is the fashion now, and she knows next to nothing of philosophical theories, transcendental or otherwise. Her understanding and knowledge are wholly intuitional. Perhaps this is why she sees so much that is hidden from the ordinary sight.

ENVIRONMENT and early training had much to do with the development of her strange and vivid individuality. Her interest in folk-lore, which has so vitally affected her achievements in the realm of the subconscious, began in Jamaica, where she passed her girlhood. Even then, music came to her in pictures, and she drew little dancing figures and elfin landscapes as she heard the melodies, but she visualized nothing in that place of romantic and horrible memories, although she felt intensely the oppression and excitement of its psychic atmosphere. She listened to many tales and legends of the unseen world, told by witchlike old women in the firelight,—because in Jamaica no one dares to speak of such things in the broad light of day,—and she made a collection of them which she published as a book of Jamaican folk-lore, but she saw nothing of it at that time.

After the years in Jamaica, the family went to England. There her fancy, as expressed in pictures, turned mainly to the quaint and whimsical. The preternaturally good little children of the early Victorian period appealed so keenly to her sense of humor that we

have hundreds of tiny pen sketches of these small, smug beings in hoopskirts and sandals,—or in roundabouts and skeleton trousers as the case may be,—romping most decorously or listening with extreme propriety to the moral and improving tales recounted by a mother, aunt or governess, who beamed with virtue and delicate sensibility. Or, we have a bold, bad pirate struggling in the too-loving grasp of a group of roguish, sea-green mermaids, while a tubby, broad-beamed galleon scuttles away like an indignant hen, looking back with an expression of horror and righteous wrath in every porthole.

It was at this period that the young artist followed Walter Crane, founded herself upon him and luxuriated in decorative conceptions and gorgeous color. The influence of the famous illustrator is still glimpsed in her work, but it is now so overlaid by her own individuality that one finds little more than an occasional reminder of the way Walter Crane used to see things. He never saw them half so humorously, though, as did his young disciple. It was not intentional or obvious humor. She seldom caricatured things for sake of caricaturing; apparently made no effort to draw funny pictures; but she looked at life with such a mirthful quirk in her own vision that every line of these quaint daring sketches fairly rippled with laughter.

It was when she went to Ireland that the power of her early childhood returned to her. Again environment played its part, for she was the friend and close associate of the group of poets and playwrights who are restoring Celtic literature and tradition to the world. On the Continent, her friends were Maeterlinck, Debussy and others who were endeavoring, each in his own way, to pierce the veil that hid the subjective world. Pamela Colman Smith had not the great creative power of these men, but it soon became evident that she had something quite as rare,—the power to see clearly the invisible realm of which they all dreamed. She entered it or shut it out at will, but when music opened the gates everything became clear to her inner vision. She learned to distinguish the elementals of the earth, air, fire and water,—the gnomes, goblins, wraiths, leprechauns, pixies, salamanders and people of the sea. But most often in Ireland she saw the *Sidhe*, the invisible children of Dana who were conquered, but not driven out, by the sons of Miled. It is this towering and godlike race which, in Ireland, is closest to the objective world and has most to do with the affairs of men. The peasants,—and the poets,—call them the People of Peace, the Gentry or the Silent Ones, and without them there would not be much left of Celtic legendary lore. Most of the invisible races seem to be as unconscious of their human neighbors

as men are of them, but the *Sidhe* play a part more like that of the ancient gods of Greece. They figure prominently in the pictures of Pamela Colman Smith. If one asks her why she paints them all radiant and glowing, and apparently twenty or thirty feet high, she answers simply that it is the way they look. And if her impression is a hallucination produced by the effect of traditional belief and repeated description sinking into the subconscious mind, the hallucination is fairly widespread. Mr. Wentz gives in his book, "The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries," incident after incident of actual encounters with the *Sidhe*, vouched for by such sober and substantial men as college professors, lawyers, physicians, clergymen and civil engineers, to say nothing of farmers and country people.

If the pictures of Pamela Colman Smith are mere figments of an unusually lively imagination, she is a genius, for they are handled with a simplicity and conviction that neither Watts nor Rossetti, Böcklin nor Arthur Davies, have attained in all their sumptuous imaginings or abstruse symbolism. If they are the result of actual visions that come to her because of her gift of the "second sight," they are still more interesting as an evidence that the folk traditions which have lived stubbornly through centuries of scornful disbelief may, after all, be founded on truths which we are on the verge of discovering anew. As to the fairy faith itself, most of us are willing to echo the wish of Andrew Lang, that:

"Folk to come, ayont the sea,
May hear the yowl of the Banshie,
And frae the water-kelpie flee,
Ere a' things cease,
And island bairns may stolen be
By the Folk o' Peace.

Faith, they might steal *me*, wi' ma will,
And, ken'd I ony Fairy hill,
I'd lay me down there, snod and still,
Their land to win,
For, man, I've maistly had my fill
O' this world's din."

THE FOUNTAIN OF JOY: A STORY: BY LUCILLE BALDWIN VAN SLYKE

OW the year of love had come to Shakeeb Tabet though he knew it not. For he had been brought away from his native country when he was a child and did not know many of its customs. But his alert old mother, whose real name had been forgotten on the long-ago day when they had nicknamed her Sarsur, which means cricket, knew that his year of love had come and was troubled. Were she still in far-off Syria she could have helped her son. For there the marriage customs were good, the father and mother of a youth could arrange his year of love properly, dickering with the parents of a girl suitable to his rank and inclinations.

But in this strange new land Sarsur was helpless. Indeed, now that Shakeeb was a man she felt unimportant. She could only keep their bit of a home crudely comfortable for the boy with whom she had fled in the years when political persecution had robbed her of her husband and her home. Sometimes it seemed to her that her present comparative idleness was more difficult to endure than the dreary years she had almost embroidered herself blind making a living for her boy in the ugly little Washington Street tenement. It was hard to realize that this grown man, so good to look upon, was really her son. She was a bit dazed with the ease with which he earned their bread. For he was a man of position in the colony, he was assistant editor of *The Tongue of the Times* and very proud that his mother need toil no longer.

It was summer. Every night Shakeeb came home from the inky office and donned his smartest raiment and went forth to chat in the cafés over the *nargîleh* or to swagger about in Battery Park. And Sarsur, her poor old heart troubled, used to wander after him in the shadows.

In the land of his fathers Shakeeb had a Turkish grandfather whom law and religion allowed four wives. Sarsur sometimes felt rather anxiously that though Shakeeb's father had become a Christian for his Syrian wife's sake and had kept his vow to have no wife save herself, that Shakeeb had his grandfather's feeling toward her sex. Did he not walk with many maidens in Battery Park? Maidens whom he fondly believed "styleesch Ameer-cans?"

He wandered about many a night with Nora Brady, who was red-haired, blue-eyed and saucy. She teased her "dago crush" into mad extravagances of soda water and ice cream and kept him in ripples of infectious little Oriental giggles with her sprightly slang and bantering. Sarsur hated her bitterly.

Nor did the gray-haired mother feel more kindly toward Gretchen

Kirschner, whose Teuton neatness looked dowdy indeed beside Nora's frowzy smartness. Gretchen kept books in her father's butcher shop; much poring over greasy ledgers in a darkened corner had given a queer squint to her near-sighted blue eyes that was most unattractive to Shakeeb's mother. But sometimes Gretchen moved beside her foreign suitor with a proprietary air that Shakeeb seemed to think very delightful.

Last of all was Teresa, toward whom Sarsur's heart almost relented at times. Dusky-eyed and olive-skinned, this drawling-voiced little Italian was so much like the women of Syria that Sarsur feared her most of all.

Summer waxed hotter and hotter. Every night the amorous Shakeeb walked gaily in the park with one of his admired ones while his mother followed sadly in the shadows, hating the pretty finery with which these silly women enticed her son.

One night while she rested unhappily she observed a young woman sitting at the other end of the bench. Her little head drooped despairingly, her shoulders bent wearily and her tired hands lay with languid upturned fingers. Had not Sarsur been so intent on her own troubles her heart would have beat with pity for this afflicted woman. Past them trooped laughing women in thin clothing, but they two sat apart in their unlovely dark garments and would not even speak.

In some mysterious way the secluded bench became their nightly rendezvous. On the hot, breathless nights they met; always silent, each respecting the other's trouble and each vaguely comforted by the presence of the other, until one night when something unwonted happened. Beyond them in a circle of light where many people laughed and chattered was a dusty fountain. All through the summer drought the children had played noisily about its rusty iron base and ugly empty spout. But this night, while the two women sat listless in the shadows, a khaki-clad park attendant let the waiting water leap once more into spray. The children screamed with glee, prancing near the welcome coolness; the older people laughed at their antics and sighed gratefully. But the drooping little figure beside Sarsur, who had never spoken in their many nights together, stretched out her thin hands and whispered in Arabic,

"Oh, fountain of joy!"

"Who art thou? Who art thou?" cried Sarsur swiftly. "Who art thou, who hast heard of the fountain of joy?"

"I am called Tamâmeh," answered the other bitterly. Sarsur sighed compassionately. For she knew that Tamâmeh means "enough" and that this girl was the last of a family of many unwished-for daughters.

"Even in this land I am undesired," murmured the girl sadly. "My sisters, they are all pretty and make marriages that please my father but I—I hate the stupid men they are always bringing for me to marry, and I will not powder and color my face and laugh like the others—I hate this awful land!"

Sarsur move slowly across the bench and lifted the girl's face toward hers. In the dim light under the trees the white eyelids drooped heavily and the thick lips sagged despondently, but the lovely oval of the cheeks that curved beneath the dusky hair were as dear as Sarsur's own long ago youth.

"Do not weep," comforted Sarsur.

"Weep!" The other lifted her sloe-black eyes and stared. "How can I weep? I have cried out all my tears since I left my own country! Mine eyes are as dry"—she waved her slender hand toward the fountain—"as that once barren place."

"Which is not as were our fountains," replied Sarsur sadly.

"No," answered the girl in her sweetly guttural Arabic; "it is not as our fountains, because it is not really a thing needed. It means nothing to these strange people; they scarcely stop to look. Nor should I," she added quickly, "it only makes me wearier for our land." She rose abruptly, but in the paved pathway she turned. "Good night, woman of my country," she said shyly, as though ashamed of her outburst. "May thine ears forgive my too quick tongue."

And while Sarsur watched she saw to her amazement that the girl had stopped farther along in the pathway to bid a hurried good evening in broken English to Shakeeb, who was passing with the giggling Nora.

"Who's your cheap friend?" demanded Nora's sharp voice as the two sauntered past Sarsur in the shadows.

"Leetle geurl of my people," drawled Shakeeb easily. "She haf five seesters—just as styleesch like Ameer-cans but she ees a cross leetle theeng, haf whad you call a grouch—eh?"

It was late when he left the fair Nora at her own doorway but his mother was waiting, sitting sadly at an open window. He touched her shoulder lightly.

"Canst thou not sleep, little mother of my heart?" he asked in tender Arabic.

"I do not wish to sleep," she answered slowly. "I do not wish to sleep because tonight I walked abroad and saw a wonder thing."

Shakeeb kicked his boots into the corner and sat boyishly cross-legged at her feet.

"What," he yawned, "didst thou see so wonderful?"

"In a park," she answered more slowly, "I saw a fountain."

Shakeeb laughed.

"Thad ees not anytheeng," he responded in easy "Ameer-can En'leesch," "Een Battery Par' ees bigger theengs than a fountain."

"A fountain is a big thing," retorted Sarsur, refusing to talk in her faltering English. "In this country, my son, you forget how big a thing a fountain is. But if you still lived in Syria you would know how big it is. If you lived in the desert ever you would know what it meant. The people bring their pitchers in the thirsty noonday and the cool evening—it is there they listen to the music of the waters."

He patted her knee.

"Little mother," he said tenderly, "I will not laugh at fountains if you love them."

"Any woman loves them," she flung back quickly, flashing her deep-set eyes upon him. "Only a woman who loves the sound of her own silly voice more than the voice of life-giving water does not rejoice when she sees a fountain."

Shakeeb laughed again, sleepily and whimsically.

"When I am rich," he promised with the reckless buoyancy of youth, "I will build for you a fountain; it will talk to you all day until you grow tired of its chatter!"

But the next evening when he swaggered again in the park with Nora at his side, he lingered a moment as they passed the fountain.

"Let us sit here," he begged suddenly, "on thad seat, Mees Brady, an' watch thees pretty leetle water."

"Nothin' doin'," Nora retorted promptly. "Nothin' doin' on that water stuff. Gee, Mister Tabet, what do yuh think my willow plumes would look like if I sat around a phony rain storm all the avining? They'd not be an inch av curl lift."

"But een your hair," pleaded Shakeeb daringly, "eet would put pretty curl een the hair."

"Marcelin' is gone out," said Nora sulkily. "Come on, are we a-walking or standing 'round?"

The arc light made little violet and silver spirits dance in the falling spray. Shakeeb watched them thoughtfully for a moment.

"In my country," he said deliberately, "a fountain, eet ees much loved, eet ees a beeg theeng. Eet satisfies mor' than just thirst—"

"Well, I'm living in the U-nited States," fretted Nora, "and it takes ice cream soda to satisfy my t'irst. Gee, what's after you, sport? Come along wid you; you give me a pain standin' there."

Shakeeb obeyed but the sound of Nora's chatter grew suddenly wearisome in his ears and he left her earlier than usual at her doorway. He did not talk with his mother that night but sat smoking the *nargîleh* moodily. Sarsur watched him thoughtfully. On the window-sill

she had placed a great earthen jar of water with a dampened cloth about it. She poured him a drink, deliciously cool.

"Thus I kept it chilled in Beirut," she murmured dreamily as she handed him the cup. "Cool from the fountain I fetched it, from the big fountain in our courtyard. You were too little to remember it, but you used to play by its brim."

His thoughts groped idly for recollections of his babyhood. Suddenly he laughed.

"There were little yellow fishes in the basin," he announced.

Sarsur turned away her head to hide her tears. But her voice drawled evenly when she answered.

"What a silly thing to recall," she murmured.

Again there came an evening when Sarsur met her countrywoman once more on their bench in the shadows. The girl was sitting straight up, gazing across the pathway at the fountain.

"'Ello," she greeted Sarsur, "thees nice night, eh?"

"It is too hot," grumbled Sarsur. "All day it is too hot."

"It was hot," agreed the girl, slipping contentedly into their beloved Arabic, "it was hot in the place where I work all day making slipper pompoms, but out in the hallway one could hear dripping water. It made me think of this water—" They were silent together for a long time. And again the girl stretched out her hands to the dancing stream. But this time she did not speak, she only looked at the older woman and smiled.

Presently Sarsur leaned forward eagerly. Shakeeb was drawing near and he had with him the hated little German girl. His steps grew slower as they neared the curbing about the fountain. The night wind blew the spray so it made a wet place in the pathway.

"Let us sit on a bench here," he begged softly.

"*Ach*, no!" objected the usually placid Gretchen, "it is muddy there; for why don't they make the park man wipe up—it makes sloppy letting water run so."

"Do you not like to see eet, laughing een the light?" pleaded Shakeeb, his dark eyes fixed on Gretchen's little scowling forehead. "Thad ees pretty water, eet makes a nice leetle talking."

"Water rates is fierce," scolded Gretchen, "only today *mein* papa pays us the city for water bills, six dollars and sixty cents! It makes him madt when he sees this water running loose. That is why we must so much pay, the city wasting all this *bei* parks."

They were passing the women in the shadows.

"Thad ees a nic' man of our people," said the girl shyly, "once he comes to see my seester, she haf a cr-rush weeth heem, but he don' like Syreean geurls." She paused before she added wistfully, "Those

nic' Syreean man, they geet tire of Syreean theengs een Ameer-ca."

Sarsur nodded sadly.

"They ees come here too leetle," she murmured apologetically, "they seem just like they grow here, they haf forgeet Syreea."

The girl stirred uneasily.

"My seesters, they ees like thad," she said vaguely, "but I, 'oo ees the mos' small one, I cannod forgeet. I nevaire forgeet," she added vehemently. Then, as usual after her passionate outbursts, she lapsed into shy silence and Sarsur, who had learned her mood, eyed her pityingly.

"I was once like thou," she murmured in comforting Arabic, "when I first came, but I learned this is a good land. It has sheltered us, little maiden."

Summer dragged itself wearily toward September. Some nights Sarsur exulted; her son forsook the joys of femininity and sat in the coffee houses talking politics, but after a brief respite he walked again in the park and with him wandered Teresa, dark-eyed and smiling, lifting her languorous eyes to his ardent glances. Sarsur, sitting under the trees trembled. Perhaps, after all, she was wrong to hate this smiling little creature. For it was her son's year of love; he was right to seek for a woman; she could not expect that he would always be contented with the old woman who was his mother.

So night after night, while he wooed Teresa, she sat with Tamâmeh, watching the dancing fountain. Nor did they often speak together, each was too intent on her own thoughts. Past them thronged the straggling groups of pleasure-seekers, strolling couples, arm in arm, tired mothers pushing heavy perambulators, Tamâmeh staring after them gravely. But one night when the heavy air hung oppressive, the girl gave way completely and wept aloud. Her shoulders heaved passionately, her tears dripped through her curling lashes and fell on her little hands, all stained with the gay dyes.

"Woman of my people!" she sobbed. "This fountain is breaking my heart! I could forget our land were it not for the murmur of its waters!"

Sarsur sighed pityingly as she leaned closer to her little friend.

"Tamâmeh," she said slowly, "how foolish art thou to fret because thou canst not forget our land. I, who am wise and old, have learned that it is better to remember it. This little fountain does not make me sad, even though you, the first night it danced for us, recalled to me the fountain of joy. Do you know, Tamâmeh," she continued dreamily, "that I had not heard anyone speak of the fountain of joy since I was young like thee? Not since I sat with my lover under the oleanders and he taught those wonder verses of Antar—" her guttural voice

slid falteringly into the Old World poem,

"Oh! blue-mirrored fountain of joy," she chanted,
"Who sits on thy green borders?
Llyla, dreaming of me in the shade.
Her image is thrown on thy waves
Like a star of night upon a gulf immovable.
I stand with mine hands uplifted to thee!
Oh, marvelous fountain!
In fear lest the wind efface those shadows
She has left on thy surface.
My lips are jealous of thy banks,
I would drink the happy waves where her image has passed.
Oh Llyla! What thine image gives to those waves,
Your beauty brings to my soul!
But when your eyes—"

"Don't finish." Tamâmeh's voice broke in harshly upon the measured cadences. "It is a hateful thing! What have we in this strange land to do with a fountain of joy! We only toil and toil! There are not even lovers for us, only stupid men our fathers bid us marry and if we do not our sisters laugh. It is hateful to talk about—" she rose distractedly. "I will not stay here," she ended suddenly and fled into the darkness without a word of farewell.

For a long time after the girl had gone Sarsur sat thinking, remembering a time when she too had been thus poignantly unhappy and did not realize her own heart's desires. In her reverie she almost forgot her present anxieties until she saw her son passing with Teresa. The girl was lagging behind him pulling him back.

"Pleasa," teased her soft voice. "I do not want to stay in this stupid place! In Spring Street the lanterns are lighted; they are dancing! I coulda take Giovanni, but I ask you! It is a *festa*, a *festa* of Sain' da Rocco!"

"And 'oo ees Sana Rocco to me?" demanded Shakeeb. "I nevaire hear of heem! Let us stay by thees water an' talk—"

Teresa stopped short.

"Not I," she announced poutingly, "I do not like this wet place. When there is *festa*, a *festa* for Sain' da Rocco—he is a biga man, like Georga da Wash'—bah, I hate this puddle!"

"Then go alone," cried Shakeeb angrily, "for here stay I!" And he never looked around when she ran away laughing. First he paced moodily around the railing, then he wheeled abruptly and would have started after Teresa had not his mother called him softly. He sat down wearily on the bench, but as far as he could sit from her.

"Mother of my heart," he growled pettishly, "Ameer-can geurls make me tire!"

She did not answer him, she only sat watching while he stared at the fountain as he smoked incessantly. But whenever he lighted a fresh cigarette she leaned forward eagerly to watch his somber face glow in the flare of the match. The minutes slipped away, Sarsur sighing sadly, her son at her side morose and silent. Then suddenly out of the darkness crept a little dark-clad figure who came and knelt at Sarsur's feet.

"Forgive me, woman," she whispered in throaty Arabic, her deep voice tremulous with the tears she had shed in the darkness, "I am ashamed that I talked so rudely."

Sarsur leaned forward. She took the girl's face in her wrinkled old hands and turned it gently upward. The dark eyes lifted, their bronze depths all glinty with gold; the olive-tinted skin glowed like the amber tone on a sun-kissed apricot, and the lips parted softly.

"Now thou hast come," she added contritely, "and we have found the fountain, I should not be sad."

And Shakeeb, who had not noticed them at all as he sulked, lighted another match. The sudden flare threw dark shadows around them. Tamâmeh closed her eyes with a little cry and would have struggled to her feet had not Sarsur kept her hands firm under the trembling chin as she watched her son's eyes widen when they beheld the lovely face of the kneeling girl. The match flickered out, Tamâmeh was on her feet stammering out her confusion,

"Woman, there's a man here!" she began excitedly.

"Only my son," answered Sarsur consolingly, "just sit down here again; we were not talking." And though Tamâmeh would have fled the woman kept her hands firmly until the girl had perched nervously on the edge of the bench between the mother and son.

"Is it not odd," bantered Sarsur lightly, though her heart was beating wildly, "that I should be sitting here and my son should come along and fret beside me?" She reached across the girl and touched her son's knee. "You need not mind if I tell Tamâmeh," she added, "we sit here together, she and I, many a night, discontented until the falling water rests us. That is I do," she ended adroitly, "Tamâmeh does not care for the fountain."

"You know I love the fountain!" exclaimed Tamâmeh startled out of her shyness.

"Ameer-can girls do not," commented Shakeeb, settling himself rather comfortably, "Me, I guess they ees mor' ad our people. When thad I ees leetle," he added dreamily, "I used to play weeth one."

"An' geet ver' wet," teased his mother, bravely in English.

"Because I must geet fishes," he answered joyously.

"Fishes were also een our old courtyard fountain," faltered Tamâ-

meh shyly, "the water there came of a leetle spout and its dripping made a leetle pool for fishes."

Shakeeb lighted another match, glancing boldly sideways at the maiden beside him, watching the lovely amber tint in her delicate cheek for so long that the sting of the burning match made him drop it quickly. Whereat they all three laughed companionably. The noisy crowds trooped by them; the night grew a bit more quiet; it was almost time for the watchman to send the people out of the park. Sarsur no longer had to hold Tamâmeh's hand to keep her by her side. The girl's shy laughter, tremulous with sweetness, answered Shakeeb's boyish jests.

"Thad fountain," said Shakeeb suddenly, his bold eyes compelling Tamâmeh's, "eet do haf fishes, I believe!" He touched her hand. "Let us go see!"

"Onlee leetle fishes made by light," teased Tamâmeh, strangely blithe, "you cannod catch those." But she moved obediently at his side and they sat together at the edge of the fountain, the girl trailing her little dye-stained fingers in the glittering coolness of the pool. They did not talk very much now, they looked into each other's dusky eyes and sighed strangely. For it was Shakeeb's year of love and though he was dwelling in a land of customs new to his mother, she was Sarsur, the cricket, and she had found a way.

The throaty murmur of their laughing voices mingled with the music of the dripping waters, the arc light made violet and golden spirits dance in the spray.

And in the shadows a woman whose eyes had grown dim because she had embroidered them away for her son's sake, sat smiling. She did not see the rusty concrete curbing at which she stared. She seemed to see a marble basin, so yellow with age that it gleamed like topaz. And in its borders she remembered carvings, graceful lacelike arabesques through which golden water seemed to slip to golden depths. A long-ago voice was murmuring,

"What your image gives to the waves
Your beauty gives to the soul within me—"

She closed her eyes contentedly. Life had taken much from her, to be sure, but it could never take from her, as it could never take from the children sitting beyond her, the glorious music of dancing water, the wonderful song of the eternal fountain of joy.

STORIES OF THE OLD WEST AS TOLD AND PAINTED BY THE COW PUNCHER AND ARTIST, ED. BOREIN: BY A. B. STEWART

HE dream of every tenderfoot who has read of cowboys and Indians, is to sit by a camp-fire and listen to tales of the early West. In the work of Ed. Borein, the life of the cow puncher, the traditions of the Indian, and the stirring fights in the winning of the West find a fresh and permanent expression. These things are part of his life. He has lived among the Indians, and he has herded cattle, not for the sake of telling a story or painting a picture, but as a business. Moreover, in his studio the old camp-fire seems perpetually alight. There all the sons of the West find their way,—Charlie Russell, the painter from Great Falls, Montana, Seth Hathaway, the Indian fighter, Billie McGinty, cow puncher and Rough Rider, Charging Hawk, ex-Sioux scout and U. S. regular—one and all they get the trail as easily as across the plains, the mountains and the desert, and here the old stories are told and retold.

Many a good narrative survives from the buffalo days when the Indian lived off the herds which furnished him meat, clothing, war trappings, hides for his tepee and the material for his religious ceremonial. The Indian buffalo hunt was a model of efficiency and justice. When they needed meat the bucks rode into the herd, killed

"ANY NATIVE WITH HIS LASSO COULD ALWAYS GET BEEF": FROM A DRAWING BY ED. BOREIN.

WAR PARTY, TONTO APACHES, ARIZONA: FROM A DRAWING BY ED. BOREIN.

what they thought they could use, and rode on. The squaws followed with the pack horses; stooping over each carcass for an instant to look at the arrow that pierced it, then going on until each squaw had found an arrow with the mark of a member of her family. Then skilfully she skinned the animal, cut up the meat, packed it on the horse, rolled up the hide and made her way back to camp. This custom is the material out of which Mr. Borein has made one of the most interesting of his pictures.

"I once asked an old Indian squaw," said the artist, after describing a buffalo hunt, "what would happen if two different arrows were found in the same carcass. She told me that in that case it belonged to the brave whose arrow had hit a vital spot. If both shots were vital, the meat and skin were given to some old people who could no longer hunt."

It is this form of communism, of primitive justice and kindness, that marked the Indian before his contact with civilization. Borein grows eloquent over the manhood and heroism of the early red man. The old saying, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian," but proves, to him, an ignorance of the history and nature of this primitive race. There were no poor among the tribes. When disaster overtook a family and their horses were killed or their tepees burned and their

NAVAJOS, NEW MEXICO: FROM A DRAWING BY ED. BOREIN.

possessions destroyed in a fight or through misfortune, others who had plenty would start them up again. One would give a horse, another a tepee, another a blanket, and so on until all that was lost had been made up. Once equipped, the unfortunates were thus no longer dependent. Nor did this spirit apply only to those who had more than they needed. If there was but one piece of jerked meat in the camp, the owner would divide it amongst all, for he was trained in kindness, in justice and in honor.

EVERY act of an Indian from his birth to his death was in accordance with his religious belief. No people ever lived up to their religion more thoroughly. Even today the Indians on the reservations, civilized though they may seem to be, cling secretly to their superstitions and traditions. They have their war shirts and leggings hidden away waiting for the "Return of the Buffalo," that Indian millenium which will mark the downfall of the white race and the rise to glory of the red. Indian religion touched all the common things of life with a mysterious wonder. They felt that the Great Spirit had put everything into the world for them and their purposes

"ROUND-UP BOSS": FROM A DRAWING BY ED. BOREIN.

and that everything created had a soul, personified by its shadow cast by the symbol of the Great Spirit, the sun. The spirit of the grass was no less real to the Indian than his own soul, which he called his "shadow self." Dwelling in his religion as he did, he saw a higher power in every manifestation of Nature, to which he looked with reverent eyes.

The white buffalo was sacred to him. Many a zoologist calls it a myth but the Indian *knows*, and around the rare beast he has gathered hundreds of traditions and religious rites. Here is the story of the last white buffalo known, as told to Ed. Borein by a Sioux half-breed, an old, old man.

Once upon a time, when he was young, he and another half-breed boy lived among their people. One day he was standing looking idly into the distance when he chanced to notice an old woman (who was a relative and lived in his family's tepee) coming down the hillside with a load of wood upon her back. That was commonplace enough. A moment later he saw her straighten up, drop her burden, look again across the country and then break into a run toward the camp.

"Hostiles advancing to attack," was his first thought. But the old woman, reaching the tepee, whispered in his ear, "The buffalo are a mile to the north and a white one is in the herd."

Without a word to anyone, the half-breed signaled his young companion and they caught their war horses, for ordinary buffalo horses were not fast enough for young enthusiasm. The old woman went silently into the tepee. Scouts reported the presence of the buffalo and the squaws went out to catch the horses. The boys did not wait. Stolidly and without curiosity the other Indians watched the departure. Assuredly it could be nothing serious or they, too, would have been told. Only the medicine man, wise in years, experience and tradition, knew better.

The two riders went into the herd but nowhere could they see their prize. They rode far, searching it. At last they saw it, a two-year-old cow, yellow with dust. Even at a distance, they could make out the black horns, the blue eyes and the gray hoofs. They shot at the same moment. The cow fell with two deadly bullets in her white hide. The hunters were young and knew little of the Indian ritual. Before they could dismount to lay hands on the sacred thing, the medicine man waved them back. He had come up with the whole fighting force of the tribe in line behind him. At a word from him, one of the bucks rode back to the camp to fetch forth a maiden. Meanwhile, the rest sat motionless upon their horses while the medicine man uttered his incantations and "made medicine" over the sacred carcass. The messenger speeded back from the camp and the maiden was brought forward, modest and hesitating, wondering that so great an honor should have been bestowed upon her. No one else touched the sacred buffalo as the maiden skinned it and prepared the hide according to the strictest of Sioux ceremonial. She tanned it, embroidered the inside with dyed porcupine quills and then turned it over to be used in the medicine lodge.

The news of the sacred possession spread outside the tribe, in time reaching the Cheyennes. Always eager for war against the Sioux, envy now prodded them on. The Cheyennes came and fought hard; the Sioux defended no less desperately, yet the invader won. With solemn rites the skin was carried to the conquerors' camp. It became a religious duty to fight for the ownership of the white hide. The Blackfeet captured it from the Cheyennes. It passed from one tribe to another, leaving death behind it. For all that it was a thing to covet, to risk life winning and to die losing, it brought no fortune with it. Horses sickened and died, game failed, every trouble overtook the owners, yet the next tribe charged to battle just as eagerly.

Won by bloodshed, lost by death, the white buffalo hide made its

journey, the Sioux who shot it ever on its trail. It had passed out of his tribe, but the young half-breed who had heard the first whisper of it at the start, managed to get wind of its changing whereabouts. Possession might never again be his, but he would know its travels, its history and its holy wars. The man grew old. One by one, he had seen violent death overtake the medicine men who had the skin in keeping, until the Piegans in Canada came into possession of it. After that he lost the trace. It was long ago that he told the tale and he, too, has joined those who fought and died. With him passed away the white buffalo as a reality, to enter the region of tradition and story.

ALL Indian legends, of whatever tribe, are woven through the spiritual fabric of their religion. They are not all concerned with war and death, many are full of sweetness and poetry born of high native imagination. Such is the legend of the butterfly which Ed. Borein learned when he lived among the Navajos, and which he has embodied in one of the most characteristic of his pictures.

The Navajos think that the butterflies are children of the rainbow. When trouble overtakes them, they go out into the sunshine and catch a butterfly. This they put into a little brass or wicker cage and to it they come to tell their misfortunes. They need rain; the grass for their horses is gone; the water holes are dried up; the sheep are dying of the drought. If the butterfly dies, their prayers have not been heard by the Great Spirit. They must catch another. Then the band goes forth carrying the caged butterfly at its head until they find signs of a storm in the distance, for in that country rain may be seen miles and miles away, falling like a black shadow on a tiny spot in the wide sunny plain. As soon as they have seen the rain afar off, the Navajos look for the rainbow in the sunny sky above the rest of the plain. Then they set free the butterfly to soar up to its mother, the rainbow, that she may know the troubles of the poor Navajos, spread the rain cloud over them and keep the drought away in the future.

Among the visitors at the Borein studio Indian legends find a rival in interest in tales of frontier life and warfare. It was Charging Hawk, a former Sioux scout, who first told of an unexplained incident of the Custer fight. His father had been in the fight, and from him as well as from many others, Charging Hawk had heard the praises of the bravest man they ever saw. He was a long-haired man who fought so well that he won both the admiration and fear of his Indian opponents. The father of Charging Hawk came up with the second band to attack. The chief of the tribe, riding out of the melee to get a fresh horse, shouted to the oncoming warriors, "Five horses to the man who kills

Long Hair." Wounded again and again, the white man kept on fighting until he fell, and the Indians missed not a single one of his brave acts. It was never known who killed him. No record has been found of him among the whites, and no one knows his name, but the fame of his exploits had been handed down, as a heritage from father to son, among his foes.

Another Indian echo of that battle is of a big black dog which escaped after the fight, just as the last white man went down. The Indians first saw the animal running around among the horses with a bundle of papers tied to its collar. Finally it took off north. They gave chase, but could neither catch nor kill it. For twenty miles they chased it and then lost track. What was on those papers? Were they Government documents or the last letters of a soldier to the folk back home? It remains one of the unsolved mysteries of the West.

One of the shortest, hardest fights of the frontier was that known as the Dobe Walls Fight between the Indians and the buffalo hunters north of the Panhandle. No one knows when the Dobe Walls were built, but an enterprising trader reaching the heart of the buffalo land, fixed them up as a trading post and here the hide hunters bought their supplies.

The story of the fight has been retold and rewritten many times. Medicine Men of the Cheyennes and the Kiowas had made war shirts which they said the white man's bullets could not pierce. Secure in this belief, two or three hundred Indians went over to take the post. Singing, they came at an easy lope at daybreak, in two straight lines across the valley. It was a sight not easy to forget. When they were within a hundred yards of the place, they threw off their robes and blankets and charged down upon the camp. Ordinarily, the trading post boasted but two or at the most three men. By some chance nineteen had gathered there the night before to lay in their supplies. Billie Dixon, who was standing in the doorway when he saw the foes approach, emptied his Winchester into their ranks. Two of the hunters, with wagons loaded ready to return to their own camps, had slept outside. They ran for the house but could not make it. Dixon pulled one man through the doorway, but he died just across the threshold. The men inside loaded and shot and reloaded. Thrills were plentiful. An Indian boy, shot through the breast, rode twice around the house, hammering the walls with his six-shooter, before he fell from his horse. Three times the Indians charged. They fought all day, while the Indian women and children on a bluff across the valley, watched and sang. At sundown they retreated, leaving the ground strewn with lances, robes and buffalo hide shields, mute evidence of the medicine men's mistake. So Seth Hathaway, Indian

and buffalo hunter, told the story when he found his way into Borein's studio.

"It's a funny thing," he added, "but of the hundred or more horses left dead on the field, more than half were white. Now, an Indian admires a white horse above all others, and as it was found out later, the Government had just issued a lot of snow-white ones to the Cheyennes and the Kiowas as a reward for their being good Indians."

"When did you first hear of the fight?" asked the host, an insatiable hunter after Western lore.

"Oh," Hathaway said simply, "I was in it."

EVERYONE knows of the conquest of the West, but it takes Ed. Borein to tell what made the conquest possible. He is preëminently a painter of horses, and as such it incenses him to hear the exploits of Western heroes wherein no mention is made of the cayuse. The horse was brought into Mexico by Cortez and his followers. Those that escaped the Spaniards formed the nucleus of the herds of wild horses which later roamed the West. The Northern Indian has had the horse only upward of a hundred years. The Comanches were the first tribe to use them, walking hundreds of miles down into old or New Mexico to steal them. The Indian has not even a name for the horse in his language, calling it "big dog;" for the red man, like the Esquimo, formerly used dogs. It was the coming of the horse which made of him a traveler.

If the horse proved useful to the Indian, it was an utter necessity to the white man. Without its help the early Spanish explorers could never have come into the country from the South, nor could the later explorers and frontiersmen have reached the Far West, much less have held it. Many a hunter and cow puncher owes his life to his horse. Out on the open plains where there is no cover, a thrown horse makes the only possible rampart. To shoot a horse and crouch behind it has been the means of saving hundreds of lives in frontier warfare. If hard pressed and held up for a long time, men have been known to eat the meat of their own horses without leaving cover, a grim enough procedure. "Eating the fort," it has been termed in racy Western parlance. Mr. Borein would have considered his work incomplete without a drawing of the cayuse which "served as a rampart when dead."

The heroes of the West were not merely "scrappers," they were also business men. There were the trader, the trapper and the hunter, who brought civilization to the wilderness, and sent the spoils of the wilderness back to civilization. There was the prospector, who started all the mining camps from Arizona to Washington, with the

"SIOUX BUFFALO RUNNERS": FROM A DRAWING BY ED. BOREIN.

cities of Denver, Butte, Helena and scores of others to his credit. There was the stage driver, emissary of the Government and guardian of the mail, a famous story-teller and many-sided genius who watched out for robbers and Indians and the dangers of a precipitous road, all while managing his horses and answering the questions of his passengers. There was the cow puncher himself, not the drinking, roistering chap, or the college boy who had never seen a *reata* in the first paragraph, yet is teaching the ranch foreman in the sixth, but a steady, level-headed man who worked hard for a small salary and did not get a drink once in six months. These are some of the types to be found among the old-timers.

The cow puncher was the real settler of the West. Others drifted through and left, unless a town was started, but the cowboy stayed on the land. They were explorers, too, often riding afar, searching out new grass lands for the herds and even taking thousands of cattle to Montana from Texas when the grass failed there. The sheep herders came and "lawed them out" of the ranges, but the cow puncher has remained, next to the Indians, the most picturesque figure of the West. His era was a short one, two generations at most, whereas the Mexican *vaquero*, the first cowboy, has a record of two or three hundred years behind him. Yet, however brief, the day of the sagebrush pioneer was one of romance and breathless interest. Things are changed now. The old-timers, like the long-horned steers and the Spanish mustangs, have made way for a new order.

In this very difference lies the historic value of Ed. Borein's work. He is reproducing not only what he knows, from having seen, lived with and been a part of, but what no later artist will be able to find.

"You might as well look for Cortez in Mexico or Custer on the plains," he will tell you. "The real cow puncher, like the trapper and the Indian, has gone. He's a lot more extinct than the buffalo. Nowadays, a ranch is a place where you'll find beer and a phonograph. There's nothing left of the old West but the landscape, and the dry-farmers and irrigation ditches are changing that as fast as they can."

But some of us are inclined to believe that in a New York studio at Times Square, the spirit of the vanished West, what the Indians called its "shadow self," may yet be found.

"THE STRAY BUNCH": FROM A DRAWING BY ED. BOREIN.

THE ROBIN AND ITS TREATMENT IN THE SOUTH: BY T. GILBERT PEARSON

A FEW months ago the Virginia Legislature was in session. Like a ponderous smooth-running engine, it was proceeding on its way of enacting new laws and giving relief from old oppressive measures. Then one morning something happened and for many days which followed, this something was the chief subject of conversation on the historic hill in Richmond. Men talked of it on the street, ministers referred to it in their sermons and the newspaper correspondents served it in varying forms to the reading public throughout the State. The cause for this unusual excitement was a bill of astonishing and heretofore unknown character which had been introduced for passage. It proposed to prohibit absolutely for all time to come the killing of one of the most popular game birds recognized by the laws of Virginia. The bird which had thus flown into the assembly halls of the Capitol and threatened for a time to dive among the very cog-wheels and delay the machinery of State was none other than Sir Robin Redbreast, known and beloved in the North almost as a household pet. That there should be tremendous opposition to such a measure goes without question, for of course, every well-informed person knows that the robin is one of the choicest morsels which could be set before a Virginia gentleman. He and his fathers before him have shot robins, and to have the traditions and gastronomic pleasures which had been cultivated for generations destroyed and absolutely wiped out was not a matter to be considered lightly by those who made the laws or by those who stayed at home and criticized the lawmakers. Yet from the very day the bill was introduced it grew in favor. Hundreds of letters began to pour into Richmond, and the members of the Legislature were surprised at the very pronounced sentiment which seemed to have developed on the subject. Probably few of them were aware that for two years a systematic campaign of education on this very matter of robin protection had been carried forward by the Audubon Society workers of the State, and that the messages of exhortation which reached them from home were a direct result of the carefully laid plans of the bird lovers. The climax came one morning when the superintendent of the city schools of Richmond headed an army of schoolchildren which marched into the Senate Chamber, filling the aisles, lobby and gallery to their utmost capacity. They bore with them a mammoth document,—but let us read the account of what occurred as reported the next morning by the *Richmond News Leader*.

"The first petition ever prepared for the Legislature of Virginia by the schoolchildren of this State, was presented in the House today by

Colonel A. M. Bowman, patron of the bill, to protect robins from sportsmen.

"The petition, which asks for the removal of the robin from the list of game birds, was brought to Richmond by Miss Katharine H. Stuart, field agent of the National Association of Audubon Societies. It bears the name of practically every principal and student in the Virginia schools. The petition, which was presented in bundles tied with robin's-egg blue ribbon, was the result of activity in the ranks of the Junior Audubon Clubs of the State. The children have been taught to care for the birds as most important insect-destroyers and useful to the farmer in saving the trees and crops. The æsthetic side emphasized to the children is that birds, particularly robins, are beautiful and give joy through their color and songs, and have been the theme of poets and writers since the days of Aristotle, and that every good citizen should protect the birds.

"The wording of the petition follows:

"'Whereas, The robin is a beautiful song bird, and is useful to farmers because of the injurious insects it destroys, and

"'Whereas, Virginia permits this bird to be shot from February fifteenth to April first, when it is returning to its home to make happy thousands of children in our State and nation, who always welcome the redbreast as a joyous harbinger of spring,

"'Therefore, We, the children of Virginia, whose names are hereunto subscribed, respectfully and earnestly petition your honorable body so to amend the laws of the State that in future it shall be illegal to kill these beautiful birds, which we so much love to have about our homes.'

"The petition is endorsed by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction; the Virginia Educational Journal; the superintendents, principals and teachers of the schools; the following representatives in Congress: C. C. Carlin, C. Bascom Slemp, James Hay, Carter Glass, John Lamb, Robert Turnbull, E. W. Saunders and the following colleges and institutes: State Deaf and Dumb Institution, Stuart Hall, Roanoke College, Virginia College, Chatham Episcopal Institute, Fredericksburg College, Model Training School, William and Mary College, Harrisonburg Normal College, Bridgewater Agricultural School, Agricultural and Industrial School, Evington Manassas Training School, Virginia Federation of Women's Clubs, Virginia Audubon Society, Richmond Game Protective Association and the Eastern Shore Game Protective Association."

This was the turning point in the fight for the passage of the Robin Bill in Virginia. Senators listened to the reading of the petition, giving special attention to the formidable list of signatures which fol-

lowed it, reflected thoughtfully on the letters which they had received from the voters at home and proceeded without further ado to pass the bill. When a short time after this, Governor William Hodges Mann placed his signature to the bill, which made it a law, he presented the pen to the Audubon workers of the State, who promptly had it mounted and photographed. In many bird lovers' homes in Virginia today, you may find this cherished picture, for is it not a memento of one of the greatest battles ever fought and won for a single bird?

WELL would it be for the fortunes of the robin, if there might be found elsewhere in the South loyal friends to do battle for him, as did the sons and daughters of the Old Dominion State. Just over the border, in the pine lands of North Carolina, the robin may be killed from the first of November to the beginning of March. All attempts to induce the Legislature to protect these birds have thus far been unavailing. Here and there in a restricted area, bounded by the corporate limits of a town, it is not generally regarded good form to kill robins, chiefly, however, because of the ordinance which discourages the use of firearms in the streets. As a matter of fact, this restriction weighs but lightly on many North Carolinians when, as often occurs during the winter months, robins flock to town. Why should an ordinance, a mere law, stand in the way of a delicious potpie? The people of Pittsboro, the county seat of Chatham County, North Carolina, in January, nineteen hundred and twelve, decided that such a question was absurd. Migrating robins from the North had come in great numbers to spend the winter in that region. A heavy fall of snow had rendered food hard to find, so the birds trooped to town, where the berries of a few cedar trees afforded a meager supply. Under these conditions, the people in many communities in the United States would have extended their visiting bird friends every courtesy. Food on a hundred trays would have been provided in as many lawns and backyards, and the local press would have boasted loudly of the opportunity the town enjoyed of entertaining these little strangers for a few days. How did the citizens of Pittsboro welcome the hungry robins that came trustingly to their door? I wrote to the Mayor, the Honorable Bennett Nooe, and asked him to tell me about it. Here is his answer:

"I was out of town for a few days during the recent heavy snow, and when the robins were driven into town for food, about all the male population promptly got guns and went for them, despite the ordinance to prohibit shooting in town. Hearing of this on my return, I went to the aldermen, all of whom were guilty, and told them that they and all others who had been shooting would have to be fined.

Three of the five submitted and paid their fines. However, they insisted on changing the ordinance so that everybody could shoot robins in town until the first of March. When they succeeded in this, I resigned. It is estimated that about four thousand robins were killed during the few days they were here."

Read this, you lover of birds! Have you wondered why your redbreast and his mate did not return to the lawn this spring and partake of the food you spread for them and bathe in the fountain as in other days?

In some sections of the South, it has long been the custom to kill robins in winter about their roosts, after the manner employed a century ago in slaughtering pigeons.

HERE is an authentic account of the raiding of one such roost which was given to the writer by Dr. P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education, whose address is Washington, D. C. He will vouch for the truth of the facts here set forth. He writes:

"The roost to which I refer was situated in what is locally known as a Cedar Glade near Fosterville, Bedford County, Tennessee. This is a great cedar country, and robins used to come in immense numbers during the winter months, to feed on the berries. By the middle of a winter's afternoon, the birds would begin coming by our house in enormous flocks, which would follow one another like great waves moving on in the direction of the roost. They would continue to pass until night. We lived fifteen miles from the roost, and it was a matter of common observation that the birds came in this manner from all quarters.

"The spot which the roost occupied was not unlike numerous others that might have been selected. The trees grew to a height of from five to thirty feet, and for a mile square were literally loaded at night with robins. Hunting them while they roosted was a favorite sport. A man would climb a cedar tree with a torch, while his companions, with poles and clubs would disturb the sleeping hundreds on the adjacent trees. Blinded by the light, the suddenly awakened birds flew to the torch bearer, who, as he seized each bird, would quickly pull off its head, and drop it into a sack suspended from his shoulder.

The capture of three or four hundred was an ordinary night's work. Men and boys would come in wagons from all the adjoining counties and camp near the roost for the purpose of killing robins. Many times one hundred or more hunters with torches and clubs would be at work in a single night. For three years this tremendous slaughter

continued in winter, and then the survivors deserted the roost."

Tennessee, for some reason which the people doubtless consider sufficient, legalizes the killing of robins during a longer period of the year than it allows for shooting its other game birds. Thus the season for hunting quail is from November fifteenth to March first, while robins may be taken from October first to April fifteenth. We seem to be just growing up to the value of the robin.

The universal explanation given by game protectors for the necessity of a close season for killing game is that birds should not be hunted during those periods of their lives when they are engaged in mating and caring for their young. Yet any schoolboy will tell you robins are mated in that State long before April fifteenth, and that in thousands of village shade trees their mud-cup nests are then nearing completion. It may be observed that there is work for the bird lover in Tennessee.

Every fall, long before the winter tourists turn their steps toward the land where the red hibiscus flames in the sunshine and the palm leaves rustle in the yellow moonlight, the robins from the lawns of New England have felt the call. It is good to watch them when a touch of autumn is in the air and the *wanderlust* is strong upon them. On rapidly beating wings they drive swiftly across the fields, or pause on the topmost spray of a roadside tree and look eagerly away to the southward. Their calls are sharp and inquisitive, clearly the ill-suppressed excitement of starting on a long journey pervades their nature. In a little while they will be gone. Soon we may find them feeding on the fruit of the cabbage palmettos which line the streets of Tampa, Palm Beach and Miami. What the birds find of attraction in the desolate pine barrens of the interior, I know not, but here they congregate by thousands, running on the ground or dashing in scattered bands through the fire-blackened timber. At times they swarm about the negro cabins or the plantation houses and feast on the berries of the popular China-trees. This habit, however, does not enhance their reputation. The juice of these half-dried berries at times produces intoxication and many a boy of the Southland finds amusement in capturing Sir Robin when he has lingered too long at his cups. Despite this occasional straying from the path of rectitude, the robin here still makes the same strong appeal to a man who loves wild forms of life in all their naturalness, and we shudder at the common sight of long strings of these charming birds killed by the native gunners. "Of all Gaul, the Helvetians were the most savage." Of all the Southern States, Florida alone makes no pretensions of protecting the robin, for they may be legally shot on sight whenever they are found in the State.

A DEFENSE OF THE ROBIN

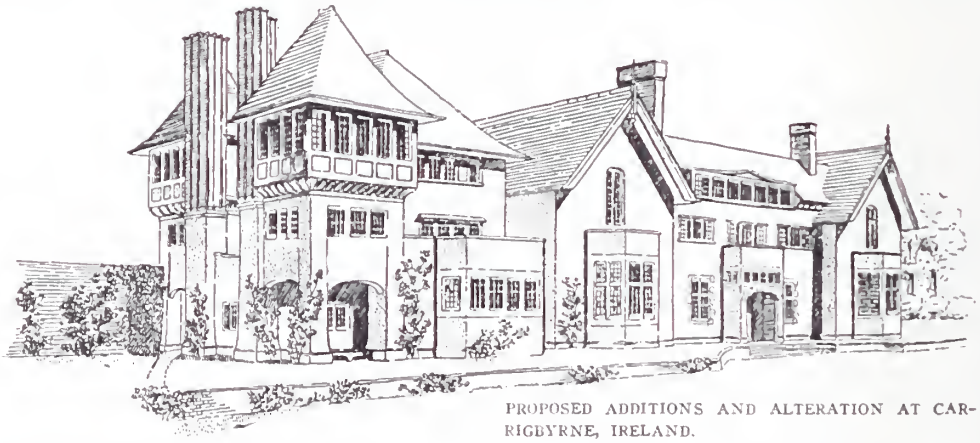
NOW and then we see a man, who with a keen commercial eye, views with disfavor the bold actions of the robin which visit his cherry tree. He garrulously enquires "after all, why should the robin be protected, when he does so much harm?" The United States Bureau of Biological Survey, which has long displayed a striking tendency to ascertain the truth regarding the feeding habits of birds, began a few years ago to study the robin's diet. During the course of investigations that followed, Mr. W. L. McAtee journeyed to Louisiana to kill a few of these birds and make a scientific study of the contents of their stomachs. The following is a sample of his many reports. Under date of February twentieth, nineteen hundred and ten, he says: "I collected twelve robins yesterday and examined their gizzards—eight had eaten nothing but insects and three of the others had taken, respectively, ninety-five, eighty and sixty per cent. of insects and invertebrates." The list which followed showed that the majority of the insects destroyed by the robins were highly injurious to grain crops and other plants. He concludes one of his reports with this significant statement, "robins are killed here from morning to night. Shots are heard in every direction. Each hunter kills from twenty-five to fifty per day." These gunners were strictly within the law, for a glance at the public statutes of Louisiana shows that the legislators have written therein the statement that robins may be legally killed from November fifteenth to March fifteenth, which we may add is just sixty days shorter time than the legalized period for shooting them in Mississippi."

Dark as may seem the prospect of protecting the robin in its winter home from the *ornithopage*, there are many signs which point to a rapidly changing sentiment on the part of the Southern people. It is undoubtedly true that no bird holds so prominent a place in the mind of the American people as the robin. It is distinctively a companion of man, and wherever his hand has cleared the wilderness the robin has followed. From Mexico to the Yukon the traveler meets it, and the residents will tell him of its coming and going. It has passed into the literature of the country, and one reads of it in the books of science and of romance. Poets weave its image into their witchery of rhyme, lovers fondly spy upon its wooing, and by the fireside of many households children lisp its name when stories are told in the twilight.

Every day the world grows more humane and every day more people are born who will learn the joy of cherishing and protecting this, the most characteristic of all our birds—the American robin.

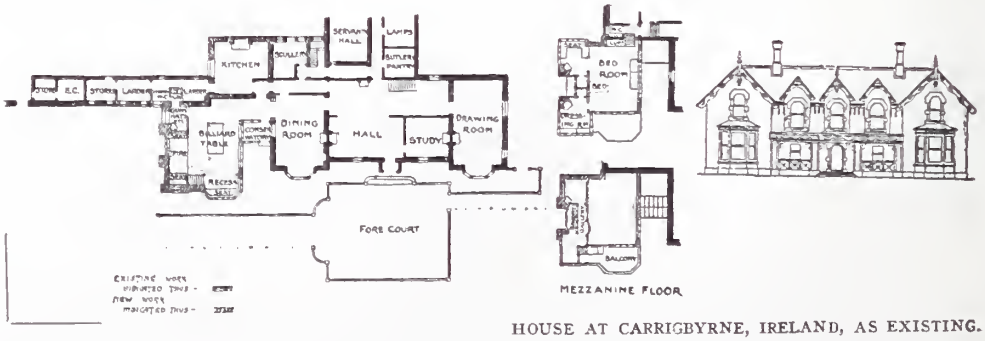
MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: BY BARRY PARKER: NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT

AMONG the many problems that confront both architects and home-makers is that of rebuilding and adapting old houses to new needs. Sometimes, when a worthless old house in an old and well-established garden has been acquired, the only practicable plan is to pull down the house and build an entirely new structure upon the old site. In this way the beauty of the old garden can be preserved, with perhaps only a few slight changes that may be necessary to link the new home with its environment. This method appeals to people who do not wish the respon-



PROPOSED ADDITIONS AND ALTERATION AT CARRIGBYRNE, IRELAND.

sibility of laying out a new garden and would rather be content with surroundings already established than wait for the slow maturing of a garden of their own creation. And as a matter of fact, charming results may be attained in this way, provided that the old garden had been planned in happy relation to the old house. The new house may then be contrived to fit into the scheme of the grounds and to look at

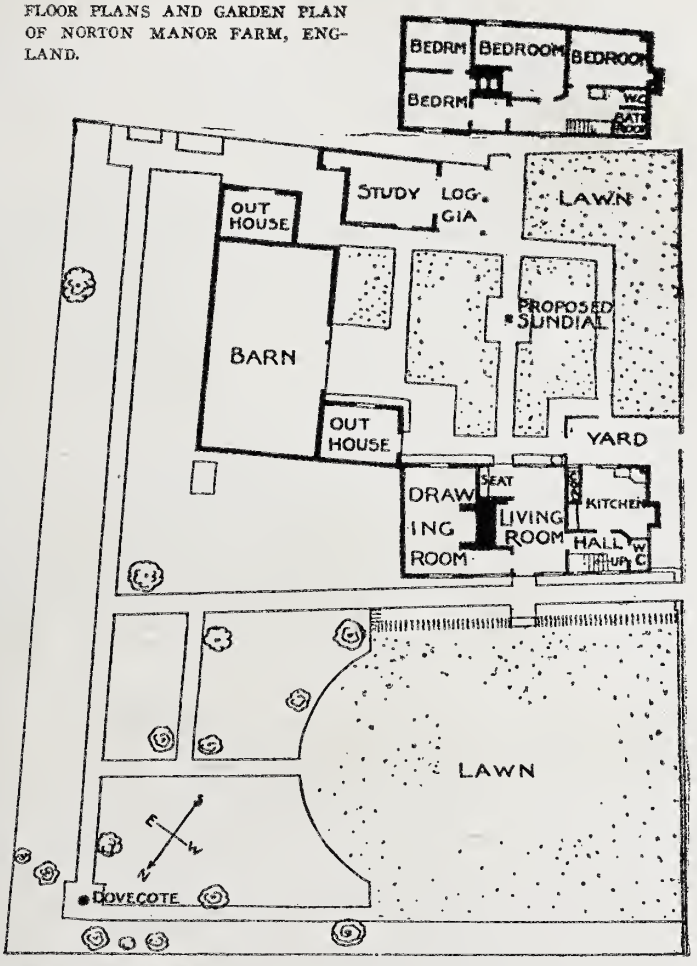


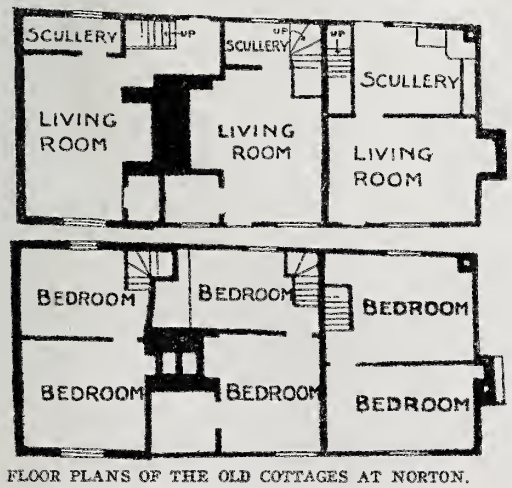
HOUSE AT CARRIGBYRNE, IRELAND, AS EXISTING.

home among the trees, shrubbery, lawn and flower-beds of the original environment.

It happens more frequently, however, that the old house is too valuable to be pulled down, although it may be ugly or inconvenient, or both, the accommodation provided to meet past requirements being most inadequate for the needs of tenants of a later generation. Such a house provides opportunity for the exercise of whatever ingenuity the architect may possess, and may be a source of very fruitful experiment to whoever undertakes to alter and adapt the building, to give it a more beautiful form and render the interior more convenient for modern living.

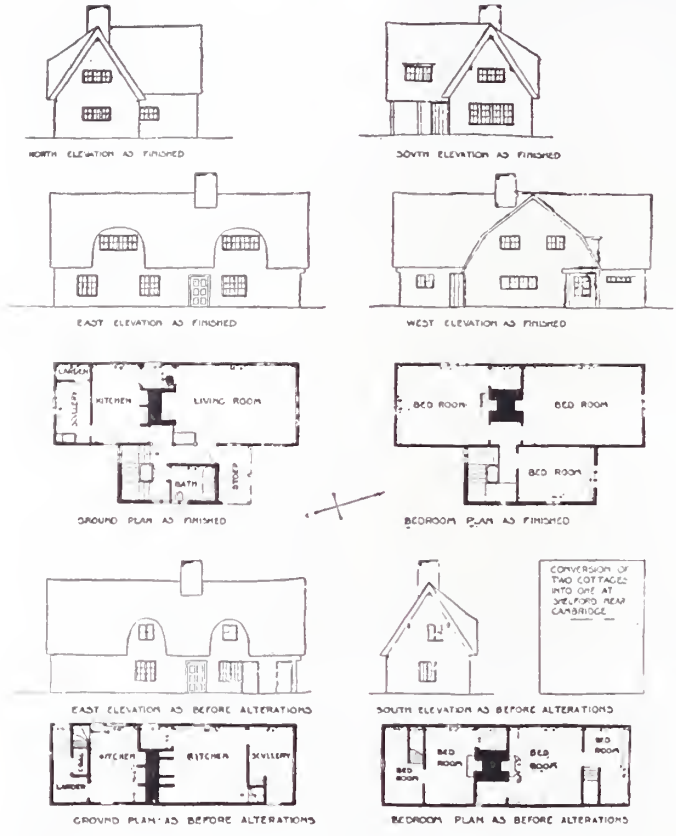
FLOOR PLANS AND GARDEN PLAN OF NORTON MANOR FARM, ENGLAND.





FLOOR PLANS OF THE OLD COTTAGES AT NORTON.

Much of the charm and picturesqueness of old towns and villages which afford us such delight are the outcome of a gradual process of alteration, modification, adaptation and addition carried on from age to age like the growth of evolution. And it is interesting to observe that the result of this process is



CONVERTING TWO COTTAGES INTO ONE AT SHELFORD, ENGLAND. NOTHING DEVELOPS THE ARCHITECT MORE THAN CONSCIENTIOUS REMODELING.

delightful wherever it has been carried on in the conviction that the new is better than the old. On the other hand, the effect is unsatisfactory only when it indicates scorn or contempt for earlier work, and when it shows evidences of an attempt to simulate rather than to emulate and advance the work of preceding generations.

For these reasons it will be readily appreciated that the adaptation of an old building to meet new requirements involves many-sided problems that demand most painstaking care and consideration from various points of view. An arrangement must be contrived that will suit as admirably as circumstances permit the needs of the new inmates, and while the fatal mistake of creating "imitation old" must be avoided, no charm which the original building may possess should be lost. Perhaps, for instance, the structure to be worked upon has distinction of proportion and emphasis, simple dignity and breadth of effect. These qualities are so easily destroyed that it is only by the most watchful care that they may be preserved.

Some old cottages that presented most of the essentials of beautiful building were those at Norton which afterward became "The Manor Farm," and those at Shelford, near Cambridge. At Norton three cottages were restored and converted into one building, and at Shelford two cottages were made into one structure.

At Shelford some modern windows of poor proportion and design were removed. At Norton little work of this nature had to be done, but three modern cottage staircases had to be cleared away, as well as

Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

COTTAGE AT SHELFORD, NEAR CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND, REMODELED FROM TWO OLD HOUSES.

LIVING ROOM IN THE SHELFORD COTTAGE, SHOWING FIREPLACE AND GLIMPSE OF STAIRWAY.

Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

THE MANOR FARM, HERTFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND, REMODELED FROM THREE OLD COTTAGES.

SLEEPING BALCONY ON THE MANOR FARM, LOOKING OUT INTO THE COURT.

THE COURTYARD AT MANOR FARM, SHOWING CONSTRUCTION AND ROOF LINES.

A CLOSER VIEW OF THE COURT.

Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

THE OLD VICARAGE AT THORNTHWAITE, CUMBERLAND, ENGLAND: SHOWING COMPLETED BUILDING AFTER ALTERATIONS.

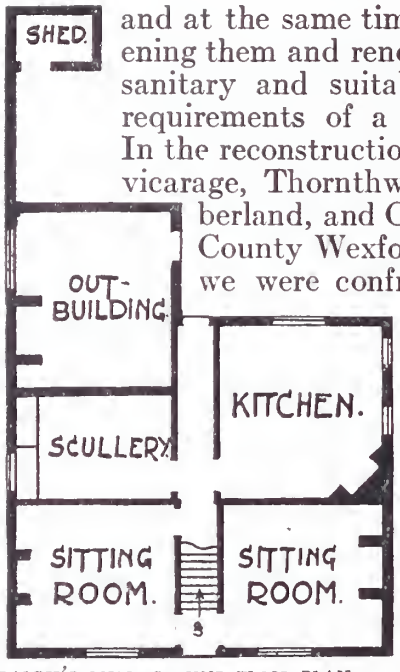
FRONT ELEVATION OF HOUSE AT THORNTHWAITE, ENGLAND, WHICH WAS MOST DIFFICULT TO ALTER: IT WAS ORIGINALLY BUILT WITHOUT A FEELING FOR BEAUTY..

all the brickwork and ranges with which the big Tudor fireplaces had been filled. Most of the walls of the cottages were built of roughly squared timbers, to some of which the bark still adhered. These timbers were framed together and the panels so formed were filled with basket lathing and clay—"wattle and daub." At Shelford a new wing had to be built out at the back to contain the new staircase, bathroom, garden room and an additional bedroom. To this wing we gave a form of roof specially characteristic of the locality. We did not build the walls of this addition, however, of timber framing and "wattle and daub" like the rest of the cottage. We revived instead an old building tradition of the neighborhood, and made "batts" of tempered clay mixed with straw and dried in the sun—similar, no doubt, to the brick which the Egyptians forced the Israelites to make "without straw." This construction produced a warm, dry wall at a lower cost than the ordinary brick wall. The new work, like the old, was plastered inside and out with clay, and then whitewashed, producing a texture and surface which cannot be obtained with lime or any other plaster.

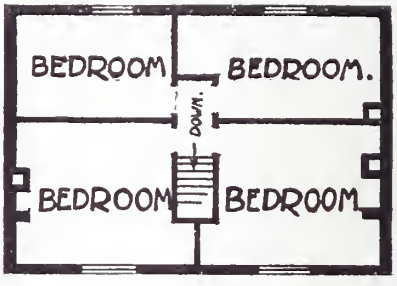
In one of the large open Tudor fireplaces, behind the brickwork and rubbish with which it had been filled, we found the little niche with the molded brick head shown in one of the photographs reproduced here. The hood for this fireplace was made of lead, and we decorated it slightly by covering it with grease, scratching the ornament on the grease and then tinning it over. The tin, of course, adhered only where the grease had been scratched off, so that when the remaining grease was removed the ornament showed in the slight difference in color and texture between tin and lead.

In speaking about "The Manor Farm" and the cottage at Shelford I must acknowledge my great indebtedness to Mr. Satchell of Letchworth and Mr. Clement J. Jude of Harston, who carried out the plans for these houses, respectively, entering wholeheartedly into the spirit of the undertaking and sparing themselves no trouble in order to achieve the results desired.

In the remodeling of these two places all our efforts were directed toward regaining the charm which the old buildings had possessed,

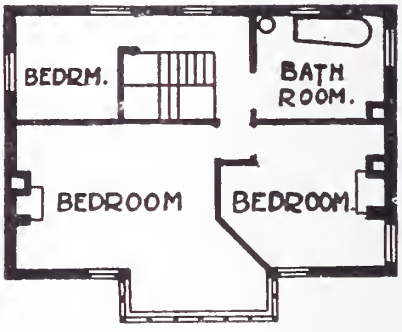


RALPH'S MILL, GROUND FLOOR PLAN BEFORE ALTERATION.

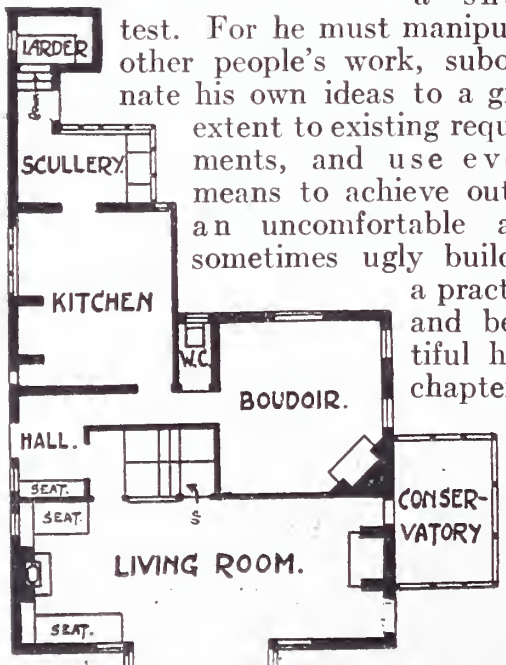


RALPH'S MILL SECOND FLOOR PLAN BEFORE ALTERATION.

and at the same time strengthening them and rendering them sanitary and suitable for the requirements of a newer age. In the reconstruction of the old vicarage, Thornthwaite, Cumberland, and Carrigbyrne, County Wexford, Ireland, we were confronted with a different and more difficult problem, for in these instances the buildings had been erected without the slightest feeling for beauty, and our task was to invest them with both character and comeliness. In remodeling Ralph's Mill, in Suffolk, similar efforts were necessary, chiefly in the interior of the building. It is such work as this which puts the architect's skill and ingenuity to a sharp test. For he must manipulate other people's work, subordinate his own ideas to a great extent to existing requirements, and use every means to achieve out of an uncomfortable and sometimes ugly building a practical and beautiful home. The foregoing is the last chapter of "Modern Country Homes in England." Readers of THE CRAFTSMAN who have followed this series with interest and enjoyment will be glad to hear that this work of Mr. Parker's will be published shortly by us in book form. A more detailed notice of the volume will be found on page one hundred and twenty-five of this issue.



BEDROOM FLOOR PLAN AFTER ALTERATION.



RALPH'S MILL FLOOR PLAN AFTER ALTERATION.

HOW A NEIGHBORHOOD BUILT ITS OWN PUBLIC SCHOOL AND IS MAKING IT SELF-MAINTAINING: BY RAYMOND RIORDON

I REMEMBER Driver Nicholson of Truck D when as a newsboy I delivered the *Washington Post* to the engine house. He used to frighten me at first, so stern was he and so pointed and bristly his black mustache. But later I learned that his sternness was seriousness—a centering of his energy on the task in hand. He would say to me about once a week, "You're a prompt, industrious boy. You'd make a good fireman. I know your mother." And now I know that unconsciously the driver was seeing why, and telling me why I was industrious—my mother. This dawned on me suddenly one morning and since that time it has been easier to be patient with others.

Driver Nicholson is now Foreman Nicholson of Truck D and feels his position. Some people feel their position so keenly that they are all sensitiveness and pose and no work. Not so Nicholson. If engine houses are supposed to be immaculate, Truck D's was more than that. If a fire gained headway in that district the Foreman blamed himself and put out new lines of prevention for the future. I wonder if you know "that" neighborhood? On the south was the Government arsenal with its transient troops; on the west the river with its wharves and excursion boats; on the east a colony of negroes and on the north a string of small stores selling everything from bottled whiskey to suspenders. In all such communities you have four classes. Old settlers—fine stock, the pioneers whose industry led others looking for prosperity, but unwilling to toil for success, to choose this spot. The semi-transient working population who as motormen, street-car conductors, freight handlers, boatmen find it necessary to live near their work. If they are able to thrive on the existence offered by the corporations employing them, then they settle in little homes without much chance for joy and with little outlook for tomorrow. Or if their spirits are strong, with the gift of dare and the energy of success, they soon move out and away. The tradesmen—whether in groceries, liquor or clothing, become rich, for their little capital—like all capital—enables them to be legal hold-up men. Then there are the prostitutes who stamp the neighborhood with the vicious flashes of their poor craven souls. But they, too, had mothers. And Nicholson knew his neighborhood and protected it from death and destruction, when he couldn't protect it from worse.

I hadn't seen the Foreman for many years when I went to his neighborhood one night. I had gone down to look over the ground that had been familiar to me when a teacher at Greenleaf Public

School—the common school of this locality—only to find it recently destroyed by fire, and I naturally looked up the engine house, and there he was. He was staid and stern as ever, but what do you suppose I found him doing? Going to school in the truck house. Upstairs in the dormitory the Foreman sat with his men, each as neatly dressed as for inspection. They sat around a big table and standing near was a typical schoolmaster. The teacher was earnestly explaining how to figure the grain capacity of barn bins and the class was intent upon the lesson. Just as I caught a glimpse of this unique class, the gong sounded and school dismissed itself with little dignity but with expert definiteness of direction. Down the pole they slid and in thirteen seconds Truck D was clanging down the cobbles of Four-and-a-Half street. Turning sharply into Van street, the apparatus pulled up, and following in the Chief's carriage I arrived at the scene in time to see Nicholson carry a negro boy from the burning shanty.

On the return trip I rode back with the Truck and reviewed old times. I wondered why this gallant fireman had not been able to save the public school, yet had been able to cope with the alley fire. The public school was an inanimate thing to him—just material; it belonged to the Government, no lives were involved, nothing sentimental carried him back to his school days in the disreputable old engine-house school near the Navy Yard. Pride in his profession—yes, but why risk good men to save bricks and mortar? I was disappointed in Nicholson, yet saw the reason. He had never been educated to a conscious citizenship. When we reached the quarters I looked up the teacher waiting for the return of his truant class, and asked what he was teaching these men. He was instructing them to use the typewriter as a means to many things, which was good; he was applying mathematics to their everyday tasks, which was excellent; he was showing them the simplicity of writing a good business letter, and this was most useful. In other words, he was teaching them reading, writing and arithmetic. "And why are they trying to get this information so late in life?" "So they can earn a better living; get better jobs." The words of the pedagogue tell the story—to get better jobs, not to be better firemen; not to be better citizens—merely to get better jobs. Education means, then, get all the learning you can so as to improve your material position. Education *should* mean, acquire knowledge, so that you may better appreciate those around you who have had less chance to know, and thus become able to help them—to help the State. And it often happens that in helping others a wider knowledge is gained for yourself.

A SCHOOLHOUSE BUILT BY THE COMMUNITY

THE next morning I went down to the site of the old Greenleaf School and was extremely interested in the unusual activity manifested. The school had burned down in June and the principal appointed for the following year had asked the city not to rebuild it, but to allow him and the parents and pupils who would use it to build it. At first the board was amused, then interested, for this young man's argument that all should earn what was theirs had been convincing; he said that children did not appreciate the education now doled out to them; that while the State owed an education to its wards, the children in return owed the State a conscious citizenship. In the end the new principal—aged twenty-five—had won his point and the new Greenleaf School was to be built by its users, the community.

This was the first day on the job. Gangs of boys of all ages were busy with wheelbarrows and wagons cleaning up the debris. Three junkmen at the curb were buying whatever was offered for sale. Boys were driving teams which, I was told, were loaned by men who did contracting work and lived in the neighborhood. There was no talking; there was no confusion, only the unavoidable noise and jangle of scraping shovels and grinding wheels. By the end of the day the place was clear and ready for excavation. It was curious to see the idlers of the neighborhood—white and black—stand around a minute, then suddenly pitch in and get busy.

When night came on I asked the principal how it was possible to have such organization when he hadn't been in the neighborhood a week. He described how he had gathered the people together at the various churches and told of his plan, explained what it would mean really to own the schoolhouse, not merely to be users of it. He pointed out to the people how the ability to grow, the right of independence must be won through industry, through unselfish devotion to the good of the community; how competition destroyed all that was best in us and brought power to a few who were more shrewd than deserving, whereas by mutual aid, everyone would gain as much as his ability earned for him.

When they were ready to begin work he outlined the first day's task to the boys and girls of the school. He explained that there would be no foreman the first day when the clearing away was to be done. He wished each worker to keep in mind the one thought—clear away intelligently. After the first day leaders might be selected. Then he asked if needed tools could be brought from home; if it were possible to get a few teams on the job. In other words, the building of the schoolhouse became common work, and the means to the end must be common knowledge.

AND the girls and mothers? At noon the boys disappeared in various houses near the school site and I followed one group. Seated at the table were boys and girls. The table was neatly set and the meal was one of quiet content, of most definite conversational interest—for was not the new school being built? The gathering was communal in every aspect. The principal told me the girls were to provide the meals during the building period and the time not occupied in this—which would really be delegated to different groups each week—was to be spent in housework at home. The girls knew that upon them was to devolve the care of the new school home and they bent their energies to show the principal they were capable of the job.

That night I attended a meeting of men in the neighborhood and learned that the craftsmen of the community—the bricklayers, carpenters, painters, had each agreed to give a day a week to the enterprise and on Saturday afternoon the full force would go to work. The principal was a skilled draughtsman, had a working knowledge of practically every trade, knew how to do things from having done them, and was fully capable—so I discovered—of superintending the job. I wondered just a bit how it was all brought about—this understanding of laboring men, union men who ordinarily strive to get more wages for less work. The solution was not hard to find, however, for the principal himself was working without wage during these summer months, and the object of the work was to gain something for the children. These parents felt their own power when they saw their children accomplish big things. Kavanaugh couldn't stand having Murphy show the kids how to lay brick, when he could show them how to plaster better. For Kavanaugh was Irish, and though head of the Plasterers' Local, that had nothing to do with the way he should raise his kids.

The next day the excavating was begun and the principal soon had the layout staked, and plows, shovels, picks, teams, barrows were busy. It was interesting to note the care that was taken in distributing the dirt so that it would not have to be handled more than once. Again there were no leaders, no noise of tongues, no singing, but there was much humming and quiet whistling. Day by day I saw the building grow, watched the boys get the brick and lime and cement from the car, and pull it around with a big oil-burning tractor. It was amusing to see the policeman, over by the tracks, anxiously waiting for the end of his shift so he could shed his uniform and help unload the car. And the way that inanimate stuff was handled. Do you suppose bricks were smashed and cement spilled—not a bit of it. You would have thought it vital that not a corner

should be chipped, or even a paper bag torn. And when this habit of protection is instilled into the youth of the land, one of the many fibers of the roots of conscious citizenship has started to grow.

Naturally I asked to see the plans, and in no way did they suggest that the building being erected was to be a public school. Each room was light, airy, cozy. There were blackboards, but they were inoffensive in coloring and proportion. There were no desks or seats fastened to the floor. Most of the rooms had students' chairs of unusually neat design; others had tables agreeably placed and not lined up for inspection. The drawings showed the wall colorings, the pictures, the pottery, the flowers. Everything would have been suitable for a home. There was good ventilation and the great outdoors; no fads of open-air schoolrooms—just the things that must be normally met in living anywhere.

The shower baths interested me; the excellent hygienic toilet facilities—these rooms were light, easily accessible to those in authority and they were to be cared for by the children.

The feature that pleased me most was the arrangement in one wing of the building of several rooms fitted up as bedrooms, with adjoining baths. These were to be used in case of accidents in the neighborhood, so that residents could be brought to the schoolhouse and given attention there instead of at the hospital. From all aspects the building seemed complete for its purpose—a central opportunity for beauty, use and service.

THE principal made the following explanation of the financial end of the proposition. Congress had appropriated a certain sum to rebuild the school. He was authorized to draw against this account in any way he saw fit. The materials cost the most, as the labor was free, and this left a good sum over the expenditures, especially as this sensible young man had started making the school's interior equipment in a cabinet shop nearby. He had rented this shop fitted for work, and a cabinetmaker of the neighborhood volunteered the necessary direction. The principal invested the surplus money in a farm about an hour's ride from the school. While I was there this land was being put into shape by a group of boys. A mile of land had been secured and cows, cattle, sheep, hogs are to be raised and much trucking done. The products are to be handled at a common coöperative market in the neighborhood. The milk is intended for the babies of the community. Thus the maintenance, at least, of this unusual public school is already assured. The farm is to become a vital teaching factor and the plan is to have the boys there periodically for farm instruction. On Saturdays the entire

school—those who can be spared from household duties—are to visit the farm in order to get a grasp of what is going on.

Deeper and deeper did I see into this man's plan. He felt sure in a few years he could bring the merchants of the neighborhood to band together on a coöperative basis and thus supply the community with clothing, furniture, household goods, etc., in good taste and in keeping with their means. The food supply, however, he has planned always to keep in the hands of the school; it is to be raised on the farm, and distributed through its domestic-economy director.

And this boy had a tacit understanding with the men that all repairs in the neighborhood were to be made by the boys, or the neighborhood mechanics. This would not injure the livelihood of the community, for only in localities such as this, where working men with small wage live, would such a plan hold good. Likewise, exception would be made where financial conditions were such that payment could be made easily. As a matter of fact, it would be but a short time before the boys would look to the upkeep of their homes in the easiest way—by seeing to their care, by respecting property, and they would also be able to do any necessary repairing.

I knew that practically everything the new principal was trying to do had been put into operation in many places. But each time it had been an isolated thing—a private venture to do good. Nowhere had the idea of self-support and self-respect entered. Extremes are necessary to emphasize the point, therefore, though it seems unnecessary and contrary to principle to make a public school self-maintaining. At least, if the present experiment is successful, it will prove that charities and various other organizations that take upon themselves the guiding of the lives of others will lose much of their usefulness, and poor people can be urged toward greater independence of thought and action.

A NEW AND GREAT CRAFTSMAN IN FRANCE

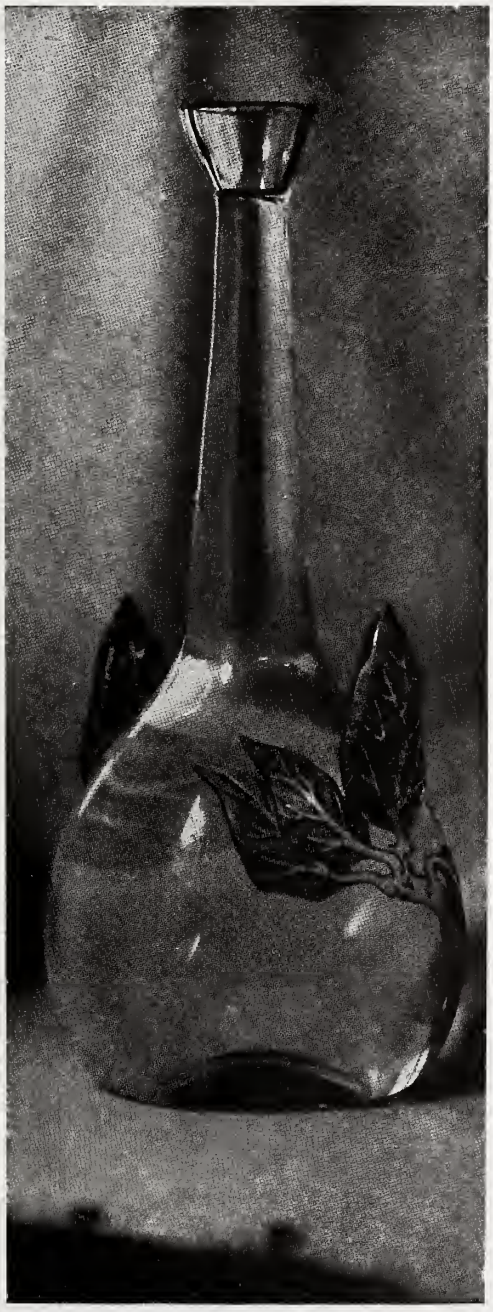
HE name René Lalique is quite widely and emphatically associated the world over with the Art Nouveau movement in France. If we take the translation of *art nouveau*, it is fair to credit Lalique with having done much to create a New Art in France. But to relate him intimately with the Secession Art which has spread over Europe, which really had its origin in Munich and Berlin, is to do the rare and beautiful spirit of this man's art a definite injustice. Lalique is truly a man of original art feeling. His work is new in so much as it does not imitate the older impulse of art in France. Lalique was one of the very first men to come out from under the crushing weight of the glorious Periods of French art. It seemed for a time as though this country of brilliant achievement in all art directions would rest forever under the shadow in a way of the achievements of the great artists of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The tremendous vigor that went into France's cathedrals, houses, pictures, furniture, jewelry, dresses through the dazzling periods of her great monarchs bade fair almost to drown the creative spirit in France, if not in the whole world. We in America are only just recovering from the point of view that rendered everything inferior that did not bear the "Period" stamp. England was touched deeply with Period art, and Germany, at least Munich and Berlin, responded to the craze for imitating French beauty. Austria has quite recovered, but Munich and Berlin are even worse off in their own presentation of Secession atrocities. England has again opened her eyes to the beauty of home life and a certain charm of original simplicity. Here in America we are discovering indigenous impulse for our architecture, paintings, sculpture and decoration.

Lalique, of all the modern Frenchmen, has done most to freshen and rejuvenate the art spirit of France. In spite of a certain rare delicacy of feeling, a certain almost spiritual ecstasy in his work, Lalique has turned the eyes of France toward simplicity. So great an artist is he that he finds for each material the exact method of handling which will express to the fullest all its inherent beauty. Whether Lalique is adorning a house, his own or others', whether he is expressing his love of beauty in jewelry, in brilliant marvelous colors and rare designs, or whether as in his new work in glass, he is bringing about a full realization of all that can be expressed through the purity of glass handled as glass should be, without elaboration, without overloading in color, always seeking crystalline freshness and purity, Lalique brings to his work an abounding creative spirit, a knowledge of beauty, a rare power to treat each material for its own inherent quality, never losing the individual significance of the thing he is han-

dling, whether it is iron or glass, a rare jewel, leather or wood.

In the foolish Secession Art which has flooded the country there has been so little thought, so little creative spirit, so little intrinsic vision of beauty that materials have been confused. Glass has been handled as though it were wrought iron, iron has been treated in the manner of wood, jewelry has been a mere decorative expression no more important than the trimming of a gown, and the great interest that underlies every material itself, that should appear in the handling of the material, has been quite lost sight of. Lalique is so fine an artist that perhaps without consciousness he has established barriers between his various mediums expressing beauty. In his jewelry, which has really been the source of a fresh impulse in jewelry-making the world over, Lalique has brought abounding life; he has been fearless, audacious in his design, in his color, and yet never without purpose, never without a certain underlying sense of simplicity. He has never ornamented purely for the sake of decoration, but always for the sake of beauty, or perhaps to be more concise one should say because decoration seemed the result of right proportion, or because the proportion demanded an additional accent for beauty.

Lalique has been accused of imitating the Greeks, of finding his inspiration in Greek art. It is not true. Lalique seems Greek only because he is fresh and true and because his inspiration is straight from Nature, as the inspiration of the Greeks invariably was. In modern life wherever we have found great ornamental beauty combined with directness and freshness and inspiration, we say "Greek art." We have insisted that Isadora Duncan found all her inspiration in the Greek ornamentations on Greek vases and architecture, merely because she turned to this source of all beauty for her inspiration. Lalique, because his work is abounding in the freshness and freedom and beauty of life, is said to be Hellenic in spirit. As a matter of fact, Lalique is very French in spirit, but his inspiration is definitely that of the great artist, the great poet, the great writer, Nature. And so his vision includes all the beauty that is inherent in Nature, the shepherds, the nymphs, the fauns, the color of Nature in her most radiant moods, the sense of all the joy of her flowers, her leaves, her perfumes, whatever belonged to life when only beauty was expressed by the gods and the simple folk,—these things find expression through Lalique's marvelous and beautiful channels of joy. He is no more Greek than any great artist who sees straight to the heart of things. And he is just as Greek as all the Greeks who saw life in this courageous and simple fashion. For it takes courage to see the great truths of life, and it is in these truths that Nature has hidden her most exquisite phases of beauty.



TWO CARAFES DESIGNED BY RENÉ LALIQUE: ONE APPECIATES AT ONCE THE PURE CRYSTALLINE QUALITY WHICH LALIQUE IS CAPABLE OF IMPARTING TO THIS WORK: THE PROPORTIONS ARE MOST CAREFULLY THOUGHT OUT AND THE DECORATIONS MOST INTIMATELY AND EXQUISITELY RELATED TO THE SHAPE: STUDIES FROM NATURE, AS USUAL IN LALIQUE'S WORK, PREVAIL IN THESE DESIGNS.

A MIRROR WITH A CRYSTAL HANDLE: THE DESIGN IN THE BORDER AND HANDLE OF THE MIRROR IS MOST DELICATE AND WEBLIKE: EVEN THE LITTLE FIGURE AT THE BASE OF THE HANDLE HAS A FAIRYLIKE GRACE.

THESE TWO SMALL PERFUME BOTTLES ARE EXPRESSIONS OF LALIQUE'S MINIATURE WORK IN GLASS: BOTH SHAPE AND ORNAMENTATION SOMEHOW SEEM TO SUGGEST THAT THEY WERE DESIGNED TO HOLD RICH UNGUENTS.

A TOILET BOTTLE SPECIALLY RICH IN ORNAMENTATION: THE VERY VAGUENESS OF THE OUTLINE AND THE OPEN SPACES WITH THE GLASS SHOWING THROUGH SEEM TO BE PARTICULARLY SUITED TO THE DELICATE TRANSPARENT SUBSTANCE: LALIQUE USES BUT LITTLE COLOR IN THESE ORNAMENTATIONS, SEEMING TO FORGET FOR THE MOMENT THE SPLENDID TONE HARMONIES WHICH HE HAS INTRODUCED INTO HIS JEWELRY.

A LITTLE GROUP OF GLASS BOTTLES FOR THE TOILET TABLE, ORNAMENTED WITH DELICATE DESIGNS, LEAVES, BUTTERFLIES AND DANCING WINGED FIGURES: THE USE OF THIS FRAGILE AND EXQUISITE WARE FOR TOILET ARTICLES IS ONE OF THE MANY FADS WHICH LALIQUE HAS ORIGINATED IN PARIS.

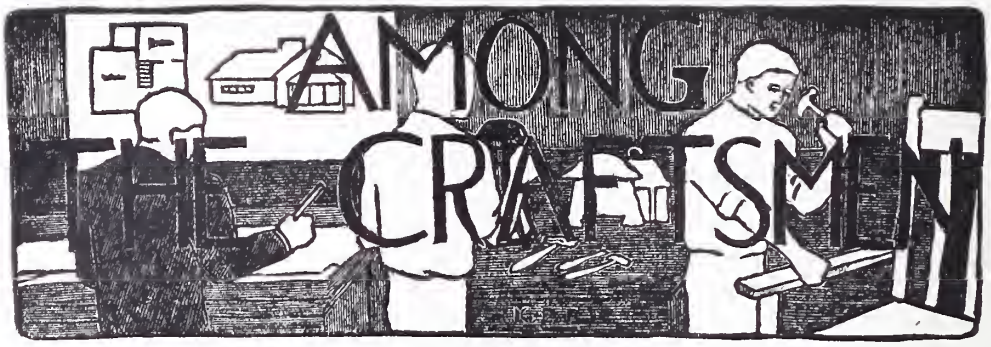
A GLASS BOTTLE BY LALIQUE, INTERESTINGLY ORNAMENTED WITH FOUR LOCUSTS: THESE GRAVE INSECTS SEEM TO BE GLANCING DOWN AT THEIR TRAILING LEGS WITH A SENSE OF DELIGHTED AMUSEMENT.

A GROUP OF GLASS BOTTLES BY RENÉ LALIQUE: THE ONE AT THE LEFT SHOWS A DELIGHTFUL ORNAMENTATION OF DANCING FIGURES WITH WINGS WHIRLING UP INTO A BACKGROUND: AT THE RIGHT IS ANOTHER LOCUST-ORNAMENTED BOTTLE, AND THE CENTER SLENDER ONE SEEMS TO IMPRESS ONLY BY GRACE OF PROPORTION AND DELICATE TRANSPARENCY.

IN Lalique's glassware, to which at present he is giving even more attention than to architecture or jewelry, we find that he has discovered a direct channel to the ultimate beauty that glass is capable of expressing. The color that he presented in his enamels, in his collections of gorgeous gems, in his rare and novel use of metal work, does not appear for a moment in his glassware. He is never violent and audacious, as Gallé, he is never seeking to gain effects which belong to other materials, as Henri Cros does in his glassware which rivals the work of sculptors. Lalique uses but little color; his designs are of the simplest. His whole purpose seems to be to bring out the pure crystalline quality which glass alone is capable of presenting in final exquisite perfection. When Lalique is designing a carafe, a perfume bottle, a mirror, the shape first of all appeals to him. It must be perfect for the use to which the design is to be put. Then the design itself must be in perfect relation to the proportion of the object, must accent the line, must be in beautiful contrast to the vital purpose of *revealing crystal*, not imitating metal or stone or iron. Every decoration is apparently laid lightly on the surface. Never is the crystal overloaded. If figures are used, they are not only handled lightly, but they are designed lightly,—in the dance, reclining airily, never suggesting weight or burden; in fact, in studying the perfection of the making of glass, Lalique forgets that he is an architect, that he is a maker of rare jewelry, that he understands all the marvels and intricacy of the handling of wrought iron. For the moment solely the clearness, the delicacy, the quality which can only be expressed by the French word *raffiné*, is his supreme interest in relation to his art.

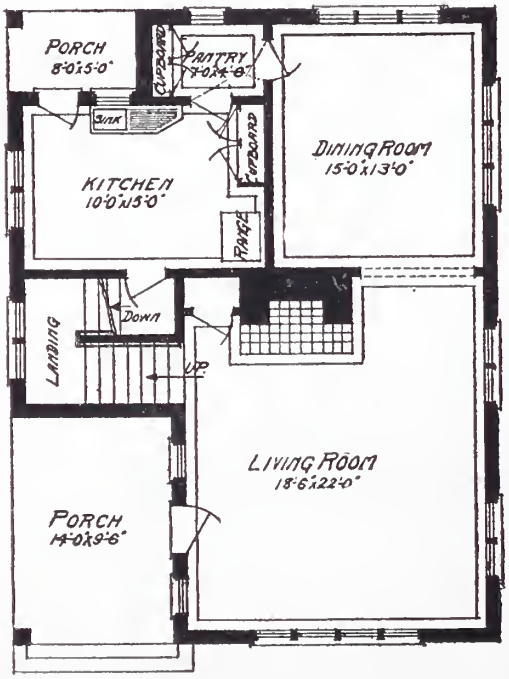
If a mirror is to be designed to reflect beauty, it must also carry the joy of its own beauty. In designing a perfume bottle, it seems to Lalique apparently that the bottle must be worthy the exquisite fragrance which it is to hold. All of his designs are infinitely harmonious; they are complete. Every detail is related to the whole; every outline of ornament seems part and parcel of the outline of the object, and always we realize that Lalique's study has not been so much in his studio in Paris, as out in the woods at Rambouillet, where he does most of his work, and where he finds the greatest inspiration for his varied and consummate art.

It has been asked in Paris, "Is there no end to the variety of expression that Lalique's genius will find?" But why should there be any limitation to the number of channels through which a man may pour his understanding of beauty, for after all, a man has but one vision, though there may be roads leading to it.

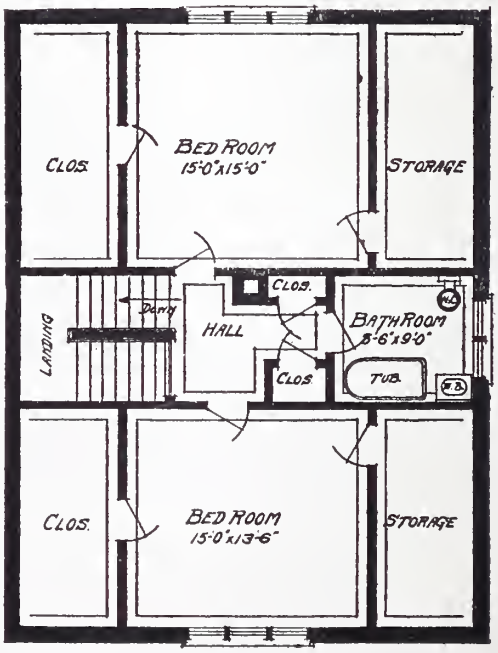


TWO SIMPLE, HOMELIKE CRAFTSMAN HOUSES FOR CITY, SUBURBAN OR COUNTRY LIFE

IT is not often that we are able to design houses suited alike to city, suburbs or country life; but the houses which we are showing in this issue proved to be so practical in design that we felt sure it would lessen their usefulness to limit them in locality, and so, while keeping certain city limitations in mind, we have also thought them out in relation to small suburban gardens and wide country spaces. Their adaptability will not be fully felt until the person deciding to build makes a thorough study of their proportion, interior arrangement and floor plans. We feel that there is a tendency in city architecture to do away with the circumscribed, metropolitan idea of home building—the narrow high elevation is growing less and less in favor. The city man is beginning to demand some individuality in his home and when one stops to think of it, it is really absurd that for years past the people living in large cities should have imagined that all their homes must look exactly alike so far as different materials would permit. Of course, the same variation is not possible in the city that can be gained in the country, for in the country one builds for certain vistas to the gardens, over the hills and down country lanes. Nevertheless, much can be accomplished for narrow city lots by the ar-



HOUSE NO. 145: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



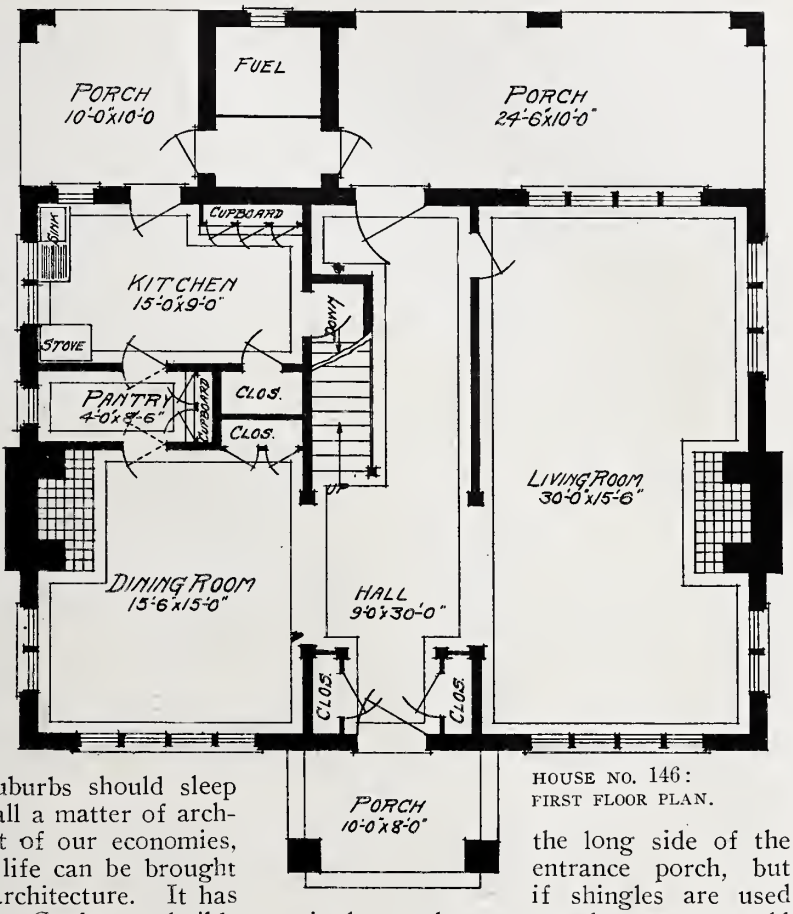
HOUSE NO. 145: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

Gustav Stickley, Architect.

CRAFTSMAN BRICK AND SHINGLE HOUSE NO. 145: THE PROPORTIONS OF THE HOUSE AND THE ARRANGEMENT OF WINDOWS GIVE IT A DISTINCTLY FRIENDLY, INTERESTING AIR.

Gustav Stickley, Architect.

CRAFTSMAN CEMENT HOUSE NO. 146, WITH BRICK AND STONE CHIMNEY AND STONE PILLARS AND FOUNDATION: THERE ARE EIGHT ROOMS, A SLEEPING PORCH AND THREE LIVING PORCHES.



HOUSE NO. 146: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

range m e n t of windows, use of materials, the i n t e r esting entrance, and a certain significant use of color, which is being introduced n o w through tiles, bricks and floral arrangements.

Both of the houses which we show this month are moderate sized, and of course would not be suitable for the very large city, where real estate is so valuable that buildings must shoot up into the air in order to pay taxes. We have made a specialty in these houses of the opportunity for outdoor living in our verandas and sleeping porches. We have always felt that there is no reason why city people and people living in the suburbs should sleep and live indoors. It is all a matter of architecture. In fact, most of our economies, comforts, happiness in life can be brought about or destroyed by architecture. It has been the purpose of our Craftsman buildings from the very start to seek to make life more comfortable, more convenient, more interesting.

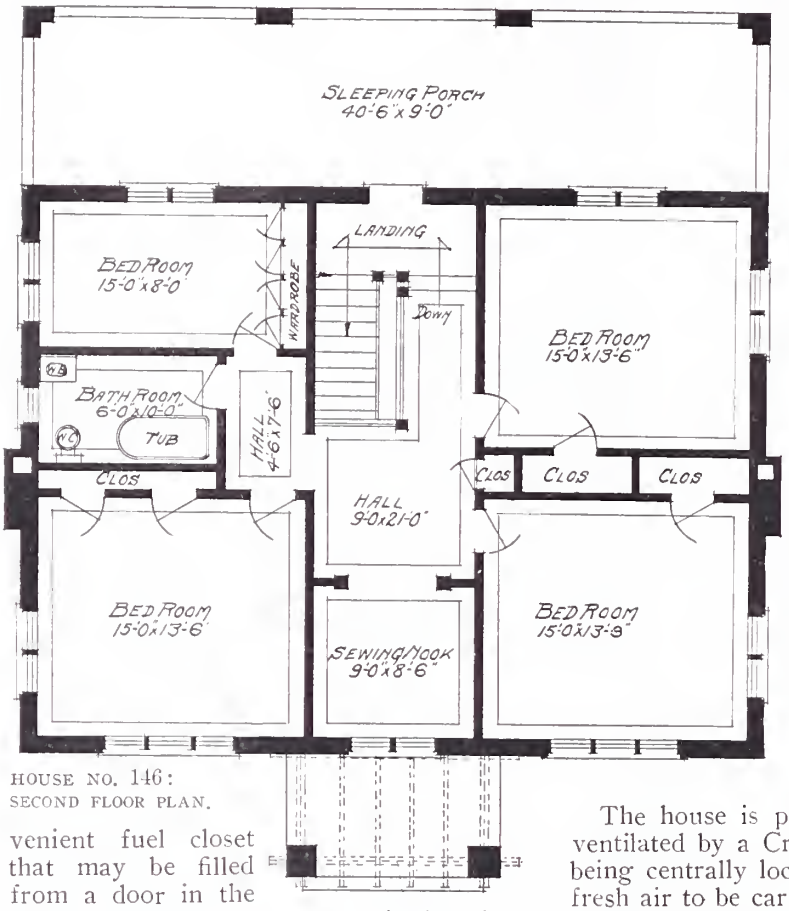
Craftsman house No. 145 is small, compact and moderate in cost; yet, while minimizing the expense, we have tried to retain dignity of form and harmony of proportion which small cheap dwellings so often lack.

The building is planned for a 40-foot lot and the materials used are brick on a stone foundation with shingled gables and roof. The design is equally adapted, however, to an all-shingle construction. In the present instance we have used the brick in a simple but somewhat decorative way, so that it frames and emphasizes the window groups and openings of the porch and the line across the gables. The soldier courses of brick that form the lintels of the windows can be carried on T-irons, as can also those across the porch. With brick construction another post would be needed to support the weight of the upper wall on the long side of the entrance porch, but if shingles are used a single wooden post at the corner would be sufficient.

The small-paned windows are all casement, and if shingle construction is used throughout, the windows should be protected by springing out the shingles above to form a hood. The porch floor as well as the terracelike steps that lead up to it are of cement, and the use of field stone for the risers of the steps and around the edge of the lawn repeats the note of the foundation and helps to bring the building in harmony with its surroundings.

It will be noticed that while this exterior is most unpretentious, it has nevertheless a pleasant homelike air, due to the careful grouping of windows and pleasing lines of the roof, both of which features are the result of practical construction.

The entrance door, which is sufficiently sheltered by the recessed porch to dispense with a vestibule, opens directly into the living room between two windows. Here one finds the genial welcome of an open fireplace, on one side of which is a con-



HOUSE NO. 146:
SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

venient fuel closet that may be filled from a door in the kitchen wall. If it is not desired to keep the fuel here, this closet may be used for wraps, overshoes, etc.

On the right of the fireplace a wide opening gives access to the dining room, which thus forms an extension of the living room, increasing the sense of spaciousness of the first floor. Swing doors lead through the pantry to the kitchen, which in turn opens upon a small corner porch at the rear, sheltered like the front porch by two walls of the house and the overhanging second story. The range, it will be noted, has been placed in the corner of the kitchen, where it may use the same chimney as the living-room fireplace—an item which always helps to reduce expenses. A door beside it leads to the cellar stairs.

If the owner finds that with the arrangement shown here the housewife, when in the kitchen, would have to walk too far when called to the front door, this objection can be obviated by omitting the closet beside the fireplace and inserting a door in the wall, at right angles to the cellar door, thus establishing closer communication.

The stairs go up on the left to a landing and thence up to the second floor. This landing, being provided with a full length double window, affords ample light and air for the stairway and upper hall—an arrangement which every housekeeper will appreciate. In the hall are two small closets on either side of the entrance to the bathroom.

Two good-sized bedrooms occupy the rest of the floor, each lighted by a group of three casements in the front and rear gables, and beneath the slope of the roof on either side is ample closet and storage space.

The house is planned to be heated and ventilated by a Craftsman fireplace, which, being centrally located, allows the warmed fresh air to be carried to the various rooms with a minimum of piping. The living-room will be heated by direct radiation and registers placed in the upper portion of the chimneypiece; a register in the rear of the fireplace will furnish heat from the warm-air chamber to the dining room; a bent pipe will go to a register in the floor of the rear bedroom, and a short pipe running beneath the flooring will supply heat to the bathroom and front bedroom.

THE second house, No. 146, while embodying, of course, some of the general features of Craftsman construction which characterize the little home just described, is planned for a wider (60-foot) lot, to meet the needs of a larger family. Here we have shown concrete on a field stone foundation, with shingled roof, stone pillars at the entrance porch, stone and brick combined in the chimney. Brick and stone may be repeated very effectively in the garden wall and entrance, as suggested in the drawing, and header courses of brick may be used for the risers of the cement

porch steps. If field stone is not found in the locality where the house is to be erected, the foundation can be of concrete, with concrete pillars for the front porch. The brick chimney, however, will in any case give a note of variety to the materials of the exterior.

Stepping from the vine-covered pergola-porch one enters a small vestibule, on each side of which coat closets have been placed. The open hall, from which the staircase ascends, has wide openings on each side to dining room and living room. The latter, on the right, is unusually large, airy and hospitable, extending the entire depth of the house and being lighted on three sides by wide groups of casement windows. The fireplace occupies a space near the center of the outside wall and thus affords plenty of room on both sides for the grouping of chairs or settles, while the long wall space against the hall is ample for the piano.

A door near the end of the room opens into the rear of the hall, which gives access in turn to the big sheltered porch at the back, over which the sleeping porch extends as a roof.

The dining room is almost square and in one corner of it is a second fireplace directly opposite the one in the living room. Nearby is the pantry, which communicates with the kitchen, and china closets occupy the space between the pantry partition and the staircase. The flue from the kitchen range can be easily carried through the pantry to the dining-room chimney, which is in the right hand side of the fireplace.

On the right of the kitchen is a door to the cellar stairs, and at the rear is a door into the square recessed porch which connects with the fuel closet separating the two porches.

Near the top of the stairs is a landing from which a glass door opens upon the sleeping porch, which extends across the rear of the house and is covered by the sloping roof, supported at intervals by concrete pillars. This arrangement, as the perspective view and floor plans show, allows the floor of the sleeping porch to be on a lower level than the rest of the second story, thus permitting the roof to be continued down and yet leave sufficient headroom for the sleeping porch.

Three bedrooms of equal size occupy three corners of the second floor and are provided with windows on two sides, while the remaining corner is filled by a smaller bedroom, the bathroom and hall. Between the two front bedrooms is a small sewing nook with a double window overlooking the pergola roof of the entrance porch.

Two Craftsman fireplaces installed as shown in these plans will furnish sufficient heat for all the rooms. The one on the right will heat the living room, and short pipes and registers will serve for the bedrooms above. The one on the left will heat the dining room; registers will be placed above the warm-air chamber in the floors of the bedroom and bathroom overhead, and a pipe beneath the flooring will carry the warm air to the smaller room in the rear. As for the sewing nook, this could not be practicably reached by a pipe without cutting into the floor beams and weakening the construction. We have therefore left a wide opening from the hall instead of a door, and as the lower and upper halls will be thoroughly warmed by the two fireplaces downstairs, owing to the open arrangement of the first floor rooms, sufficient heat will enter the sewing nook to keep it always at a comfortable temperature.

In the two houses shown here, as in many of our recent designs, we have intentionally omitted the built-in fittings, post and panel construction and other forms of decorative woodwork which have grown to be one of the chief characteristics of a Craftsman interior. There are several reasons for this. In the first place, we have been trying to keep down the cost of the houses—and our style of woodwork is apt to add considerably to the expense. Then, it is not always possible for those who are building from our designs to get workmen who are sufficiently skilled to carry out such work as carefully as it should be done, and the average mill where the wood is obtained has not always the necessary facilities for drying it properly so that it will stand the temperature of our modern overheated rooms.

Thus we are departing from our former custom as a matter of expediency rather than choice, for we wish to adapt our houses to the people who may live in them rather than to lay down restrictions which, however artistic, they cannot usually conform to. We would therefore like those of our readers who are sufficiently interested to give us an expression of their own personal needs and preferences in this and other architectural matters.

ONE OF THE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS TO BE CONSIDERED IN THE NEW DESIGN IS THAT OF DRIVEWAYS.

PLANNING THE HOME GROUNDS FOR BEAUTY AND COMFORT: BY RALPH RODNEY ROOT, B.S.A.

THE work of a landscape architect of today does not consist merely, as many people suppose, in designing flower-beds of intricate pattern; neither does it imply the haphazard planting of specimen plants about the lawn. While it is true that the use of trees, shrubs, vines and flowers is an important factor, the solution of the problem does not depend upon planting alone. This fact is well illustrated in Italian gardens, whose charm depends almost wholly upon the architectural features. Often, too, it is necessary to take out plants instead of planting new ones, or in the case of remodeling an estate, plants already established must be reset in order to relate them to the new design.

In properly designing the garden features for a new home the landscape architect will carefully study the general character of the proposed developments. Then with a survey plan drawn to scale, showing the size, shape and general lay of the land as regards grades, the location of any buildings already standing, the existing natural growth, he has the necessary data to begin his problem. During his first visit he notes the direction of the best views and indicates on his plan the points from which these views can be seen to the best advantage, and also takes note of any important natural features, such as trees and rocks. He then roughly sketches the proposed house plan with due reference to all of these matters, the shape of the plan being determined by the most important views or the contour of the land. By working out the plan of the house in this way the service wing of the house can be located so that it will correspond to the service portion of the grounds and the living rooms of the house will be in direct relation to the private lawns and gardens.

Having decided definitely upon the size, shape and orientation of the house the plan is drawn to the same scale as that of the survey plan, and then with his problem fairly before him the landscape architect is ready to begin the real design for the home grounds. This problem is worked out from the standpoint of composition, making the several divisions—lawns, gardens, carriage court, service yard, laundry yard, the various paths and the location of buildings, such as a garage or stable, all fit together in one scheme. The location of the paths, drives and general planting masses all come out gradually, the design

being worked out as a rough sketch, and from this the first plan or sketch is made. The client, the landscape architect and the architect can now go over this plan together and come to an agreement about the outline plan of the proposed house and upon this the architect can base his plans for the house. The landscape architect then draws up the preliminary plan, making such changes as were decided upon during his interview with the client and the architect. After further consultation with the client in regard to any other changes, he prepares the final or general plan, and much depends upon this plan, for upon it are based the engineering or grading plans and the planting plans. Thus the plant design in regard to the location and general outlines of the planting masses is not a separate part, but is very intimately related to the entire subject of landscape architecture.

In working out the composition of the sketch plan the plant masses have been used as the darks and the open spaces as the lights in the design. The location of many of these dark masses has, of course, been determined by the fact that it may be necessary to screen certain portions from others, or from the street or public portions of the grounds; but the relation of their size has, however, been determined by the proportion of one to another.

THE FINE GROUPING OF COCOS PLUMOSA PALMS NEAR THE SOUTHWEST CORNER OF THE LOT EXISTED WHEN THE HOUSE WAS BUILT.

THE BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN VIEW THAT HAD BEEN COMPLETELY SHUT OUT BEFORE THE ALTERATIONS.

It is only after the architect has finished the elevation sketches of the house that the plant design can be begun. As the structure of this has already been determined in the preliminary and general plans, it can now be taken directly from them. The dominance of the more important masses will be brought out by using specially selected plants. To achieve this result the plants must be selected not only from the standpoint of proper mass effects, but with due consideration to correct height, color

A SCREEN WAS PLANTED ALONG THE EAST SIDE OF THE HOUSE, AND COVERED WITH RICH FOLIAGE.

VIEW SHOWING LAUNDRY YARD AS SEEN FROM THE FORMER FLOWER GARDEN.

of flower, size and texture of leaf. All the plants are, of course, selected with reference to environmental conditions—soil, climate and rainfall.

When, however, the house has been built before the landscape architect was consulted, the problem to a certain extent becomes one of plant design alone. In this case the landscape architect will visit the place with the owner and make observations much as in the first instance, except that although he cannot change the location of the house he will always determine where it ought to be in relation to views and other factors that would govern its correct location. In working out the landscape plan this information is used in locating gardens, terraces or summer houses that are to furnish vistas or viewpoints or, better yet, to serve to bring the house into a more friendly relation with its surroundings by moving shrub masses or cutting down trees.

With a plan showing the location of the house and garden features the landscape architect begins the redesigning of the property. The first sketch plan is worked out much as the one in the first instance and the preliminary sketch is drawn up. In working out this design from the standpoint of composition, the problem becomes a very difficult one, and in order to bring the several unrelated parts of the plan into harmony the landscape architect often has to solve it by the use of adaptive composition. In this case the different parts of the design are changed in size and location, and then by the use of shrub masses or screens covered with vines, they are all given the proper emphasis. The plants are used to fill out bad angles, and sometimes plant masses are unavoidably thin because of lack of space due to awkward placing of drives and walks. Instead of the architect's sketches of the house elevations, photographs of the existing buildings are used, and sometimes another problem is how to screen or hide bad points in the house design. Then the general plan is prepared, and afterward the engineering and planting plans are made.

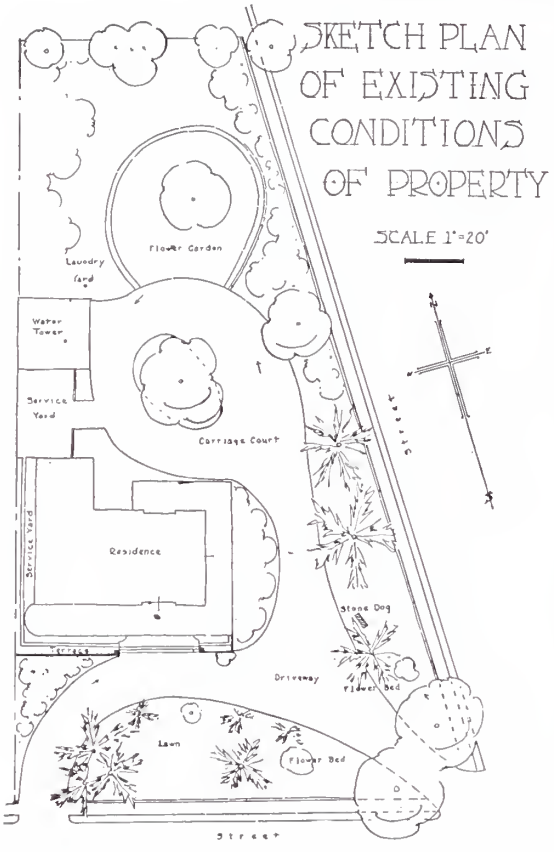
It is not, however, correctly designed and planted grounds that receive the most

critical attention, as often the entire effect and will be caught at a glance, enjoyed as a single picture or composition, and no attempt will be made to analyze even the placing of a single tree or shrub. When, however, the grounds have been planted in a haphazard fashion, attention will at once be attracted to the unrestful appearance of the bad points in design and planting, and the good points will not be appreciated simply because the place is not seen as a single picture, but as a number of unrelated things—a tree here, a vase there, and perhaps, because of the bad selection of trees and shrubs, the house will be seen from its most unattractive aspect only. This is the reason that many of our best architects are so willing to coöperate with landscape architects, for many a future commission depends upon the appearance of the houses they have already designed. All this will be more intelligible if some concrete example is shown, and I shall take up what can be called, perhaps, the average condition of the "undesigned" home grounds and give some illustrations to show how the problem would be worked out by a landscape architect.

FRONT STEPS AND TERRACE.

The place in question is a corner lot, and while there is little change in elevation on the property the grade of the street at the east side has been lowered until there is a difference of four feet between the level of the street and the rear corner of the lot. Because of this a retaining wall was built along the east boundary of the property. The first plan shows the conditions existing before the landscape architect was called in to "improve" the grounds. No attention whatever has been given to the arrangement of the several portions of the grounds with regard to design. The plans for the house had been made without regard to topography or views. After the house was built, it was found that a driveway to the service portion of the grounds was needed and one was immediately constructed. Now as the guests ought not to enter through the kitchen, a second driveway was necessary, and thus more than one-half of the ground area was taken up by the drives. Besides the service drive entrance to the kitchen there was also a service path along the west side of the house. To use this path it was necessary to go up the front steps and along the terrace walk, as shown on the plan. The gardener was given charge of the "improvements," and palm trees and flowerbeds were added, as he said, "to embellish the grounds." The fine groups of cocos plumosa near the southwest corner of the lot and the eucalyptus trees at the rear were there when the house was built. As the gardener's work went on, the family began to adapt itself to the new house and grounds. The warm climate of California renders the porch one of the most comfortable parts of the house, and as there was great need of protection from the sun and of a greater seclusion from the street, a screen was planted along the east side of the house. Little by little additions to the planting were made, with the results shown in the first plan and the photographs of existing conditions. Here are a good collection of palms, shrubs, vines and other plants with a house in the center, each thing in itself having no relationship with any of the others. Each stands alone without any hope of ever becoming a part of a single scheme in which all the separate plants might help to bring out a dominant idea or thought.

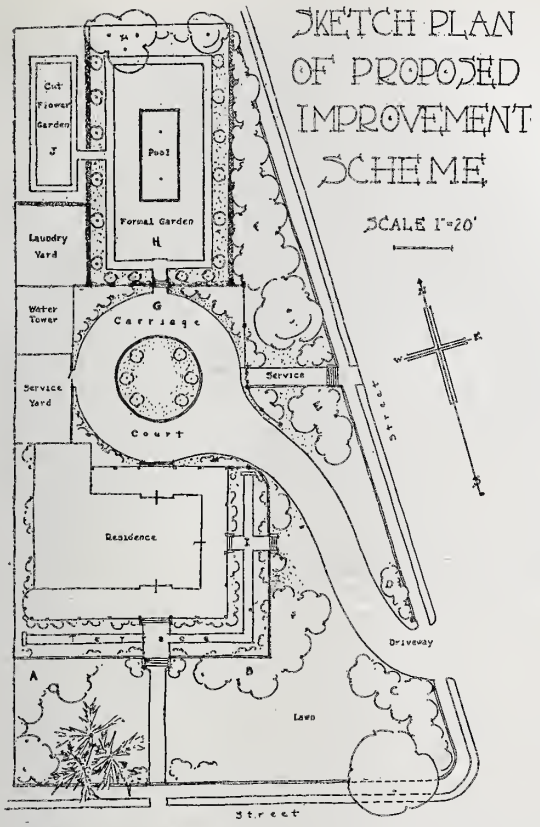
At this point the landscape architect was consulted about a few "improvements" in the grounds, with perhaps a new plan for the flower garden. After a careful study



of the problem, a survey was made and the survey plan drawn, as shown in the illustration. From the data on this plan and the notes taken of the requirements of the problem, a sketch was drawn showing the proposed rearrangement. While the new design is not ideal as regards the several divisions of the estate, it is at least an improvement on the old. One of the questions receiving first consideration in the new design had been given the least attention in the first layout of the grounds, that of driveways. Is a driveway necessary, and if so could it not be arranged to answer the requirements of service and family or guests? Should it be in front or at the back of the house? As the original driveway was also a service one, by using the front steps and terrace this could also be used in the same way for the new plan. But this is both inconvenient for tradesmen and unpleasant for the people living in the house. A single drive to the service portion of the house, with the existing entrance conditions to the house, would be as inconvenient for the owner and his guests as the former would be for the service. By a slight change in the stairway an entrance to the rear of the house can be made through the hall by means of a new door, as shown on the second plan. This would also acquire for the living portion of the house the beautiful mountain view that has been completely shut out from these rooms.

The location of driveways having been decided the design was worked out much as in the former case, except where influenced by existing conditions that could not be changed. The grade made it necessary to design the entrance from the street, as shown in the plan. The first sketch plan was prepared and from this the general plan drawn, as shown in the illustration. A garden with its main axis in the direction of and centering on the mountain is a feature of the new plan. At the side of this a cut-flower garden and a laundry yard have been planned. The carriage court is included in the new design, and while it is really a part of the garden as seen from the house it is also quite separate from it. For upon entering the garden the view of the driveway is completely obscured, and the garden becomes a secluded place in which to enjoy the beautiful mountain view and the quiet of the enclosure. The seclusion is gained in great part by the arrangement of grades, as the carriage court is eighteen inches lower than the garden itself, thus bringing it a little below the floor level of the house. A strong line is needed at the sides of the garden and a hedge gives this emphasis. The carriage court is sheltered by a simple vine-covered lattice; lack of space rendered heavier planting impossible, and the lattice also serves to bring the water-tower, service yard and the laundry yard into a closer relationship. A terrace has been constructed around the house in order to conceal the incorrect placing of the house as regards the first floor grade. This terrace is to be given a simple wall treatment that will make it an attractive part of the home grounds. In front of the house a straight walk has been provided in place of the curved drive. This not only adds dignity to the design, but is of greater convenience. The grading plan was next worked out. and after the ground surface about the house has been changed to correspond with that suggested by the landscape architect, the planting plan will be begun.

A tracing will be made of the general plan showing the various features of the



design and the outlines of the shrubbery beds, and then the shrubs will be selected. As many of the existing plants as practicable will be used in the new planting scheme, but if it is found that any of the palms and other trees or shrubs are out of harmony they will be discarded. While, like a dictionary, a collection of plants is of value in its place, a too comprehensive assortment of plants would be inappropriate for a place of this size. The selection and correct arrangement of growing things are important in the small place, not the number of kinds that may be planted. In selecting plants in regard to their general character, the cocos plumosa in the front and the eucalyptus trees in the rear were used as the "touchstones" of the planting scheme. This means that the plants chosen for the front of the property are more quiet in outline and color and those in the rear of the house are more irregular in outline and the colors more striking. As the work progresses rough sketches will be prepared from time to time to show the general outline, texture and color value of the important plant groups and their relation to the house and views. Having decided these points, the planting of the several portions of the grounds beginning at the front of the house will be taken up.

In what is called the public portions of the estate the plants must not be too conspicuous or of species that require close inspection, for they are to be seen and enjoyed only from a distance. In selecting the plants, first those which give the mass to the bed or group must be chosen, and then those that furnish accent or color. For the mass shrubs, then, the following are selected for the group marked (A) on the plan, and the other groups as shown in the same way.

Group A, mass shrubs: Euonymus Japonicus, evergreen euonymus; berberis Darwini, Darwin's barberry; choisya ternata, Mexican orange; raphiolepis indica, wax flower.

Accent shrubs: Gardenia jasminoides, cape jasmine; pittosporum tobira, Japanese pittosporum; laurustinus, viburnum tinus.

Group B, mass shrubs: Euonymus Japonicus; berberis Darwini; mahonia aquifolium, Oregon grape; ligustrum Sinense, Chinese privet; olea fragrans, fragrant olive.

Accent shrubs: Cratægus pyracantha, pyracanth thorn; gardenia jasminoides; arbutus unedo, strawberry tree.

Group C, mass shrubs: Ligustrum Sinense; berberis Darwini; raphiolepis indica; rosa rugosa, Japanese rose; abelia grandiflora, hybrid abelia.

Accent shrubs: Pittosporum tobira; Philadelphus falconeri, falconer's mock orange.

Group D, mass shrubs: Berberis Darwini; ligustrum Sinense.

Accent shrub: Pittosporum tobira.

Group E, mass shrubs: Berberis Darwini; escallonia rosea, South American lilac; elæagnus reflexa pungens, bronze oleaster; ligustrum Japonicum, Japanese privet.

Accent shrub: Acacia Baileyana, Bailey's acacia.

Group F, mass shrubs: Atriplex breweri, salt bush; olea Europea, olive tree; orange tree; ligustrum Sinense; ligustrum coriaceum, dwarf barberry.

Accent shrub: Acacia Baileyana.

Group G, mass shrubs: Mesembryanthemum australis, gray creeper; lippia repens, ground vine; atriplex breweri; phyllostachys aurea, golden bamboo.

Accent shrubs: Standard roses; cypress

sempervirens fastigiata, Italian cypress; eucalyptus citriodora, white gum.

Group H, mass shrubs: Hedera helix (used on lattice); roses (selected varieties).

Accent shrub: Camellia Japonica, evergreen rose.

The plants in the cut-flower garden (J) and those used on the terrace (I) were selected by the client, and here at any time of the year can be found flowers of almost any color or shade for cutting. The flowers used on the terrace are transplanted from time to time from the cut-flower garden, which is a sort of reserve garden.

The carriage court should be treated like a garden, for as seen from the house it is part of the garden itself. Hedera helix or English ivy is used as the background of the plant composition and roses give color and interest. In the center of the court there is a ground cover of the ivy with accents of camelia. While the plants here are intended for a sequestered garden, the method of using them to produce a special effect makes them appropriate even for the semi-public portion of the grounds.

The formal garden furnishes pleasure exclusively to the family and its guests. Here the interest centers in the mountain view with the garden as a foreground when seen from the house, and in the rare beauty of the garden. Within the garden itself the interest centers on the pool and the walks at the sides. The ground cover about the pool is soft gray lippia repens. The hedges are of the salt bush with Italian cypress at the sides, framing in the mountain view from the house and furnishing accent in the garden. Standard roses also give interest to the garden along the side paths. These plants give broad masses of color and at the same time are of such a character as to be interesting in themselves. Between the path and the hedge there is a ground cover of mesembryanthemum, and at the sides of the paths is planted a low hedge of lavender cotton. In the pool a few lotus are planted. Everything about the garden and in it has been tuned to the gray tones of the salt-bush hedge and the dark green Italian cypress gives the strong color notes.

After the plants have been selected and listed on the plan, either by numerals or names, the number of each kind and their position as to heights is shown. This plan is carefully gone over by the client and the landscape architect and all necessary changes or additions made. The plants can then be ordered from the nursery and the planting done under the personal supervision of the landscape architect.

Then the gardener can be given charge of the place, as he will know the best treatment required by each plant, and the place will begin to look like the ideal the landscape architect visualized upon his first visit to the grounds.

Instead of a promiscuous scattering of plants about the grounds the result is a single picture with the house as the central feature when seen from the street or the home grounds, and the planting well related as seen from the house. The owner can enjoy the grounds in seclusion and quiet.

EXPERIMENTAL TESTS IN ALFALFA PLANTING

EXPERIMENTS in alfalfa planting in Long Island, show that as a fertilizer alfalfa sowed on ground where crimson clover has been turned under, produces results equal to that of ten tons of manure per acre. The alfalfa planted on Long Island soil without any inoculation whatever, is fully equal to that planted on soil inoculated with laboratory culture. Tests of spring and autumn planting carried on through eight seasons varying from extreme drought to excessive rainfall show that spring planting is the best, late summer planting not so good and not to be depended on, and autumn planting a waste of time and seed. The earlier the planting in spring, the better, more vigorous and more lasting the growth.

Pasturing cattle on alfalfa during the spring and even the early summer, instead of harming the crop has been proven in Long Island to be a distinct benefit to it. But pasturing in late summer or autumn destroys it, as during and after the dry summer weather the new shoots which the alfalfa continuously puts forth are not so large or plentiful as in the moist spring weather. The cattle graze close, so that when the alfalfa growth begins to retard as the season advances, they should be taken away.

Weeds are alfalfa's great enemies, and in buying seed care should be taken to get it from a seedsman who makes sure that his seed growers work to insure pure and vigorous strains.

A BUNGALOW OF RARE COMFORT

EXTERIOR VIEW OF MR. E. B. RUST'S BUNGALOW, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

A PRACTICAL AND COMFORTABLE BUNGALOW BUILT BY A WESTERN ARCHITECT FOR HIS OWN HOME: BY CHARLES ALMA BYERS

WHEN an architect builds a home for himself it is naturally to be expected that he will create something "different" — something at least not stereotyped. In the first place, no one can interfere with his plans, and in the second place, he can avail himself of the opportunity to put into use many ideas that must have gradually accumulated in his mind. And while practically every architect will allow himself a certain degree of freedom, no matter what style of house he may design, one can expect even more in this way when a Western architect builds for himself a bungalow home.

The bungalow, as has often been stated in THE CRAFTSMAN, probably surpasses all other styles of architecture in its adaptability to individuality. It permits far greater freedom in construction, and makes possible the installation of many more built-in features. In fact, the built-in features of the bungalow have been developed in such interesting fashion and are so necessary a part of the structure that they are a distinct characteristic of this style of building. The bungalow is definitely designed for a home that is both attractive and inexpensive, and to meet these requisites it is essential that the interior be made cozy and homelike without the use of a great deal of expensive furniture. It is here that built-in features are most helpful. They do much toward making the furniture list simple, and at the same time they make possible an interior scheme of furnishing that is harmonious in both color and finish. The immovable fittings of a house are usually built on plain, straight, structural lines, and it is comparatively easy to secure furniture constructed on the same principles and of a finish to match.

The bungalow shown in the accompanying reproductions is an excellent illustration of these facts. It is the home of Mr. E. B. Rust, an architect of Los Angeles, California. Mr. Rust has designed a large number of the bungalows of Southern California which are well known throughout that country, and naturally in his own home one might expect to find embodied some of his best ideas.

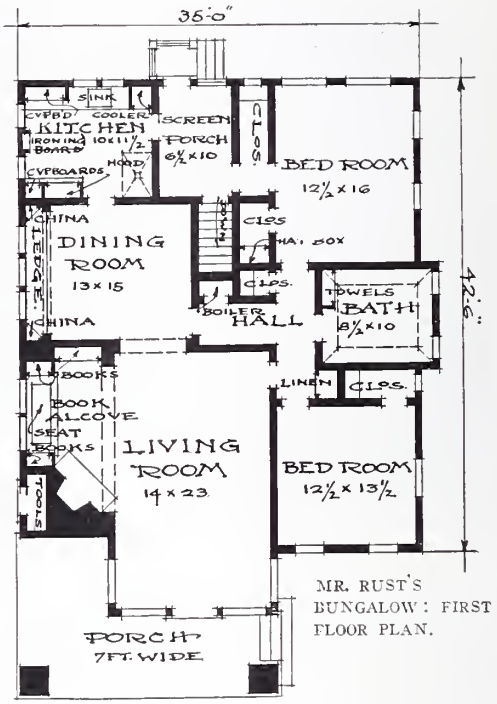
As seen from the outside the bungalow is characteristic of its type, but not particularly unusual. Even for the bungalow style it is rather plain and regular in contour, but has pleasing proportions, and, indeed, much of its charm is due to its simplicity. Incidentally, it is gratifying to realize that the age of bizarre architecture is surely passing; that we are being gradually educated into an appreciation of plain, simple and dignified houses

This bungalow has the usual low roof and broadly projecting eaves. The siding

is of redwood shingles, as is also the roof. and the masonry is of brick. There is a small front porch of well-proportioned lines, and in the rear is the customary screened porch, 6½ x 10 feet in size. The windows are almost all casement, a style that always seems especially suitable for a low-roofed house. The exterior color scheme is two shades of olive brown—a light olive stain for the siding and a darker shade of olive for the trim,—which, with the dull red of the brick, makes a most effective combination.

While the exterior is attractive, the interior shows the skill of the architect to a greater extent. He has given it special consideration. In studying the accompanying floor plan drawing, noting the numerous closets and built-in features and their arrangement, it becomes evident that Mrs. Rust also had considerable to do with their planning. There seems to be "a place for everything," and the location of the various features is so convenient that there could be little excuse for not having everything always in its proper place. And even with so much built-in furniture, a general feeling of simplicity is maintained—a fact which deserves particular mention.

The house contains five rooms, besides a sort of book alcove and the bathroom. The alcove is really a part of the living room, but is sufficiently secluded from the front entrance to give opportunity for the utmost privacy. This nook contains the fireplace, which occupies one corner, three



MR. RUST'S BUNGALOW: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

built-in bookcases of excellent workmanship, and a long comfortable window-seat. The top of the seat is hinged so that it may be lifted as a lid and the box underneath serves as a receptacle for fuel. The fireplace is of brick covered with cement plaster, and the mantelshelf is of wood in plain design. The corner occupied by the fireplace has given an opportunity for a novel feature—a garden-tool closet, which is ac-

LIVING ROOM OF MR. RUST'S BUNGALOW, SHOWING END OF ALCOVE WITH BOOKSHELVES.

LIVING ROOM, SHOWING THE OTHER END OF ALCOVE, FIREPLACE AND WINDOW SEAT.

cessible from the outside of the house.

A broad arch, hung with portières, connects the living room and dining room. A rather unusual buffet has been built into the latter. Beneath a series of three large casement windows there is a broad, low ledge, into which have been fitted three capacious drawers. At each end of this ledge, which also means at either side of the three windows, there is a corner china closet, the doors of which contain ten panes of plate glass and correspond in design with the windows.

The woodwork of the living room and dining room, including, of course, the alcove, is of California redwood, which has been waxed, and left in nearly its natural color. This is a very effective wood, and it is impossible to improve upon its color tones. The walls of both rooms are tinted a roseleaf green, and the ceilings which, except in the alcove, are plastered like the walls, are colored a light buff. The ceilings are vaulted, or slightly arched, for the purpose of aiding the indirect lighting scheme. The lighting fixtures are particularly interesting and in simplicity of design are quite in keeping with the interior finish and the other features. In the living room the principal fixtures are two large inverted domes of hammered brass suspended on chains, and in the dining room there is a single dome, similarly arranged, made of glass, covered with lacquered bamboo splints. These inverted domes, which hold the electric bulbs, reflect the light against the vaulted ceiling, where it is diffused to all parts of the room in equal strength. In the living room and alcove there are also, at convenient intervals, smaller lighting fixtures of the ordinary kind.

To many a housewife a study of the kitchen of this house will prove interesting. This room is finished in white enamel, and is most convenient in arrangement of built-in features. There are numerous cabinets

ONE END OF THE DINING ROOM, SHOWING BUILT-IN CHINA CLOSETS.

A CORNER OF THE KITCHEN, SHOWING BUILT-IN IRONING BOARD AND CONVENIENT CUPBOARDS.

and drawers, the usual sink, a hood for the range, a draught cooler, a built-in flour bin, a disappearing bread board, and an ironing board that folds up into its own special cabinet.

There is a roomy closet in each of the two bedrooms, and in the closet of the rear bedroom there is a built-in hat box. On the rear screened porch there is a large storage closet, and in the T-shaped hall that gives access to the bathroom from practically all parts of the house there are two more closets, as well as the boiler cabinet. The bathroom is finished in ivory enamel, and has mahogany towel and medicine cabinets. The woodwork of the hall and the two bedrooms is also enameled, the former in ivory and the latter white, and the walls and ceilings are plastered and tinted in delicate colors.

The house has a small basement, the stairway to which leads from the rear screened porch, and a basement furnace supplies additional heat when that afforded by the alcove fireplace is insufficient. Unlike California's first experiments in bungalow building, the house is strongly and warmly constructed and would be suitable for almost any locality, no matter how severe the winters might be.

Careful attention has been given not only to the more important structural features, but the minor details as well. The interior is satisfying and harmonious in both color and finish, even to the curtain and portière poles, which are made of the same material and with the same straight lines as the rest of the woodwork.

The house has ample ground space, and a few massive old trees that at one time practically monopolized the plot have been given a little pruning, and left to form the basis for a most delightful environment. Home-builders are gradually realizing that such monarchs as these do not grow quickly, and that as a rule it is advisable to plan the house in relation to the natural surroundings. Too often valuable trees are cut down in the mistaken idea that it is necessary to plan the grounds after the house is constructed instead of planning them first. When the house is completed before the grounds are planned and laid out, the builder often learns when it is too late that by the time the garden is mature the house is old and sometimes dilapidated.

AN AUTUMN ONION BED

JOHN T. TIMMONS, the Garden and Floral Editor of *Successful Farming*, writing of autumn gardening, gives the following suggestion for onion growing. "I find it pays," he says, "to select a nice lot of onion sets and then prepare a bed for them by spading and removing every particle of weeds or grass roots, pulverizing it fine and marking out in rows eight or ten inches apart and planting the onion sets as I would in the spring, only setting the bulbs a little deeper.

"In a few weeks I cover this bed with a liberal coating of well-rotted manure, and this protects the tender onions from freezing and assists in supplying the soil with the required plant food. I find onions thus grown are sweet and tender and much earlier than spring-planted ones.

"I prefer the white or yellow varieties for autumn planting. Red ones will do well, but I think the white or yellow sorts have a more delicate flavor and grow a little more quickly when the early spring sunshine comes."

Spading soil for garden beds to be planted in the first days of spring is another fall task that pays, says this gardener.

A PERGOLA-COVERED FOUNTAIN.

PICTURESQUE GARDEN FEATURES SUITABLE FOR MODERN HOMES: BY ELIZABETH C. GRAHAM

HOME-MAKERS all over the country are beginning to realize that the garden features that make for beauty are not only available for the large country estate, but for the tiny cottage in village or suburb as well. Formerly it seemed essential, in order to have picturesque gates and fountains, pergolas and garden seats, to employ a high-priced architect to draw up elaborate plans and to watch the development of them. Here and there, it is true, in an old-fashioned farm-house garden rustic seats and grape arbors were to be found, but usually the latter were erected merely to support a grape-vine. No thought of beauty went into their construction, and as a rule they were not available for even a moment's rest or joy. They were too low for a tall person to stand erect in, and rarely did they shelter a seat or a bench.

Nowadays home-makers as well as architects are giving careful attention to the subject of garden architecture. It is not always necessary to engage professional skill in order to make individual and beautiful the environment of a home. The personality and taste of the owner are more apt to be expressed most faithfully when he does the planning and actual work himself. Neither is it necessary for the grounds to be extensive in order to make them charming. A little time and ingenuity will often work wonders, and wherever there is a bit of open ground around a house there is opportunity for some garden feature that will add to the outdoor beauty of a home.

An interesting design is shown in the picture of a gate at the side of a driveway.

A PERGOLA OF CEDAR LOGS LEADING INTO A JAPANESE GARDEN.

A PERGOLA-COVERED LIVING PORCH.

The heavy pillars at either side of the walk are built of field stone and brick, and the tile roof is most picturesque and craftsmanlike. The heavy chimneylike column at the left is covered with a tracery of clinging vines that push little tendrils of green into the crevices between the stones, and a wrought-iron bracket on which to hang a lantern to light the driveway swings out from the top of the column.

Another picture of a gateway shows a rather unusual garden feature. It is a covered seat by the side of a driveway, and is built like a hooded gate, with a seat where the gate would ordinarily be. The columns and base are of field stone roughly shaped; the beams that support the tile roof on one side are embedded in a block of concrete, and on the other they rest on a high pillar of the cut stone. A row of heavy square pickets extends across the center of the long plank that forms the seat and serves as a back for both sides of it. This is an ideal spot for resting or reading on a warm day, and the vines that are beginning to creep over the corner of the roof will in time add further grace and shelter to the structure.

Another picture shown is of a cool and shady veranda that surely must afford rare opportunity for outdoor living. The type of construction is suggestive of Colonial architecture, an effect which is heightened by the two old hickory chairs and the high-backed white wooden seat. The wide brick floor is raised above the level of the garden and the brick walk at the side by a layer of field stone, and suggests the softness and coolness of moss. The actual construction is most simple, just a pergola roof supported on four white turned columns and covered by a mass of clustering, twining vines that admit refreshing breezes but shut out the scorching rays of the sun.

An unusual setting for an outdoor fountain built of rough field stone, brick and redwood beams is shown in another picture. This particular fountain is in the center of a patio, but it would be quite as interesting and effective if placed in a garden. The construction suggests a massive pergola with four heavy columns of field stone supporting the open roof. Two low steps of brick lead to a wooden seat, above which on a raised floor of brick is the fountain bowl. On either side of the steps are planted masses of flowers and vines that cling to the base of the stone columns and lend color and fragrance to the whole patio.

The little pergola built of cedar boles with the bark left on is an interesting design for the man who wishes to construct his own garden features. The man who made this

one cut down the trees himself and left the logs as nearly as possible in their natural state. This style of pergola is especially suited to the simple shingled bungalow adjoining, and is quite in keeping with the Japanese garden to which it marks the entrance.

STONE GATEWAY WITH TILE ROOF.

The planning of garden features is a source of never-failing pleasure, and in the building of them lies even a deeper joy. Many a man has found healthful exercise in the laying of stone walls, the hewing down of trees to make a grape arbor or a pergola, and the building of stone steps and garden gates has often been the means of cementing pride and interest in the appearance of the home. Children also can take an active interest in beautifying the surroundings of the home. The long evenings in wintertime can be devoted to the planning of some special garden beauty, and the joyous vacation days that follow in the summer can be profitably spent in working out the plans. Children love to be useful, if the usefulness is not confined to unlovely tasks that usually fall to them to do. The drudgery of washing dishes and carrying wood and water offers no interest for children, for these tasks have achieved nothing definite when they are finished, and often they create in childish minds a distaste for work in any form. Children are naturally constructive; they instinctively love to build,—witness the building blocks that hold so many little ones enthralled even before they are able to walk. And surely no little boy ever spent a summer near a brook without wanting to build a dam in it.

Of course, much of the actual work of constructing garden features is too heavy for little hands to do, but there are many steps that little feet are willing to take. The children can run through the fields and locate stones that are suitable for use; they can lift the smaller ones on a wheelbarrow or cart and push or pull them to a convenient place, and they can even sort the stones that are not too unwieldy and get them ready for laying.

SEAT BESIDE A DRIVEWAY, WITH STONE PILLAR AND BASE AND A TILE ROOF.

Work of this sort keeps children in the open air, keeps them interested and busy, and often lays the foundation for a lasting appreciation of labor as a vital developing force, not merely something to be slighted or shunned.

COMMON PLANTS THAT ARE POISONOUS

IT is a good rule not to touch plants or bushes or trees that we do not know, especially when we meet them in the wood, and indeed it is the only really safe rule for folk who neither know much about them nor care to learn. But such a course would deprive a great number of us of so many innocent posies and branches along with the harmful ones that it is more reasonable for even the busiest people to learn at least the commonest dangerous plants that are most frequently found in our everyday walks. Most of us think "poison ivy" or "toadstool" as soon as we hear a poisonous plant mentioned, but as a matter of fact there are commoner ones that have greater danger in that they have the lure of blossoms to attract the unwary.

The poison ivy runs rife on old fences, climbs trees, lurks in stone walls, crowns old stumps and does its best to confuse us by a general likeness to Virginia creeper, even to showing the same brilliantly colored foliage in Autumn. But a simple rule will help us to distinguish between them at a glance. The poison ivy leaves grow in clusters of three, the Virginia creeper in clusters of five.

The toadstool that is almost always the cause of death from "poisonous mushrooms" is so well known and totally unlike the wholesome mushroom that it seems extraordinary that even a careless observer should confuse the two. The deadly amanita has a cap of smooth satin with white gills and spores, and rises from a little cup at its base which no true mushroom ever has. The fly amanita has a wart-covered cap that shades from white or cream to yellow or bright red. These are the two commonest toadstools and both are deadly poisonous. Avoid all fungi growing in the woods, for although this will deprive you of some edible mushrooms, it will save you from the amanita. The wholesome common mushroom grows wild in open fields and on hills and pastures.

Water hemlock is possibly the most poisonous of all our native plants. It is a cousin of the good parsley, but has a dozen aliases,—as spotted parsley, snakeweed, beaver poison, musquash root, muskrat weed, spotted cowbane, children's bane, and death-of-man. It has a stiff, hollow stem from three to eight feet high, finely cut leaves like parsley, and an umbel of delicate white flowers like the wild carrot or Queen Anne's lace. Its roots are spindle shaped, two or three inches long, and in them lies its chief poison. These fleshy tubers are often mistaken for parsnips, horseradish or artichokes when plowed up and exposed to view; the leaves, stems and seeds are equally often mistaken for the anise-flavored cicely, and the eating of any part of the plant is fatal to human beings and lesser animals alike. Poison from this plant is accompanied by violent convulsions. It is not poison to the touch.

Poison hemlock, another relative of parsley, is not a native plant, but an alien transplanted from Europe and Asia, and called spotted parsley, poison snakeweed, cashes and wode-thistle. It grows from two to seven feet high, smooth, purple spotted and hollow stemmed, with parsley-like leaves and flowers. But its distinguishing characteristic is its odor. The leaves have a nauseating flavor, and when bruised a disgusting odor. So it should not be difficult to learn to know and avoid it. Poisoning may occur from eating the seeds, leaves, roots or stems, and its symptoms are a gradual weakening of all muscles, ending with paralysis of the lungs.

The black cherry tree should be avoided also. The fruit is not poisonous, but the seed-kernel is. Animals may nibble the fresh shoots of the tree without harm, but eating branches that are partly withered causes them to have labored breathing, numbness, fright and convulsions. The poison is very volatile and quickly passes off, but for a short period is deadly.

Avoid the false hellebore, the familiar Indian poke whose other names are wolfsbane, devil's bite and bear corn.

Poison sumac is a handsome shrub or small tree, six to eighteen feet high, which grows in swamps in the United States and Canada. It has wingless red petioles from six to ten inches long, bearing from seven to thirteen oval, smooth, entire leaflets, and loose auxiliary panicles of smooth greenish-yellow drupes. The whole plant is poisonous to taste or touch and even taints the air around it. The sumacs that have the fruit in terminal thyrsoid panicles and clothed with crimson hairs are harmless.

Learn to know these common poisonous plants and any others that may infest your particular locality, and avoid gathering or cooking all plants that you do not know.

A PRACTICAL SCHOOL FOR FORESTRY

IN connection with the recent widespread interest in the conservation of our national forests, it is interesting to note that the teaching of forestry in American universities had its beginning at Cornell, where the first College of Forestry in this country was established by the Legislature of the State of New York in 1898. To quote the college "Announcer": "During the past year the Department of Forestry has been much developed, and at the present time there are two professors and an assistant professor in the department.

"The New York State Legislature at its last session appropriated $100,000 for the erection of a building for forestry at Cornell University. Plans for the building are now nearing completion, and it is expected that it will be ready for occupancy by the fall of 1913. It is to be located just east of the university filtration plant, on the high ground overlooking the valley of Forest Home and close to the beautiful woodland along Fall Creek ravine.

"The various woodlands on the university farms, and a tract of 38 acres, much of which is open land ('forestry experiment land'), have been assigned to the Department of Forestry. They are to be used to show methods of caring for woodlots and methods of forest planting. They will be used also for experiments in the treatment of woodlands. Extensive plantings, aggregating 35,000 trees, have been made during the past year, mostly by the one hundred and thirty-five students then registered in courses of forestry.

"The Department of Forestry has three principal aims: to give instruction at the college; to conduct investigations and field studies designed to help solve the woodlot and forest problems of New York State; and to give direct help to owners of forest lands in the State.

"The instruction at the College is intended to meet the needs of several classes of students: (1) Students of general agriculture who wish elementary instruction in the care of woodlands and in forest planting and forest nursery work. (2) Prospective teachers, business men, lawyers, and others who desire an understanding of the place of forestry in the life of a nation. (3) Technical students in other lines who wish one or more technical forestry courses, as, for example, wood technology. (4) Professional forestry students.

"The following courses are intended for students in general agriculture and for others who desire an elementary knowledge of forestry but do not expect to make forestry their principal work. First comes the course in Farm Forestry, which treats of the management of the farm woodlot and the starting of new woodlots by planting or sowing.

"For students who wish a more detailed knowledge of timberland management than is given in Farm Forestry, but who do not wish the professional courses, a one-year course in The Elements of Forestry is offered. The first term is devoted to estimation and measurement of the amount of standing timber and its value; measurements of logs and of other forest products; rate of growth of timber in diameter, height, volume, and value; the best uses to which various forest products can be put; methods of logging, milling, and sale of timber; identification of common woods; age at which timber should be harvested; methods of regulating the amount of timber cut so as to insure a permanent income. The second term's work includes the life history of the forest; the influence of soil and climate on forests; the influence of forests on stream flow, climate and soil; forest planting, sowing, and nursery work; reproducing the forest without planting or sowing; care of the crop during its growth, including thinning; protection from fire and other enemies; identification of a few of the principal timber trees of this region.

"There is also a course called The Field of Forestry, designed for students wishing a general lecture course without laboratory and field work. This course discusses the place of forestry in the life of a nation; its aims and importance; national, State, communal and private forestry enterprises; the day's work of a forester.

"The direct help given to owners of forest lands in New York State is an important feature of the work of the department. This is accomplished by correspondence, by publication, by lectures, and by personal inspection of woodlands and of lands to be planted. The only expense to the owner for a personal inspection of his land is for the necessary travel and subsistence of the representative of the department, there being no fee."

HOUSE OF MR. J. GORDON SMYTH, BUILT ON A HILLSIDE AT VAN LEAR, KENTUCKY.

A CRAFTSMAN HOUSE BUILT ON A KENTUCKY HILLSIDE

THE successful working out of one of our house plans is always a source of much pleasure to us, for it is evidence of the crystallization of one of our ideas,—one of our dreams come true. So far as possible each of our house plans is intended to offer suggestions for a comfortable place to live in as well as a beautiful setting for the flowering of the home spirit, and it is always gratifying to know that a home-maker has caught the gleam of our ideal and held it in concrete form.

In March, 1909, we published in THE CRAFTSMAN a plan for what seemed to us a substantial, attractive farmhouse. One of our subscribers, Mr. J. Gordon Smyth, has built from our design, with some slight modifications that usually are necessary in each individual working out of a plan, a house that seems to us to embody all the comfort and beauty and charm that we had hoped for in planning it. The house was built at Van Lear, Kentucky, in a beautiful natural environment, and so far as possible native material has been used in its construction. The field stone in the foundation and fireplace links the house to the fields about it, and the beams and shingles and posts of the rest of the construction are all of the kinds of woods that grow in the vicinity.

The exterior of the house is of shingles, stained brown, with a red shingled roof and white trim. The windows are all casement, with small panes, opening outward, and the frames are also painted white to match the rest of the trim. The porch posts are of peeled red oak and the porch floors are of red cement marked in squares.

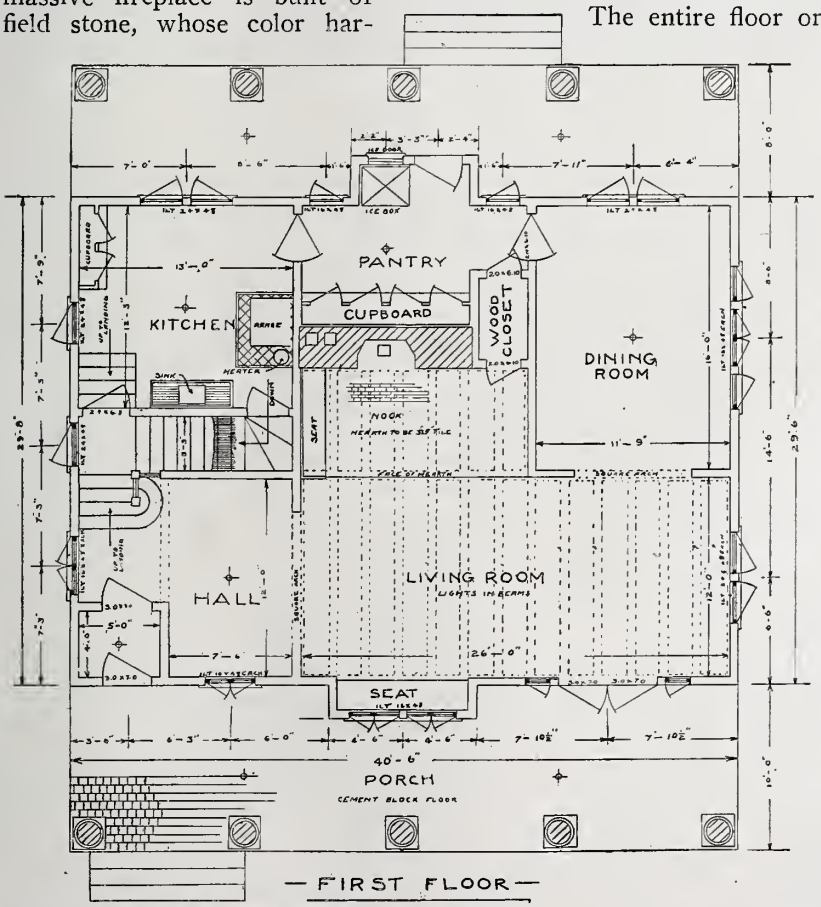
The interior woodwork of the first floor, except the kitchen and the pantry, is of white oak, fumed. The woodwork in the kitchen and pantry is white pine, stained the same color as the oak. On the second floor the wood used is white poplar, finished in ivory enamel, which is always fresh and wholesome for bedrooms. All

DETAIL VIEW OF THE FRONT AND ONE SIDE OF MR. SMYTH'S HOUSE.

the floors in the house are of oak.

The hall and living room are finished with a wainscoting six feet high, and the lanterns that furnish light in the living room are suspended from the exposed cross-beams. The fireplace has been built in an alcove in the living room, and the nook that is thus formed is made comfortable by a wide seat placed so that one may watch the flames and still not be too close to them. The massive fireplace is built of field stone, whose color harmonizes with the finish of the woodwork. The entire floor or wide hearth of the nook is of dark red tile, which not only affords interesting variation from the wood floor of the adjoining living room, but obviates danger of fire from stray sparks. At one side of the fireplace is a roomy wood closet, equipped with two doors, one opening on the hearth and the other into the pantry. Besides this fireplace nook in the living room there are built-in bookshelves and a window seat that juts onto the porch.

LOOKING FROM LIVING ROOM INTO DINING ROOM.



MR. SMYTH'S HOUSE AT VAN LEAR, KENTUCKY.

In the dining room there are convenient built-in china closets and a sideboard. The walls in this room are plaster, paneled with bands of oak, and two of these broad bands form a

CORNER IN DINING ROOM, SHOWING EFFECTIVE ARRANGEMENT OF WOODWORK AND BUILT-IN FITTINGS.

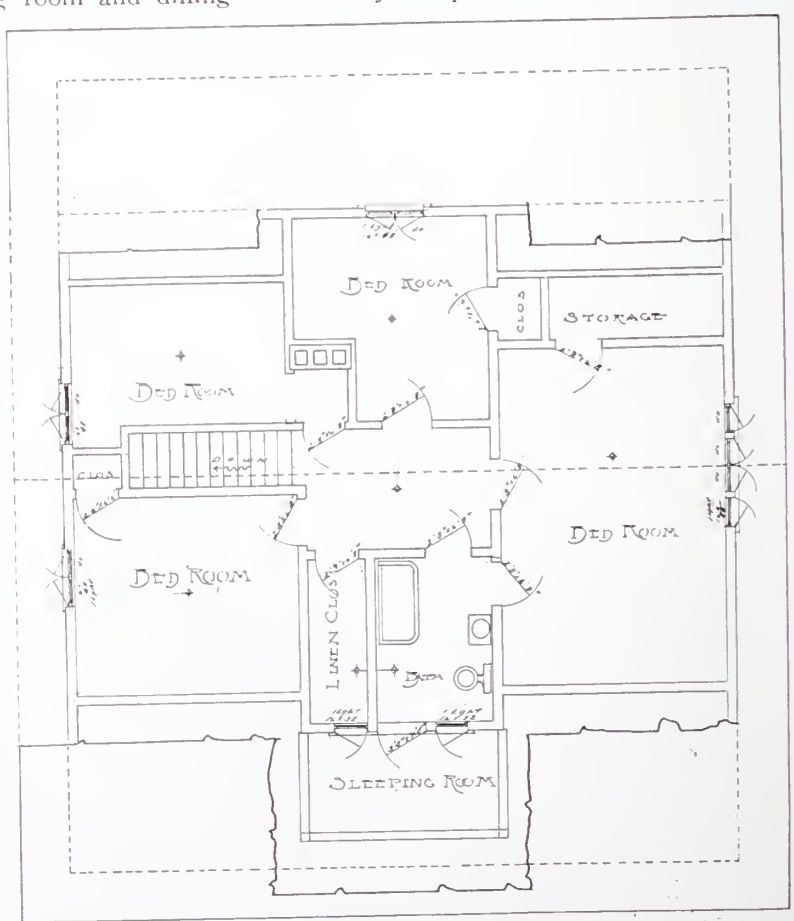
frame for a forest-scene frieze. The wall treatment in both living room and dining room is most effective with Craftsman furniture, which also harmonizes well with the built-in fittings.

The hardware throughout the house is of dull brass, and includes hinges, pulls, door latches, knocker and electric-light fixtures. They were all made in the Craftsman Workshops and are in excellent keeping with the rest of the furnishings and the color scheme as a whole.

The kitchen is fitted with convenient cupboards and the pantry with closets, all planned with the view of minimizing the housework. There is also a roomy laundry with built-in tubs, and the heat is supplied by a hot-air furnace.

The planning and construction of the house were under the personal supervision of Mrs. Smyth, who writes us: "The general arrangement of the rooms, the ventilation and the storage room, aside from convenience and beauty, make it one of your most attractive designs. By adding a couple of feet each way in size and revising the second floor a little, we consider it ideal for an all-around comfortable home. You can see from the pictures how nicely it fits into the natural surroundings."

The house has grace and dignity of line, and besides the comfort of the interior, the utmost opportunity for outdoor living is offered by the porch and sleeping balcony.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF MR. SMYTH'S HOUSE.

IN SUCH QUAINT OLD-FASHIONED PLACES THERE ARE USUALLY PLANTED IN THE DOORYARD OLD TREES, BUSHES, SHRUBS, TRAILING VINES AND FLOWERS.

COUNTRY LIFE AND THE OLD-FASHIONED FARM

YEARS ago a little city girl and her brother spent a happy summer in a farmhouse that lay a quarter of a mile from a main-traveled road in New York State. The fields and woods near the house, the pond above it and the brook that curved below it soon became familiar playgrounds. But the main road, although the children had come that way from the railroad station, seemed forever shrouded in mystery. The free delivery system for letters in the country had not been installed at that time, and a hoary old farmer drove to the nearest town on Tuesdays and Fridays and acted as mail carrier for the outlying farms. When no one came to meet him at the junction of the farmhouse lane and the main road, he would leave the letters in a box under a flat stone, but usually on mail days the little girl and her brother would rush down the hill and up the lane and watch for the mailman's cart on the shining highway. The road lay like a dusty ribbon, commonplace as far as they could see up or down, but beyond all seemed mystery and romance. The children used to sit on the stone wall that separated the road from the adjoining fields, shivering with fear of unknown things and picturing wonderful adventures that might befall anyone who dared to stray beyond the magic line drawn by the horizon.

These children felt the lure of the road—and who has not felt it? There is magic in the very words. Each bend and curve of the highway seems to promise some wonderful adventure, and every pathway that strays into shadowy woods beckons and whispers of beautiful secrets.

The right to discover the path of adventure should be the heritage of every child. It is the path that leads to where there are ladies in distress for valiant knights to rescue; it is entrenched with natural forts where the enemy may be fought, crosses brooks where tiny fish lurk in the shadows and threaten to nibble at little intruding feet, and passes an orchard where some day a fairy may be caught unawares.

We are beginning to realize that the imagination of a child is a very precious thing, something to be guarded and trained and developed. Naturally the best place for it to grow is in the country, for there is little chance for romantic adventure on

JUST WHERE THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER BREAKS THROUGH THE ALLEGHENY MOUNTAINS AND MAKES RUGGEDLY BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.

asphalted streets or in a concrete backyard. Yet, to most families, owning a country place seems quite beyond the range of possibility. It is not, however, if one is content to search in out of the way corners for a bit of a house that can be made over and adjusted to simple needs at little expense. There are many such places, tucked away in the hills of the older portion of our country, that can be purchased for really very little money. The first summer, the cost will perhaps seem heavy for a few months or weeks in the fresh air and sunshine, but the other summers to follow and the priceless opportunity they bring for golden adventure will make up for that.

The little old-fashioned farmhouse shown here was discovered, on a leisurely motoring trip in northeastern Pennsylvania, nestling between the villages of Great Bend and Susquehanna, just where the Susquehanna River breaks through the Allegheny Mountains and makes ruggedly beautiful scenery. Much of the charm of the house is due to the fact that it started as a tiny little cottage and kept pace with the needs of the family who occupied it. The central part first sheltered a bride and groom; the side wings were added one at a time and then extended to the front, as the family grew.

The construction of the house is simple to a degree, just rough double-boarding with battens over the cracks. The windows are small-paned and painted white, but the rest of the house has been left to weather and is toned a deep seal brown. The extension of the side wings toward the front has formed a recessed porch where little ones might play in the fresh air and still be under watchful eyes. There is a look of brooding contentment about the little house; it seems to crouch down close to Mother Earth and spread sheltering arms for tired children to creep into and find rest.

It is difficult sometimes to unveil the beauty that lies dormant in these tumble-down old houses, but it can be done, and at a much smaller outlay of money than it would take to build an entirely new structure in new surroundings. In such quaint old-fashioned places there are usually planted in the dooryard old trees, bushes, shrubs and flowers; there are probably vine-covered walls and slopes made by children's feet, stone steps held in place by turf and roots. All these are worth buying and preserving, for they can only be acquired by use and time. What if the flowers and shrubs are almost dead from neglect? Only a little care and attention will start them blooming again.

Usually most of the material for making fences and walks is on the place: the vines and ferns and some of the flowers can be brought from the woods. And the labor of transplanting them affords healthful exercise.

OLD MISSION DOLORES, SAN FRANCISCO: FROM A PINHOLE PHOTOGRAPH.

PICTURES THROUGH A PINHOLE: BY GUY R. AND HELEN QUEEN STEWART

FOR a year now we have been experimenting with pinhole photography, and our enthusiasm increases with every long exposure that we make. But when we mention the subject to most photographically inclined folk, they say "Pinholes?" in a disparaging tone which means they are vaguely recalling some directions or other on the subject, usually labeled "the easiest form of photography," or something equally misleading.

These directions go on to tell you to punch a hole in tin-foil or blackened cardboard, and are invariably illustrated with an exceedingly fuzzy photograph of a tree, a country road and sometimes a rail-fence between them. The fence, road and tree have no distinct limits, and their "wooliness" completely eclipses the beautiful tone gradations that almost any sort of pinhole picture possesses.

But we are prepared to assert, from the height of our year's experience, that with a properly made pinhole there is no excuse for getting a fuzzy negative. The outlines of objects will always be perfectly distinct. They will not be sharp,—a loss that is compensated many times over by the even mellowness of the entire picture. Unlike a lens picture, a pinhole photograph does not have one portion of the negative in perfect focus, and all the rest of it more or less out. A pinhole focuses each object within its range in exactly the right relation to every other object. This gives the picture an especially good perspective; objects at different distances from the camera preserving a much truer relation to each other than in a lens photograph. But the fact that has delighted us most in connection with pinhole pictures is they are never flat. The trunks and limbs of trees, pillars, curved objects of any sort, are brought out with a beautiful roundness and show perfect "modeling." It is as if a portrait lens could be used for landscape photography.

But these results are attained only with the right sort of pinhole. It is, however, not difficult to make. This is how we do it. To begin with, we did *not* thrust any needle carelessly through tin-foil or cardboard. Instead we set to work with a square of thin sheet brass (the sort from which stencils are made) and a package of No. 10 sewing needles.

For the sake of greater exactness in using the needle, we made a handle for it by thrusting it through a cork long enough to leave only half of the needle exposed. The

CALIFORNIA HALL, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA: FROM A PINHOLE PHOTOGRAPH.

square of brass was laid on another cork—a broad, flat one—and its middle marked. The needle was placed with its point upon this mark, and tapped very lightly with a hammer.

As soon as the metal was pierced, the brass was turned over, and the burr formed around the hole was rubbed off with sandpaper, followed by emery paper. Then the needle was inserted from this side, and tapped a little further into the cork. Again the brass was turned, and the burr rubbed from the other side. For the third time the needle was inserted, and this time thrust well through. Then followed a final rubbing down with the sand- and emery papers after which came an examination with a magnifying glass to make sure that all roughness had been removed, and that the tiny opening was perfectly sharp and round.

We have a 5 by 7 camera, with a removable lens board, and we found that the most convenient way to handle the pinhole was to mount it on a piece of board which could be substituted for the regular lens board. A piece of oak was worked to the proper size,

AN EARLY PINHOLE PHOTOGRAPH EXPOSED JUST FIFTEEN MINUTES WHEN FIVE WOULD HAVE BEEN SUFFICIENT.

a hole bored in its center with an inch and a quarter bit; over this hole was placed the square of brass, tiny mitered cleats were laid along its edges, and in each of them two screws, running not only through the cleat, but also through the brass itself, held it firm and light-tight to the new lens board. We blackened the brass by holding it over burning sulphur; the board was given a coat of asphaltum paint.

Having the pinhole, the next thing was to use it. The university grounds are the favorite field for all Berkeley cameras, so we sallied forth to the campus, one gray morning, with very hazy ideas as to distance of the pinhole from the plate, timing or how to compose a picture which the books assured us would not be visible on the ground glass.

Once the camera was set up to command a rustic bridge, the last named difficulty vanished, for the image appeared upon the glass; not nearly so distinctly as with a lens, it is true, but by gathering the rubberized black cloth closely about the head, and cutting out the light completely, exactly what would appear on the plate could be seen. This we found to be true even when using a much smaller pinhole, except when making an exposure in the bottom of a very dark canyon.

PINHOLE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT A DISTANCE OF FIFTY FEET FROM THE BUILDING.

ARCH AND STAIRWAY THAT BRIDGE CAMPUS CREEK, BERKELEY, CAL., FROM A PINHOLE PHOTOGRAPH.

The first plate we exposed fifteen minutes, when five would have been ample. Luckily, overexposure does not affect the quality of a pinhole picture as it does that of a lens photograph. We used an ordinary ferricyanide reducer on that plate, and the print which accompanies this account shows that it still retains a delicate gradation of tones.

Since that first morning we have taken a good many pinhole negatives,—some of them are reproduced here,—and we have learned a good deal about the theoretical side of this branch of photography. We have two pinhole boards now, the one made with the No. 10 needle, which gives an aperture approximately 1/60 of an inch in diameter, and another made with a No. 12 needle, giving a diameter of 1/80 inch.

Perhaps the best rule to follow in finding the focus is that named for its discoverer, Abney, which gives the formula for finding the sharpest focus for any sized aperture; it is $(120 \times \text{diameter})^2 = \text{focus}$. For example, if we use our 1/60 inch aperture we shall find $(120 \times 1/60)^2 = 4$ inches=sharpest focus.

We have found that a pinhole has such

great depth of focus that this rule may be practically ignored. When the lens board is used at this rather short distance from the plate, the result is almost exactly that obtained by using a wide-angle lens. In the accompanying photograph of the end of the library, for instance, the 1/80 aperture was used at a distance of 2 and ⅞ inches. The camera stood perhaps fifty feet from the building, the apex of the roof must have been at least seventy-five feet above the machine. An ordinary lens, working at the same distance, would have included very little of the building in the negative.

One of the advantages of a pinhole, then, is that it may be used for taking high buildings, or for getting a comprehensive view of interiors; in short, for any of the needs of a wide-angle lens, except for snapshots. And the perspective resulting from the use of the pinhole lens board close to the plate is no more unpleasant than the effect obtained with a wide-angle lens.

For pictorial photography, we have found that the ideal distance between plate and lens board is about eight inches. The image is then very nearly the same size as if the lens were used, and possesses a great deal of "quality." By increasing the distance the image is enlarged, a very convenient feature when exposing for distant objects.

The f/ number of the pinhole varies according to its distance from the plate. It is found by dividing the number of inches between plate and pinhole by the diameter of the aperture. Thus, if the distance is 4 inches, and the diameter 1/60, the exposure should be timed for f/240.

The simplest method of finding the length of exposure is to remember that "the exposure is as the square of the apertures." Then all you need to do is to determine the exposure for, say, f/8 (we do this by means of a Wynne exposure meter), and work out your little problem in proportion.

For instance, if the time required for f/8 is found to be ¼ second, and you wish to find the exposure for the 1/60 aperture at a distance of 4 inches, whose f/ number we have just found to be 240, your example in arithmetic will stand:

(8x8) : ¼ : (240x240) : ?

Solving this you will find the missing term is 225 seconds, or 3 minutes and 45 seconds required for the exposure. We have discovered that the time is usually sufficiently extended to permit doing our calculation *after* the slide has been drawn from the plate-holder.

Obviously, pinhole photography is much less practicable for a kodak than for focusing cameras. To begin with, when there is no removable lens board, there is to be solved the problem of getting the pinhole on the kodak. Perhaps the simplest method would be to have the hole mounted in the bottom of an open box, the sides of which would fit snugly over the lens mount, after the lens had been unscrewed.

Unless the films can be rerolled, which is possible in but few kodaks, the pinhole would have to be adjusted before the first film was exposed and used for all the negatives on that roll, unless there were a darkroom near in which to replace the lens.

This problem is obviated when a film-pack or the old-fashioned plates are used. After the exposure is made, the slide is run in, the pinhole board is snapped out and the regular lens board is slipped back into place, and the camera is ready for snapshots.

It used to puzzle us when we saw photographs of the Strand, say, completely empty of people and traffic. But since we have taken pinhole pictures that mystery is solved. There can be any amount of "passing" during a pinhole exposure and the negative will show none of it, so long as nothing comes to a definite and continued stop.

There are disadvantages about pinhole photography. It cannot be used for snapshots, or even for very short exposures. And a successful picture demands a steady tripod or support of some sort. But to anyone willing to spend ten or fifteen minutes on a single negative, for the sake of a picture whose pleasing softness will delight his eye, we most heartily recommend this sort of work. It has given us the most satisfactory photographs we have ever taken. It results in most pleasing interiors and, moreover, pictures taken by this method will show no halation, even when the camera directly faces a window.

Our experiments have not, so far, carried us into portraiture, except on one occasion. The length of exposure required would debar such subjects as active small boys, but for older people who could compose themselves for ten minutes, we feel it has decided possibilities, one of them being the "roundness" of the resulting image of which we have already spoken. Another is the "average" of expression which a long exposure gives.

Why don't you stop at the hardware store on your way home tomorrow night, and get a few inches of sheet brass, raid the workbasket for a package of fine needles (anything below No. 10 is too coarse for good results) and make a pinhole of your own? Then you can see if our enthusiasm is not well founded.

THE PRESERVATION OF FOOD IN THE HOME

HOUSEWIVES and all who have to cope with the problems of food preservation will be glad to know that the Department of Home Economics, College of Agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y., has issued a series of lessons on this important subject which may be obtained by simply writing the Department and enclosing one cent postage for each lesson. The "Announcer"—the official organ of the College—summarizes the lessons thus:

"Part I.—Food is spoiled either by being fed upon by small living organisms, or by life processes inherent in the food which cause growth ripening and decay. Food preservation creates conditions unfavorable to the growth of micro-organisms; such conditions are produced by the use of very low temperatures or very high temperatures, by removal of moisture, or by one of three classes of preservatives—the harmless, the doubtful, or the harmful. Successful preservation by canning depends on the condition of the food, on impervious jars, on absolute cleanliness, and on the destruction and exclusion of micro-organisms.

"Four methods of canning are described in the bulletin, and rules are given for testing canned fruit and for proper storage conditions. Directions follow for the use of harmless preservatives such as sugar, salt, vinegar, and spices. The laws regulating the use of commercial preservatives are discussed.

"Part II.—Low temperatures check life processes. Hence the ice supply is of great importance in keeping the daily store of perishable food. Directions are given for making a refrigerator and an ice-box.

"By means of cold storage, foods may be held for seasons of non-production. Prolonged cold storage affects the wholesomeness of foods, therefore laws regulate the time that food may be thus stored. These laws are quoted.

"The success of drying as a means of food preservation is proved by the number of fruit evaporators operated in the State.

"Recipes are given for fruit juices, sun preserves, and cider vinegar.

"Part III.—Lack of succulent foods in the winter affects health and efficiency. Storage may easily be provided for eggs, fresh fruit, and vegetables. Eggs may be preserved in limewater and salt brine, or in water-glass solution. Fruit packed in barrels, boxes, or open trays, may be kept in a well-ventilated cellar having a uniform temperature of about 33° F. and a high percentage of humidity. Special cellars or pits for vegetable storage are satisfactorily and inexpensively constructed. Burying is one of the easiest and most successful storage methods, but some of our best storage crops need special treatment and precautions.

"Meat may be kept fresh by cold storage or by partial cooking and packing in stone jars; or, in cold localities, by freezing or packing in snow. It may also be cured dry or in brine, and smoked. The greater nutritive value of fresh meat makes it desirable to use as much as possible of it uncured.

"The value of milk as a food should be retained in its fullest degree by care in the following essentials: procuring clean milk, protecting it from foreign odors, and holding it at the temperature of a good ice chest or refrigerator."

As the author of the pamphlet puts it, "It is a natural impulse in the time of plenty to linger on the memory or on the prospect of a time of need, and from the discomfort of such reflection has sprung, phœnixlike, thrifty thought of the future. In no way is man's effort to be provident better exemplified than by his adaptation of scientific knowledge to the improvement of food conditions. Winter's dietary is no longer distinguished by scarcity of eggs and lack of vegetables and fruits. Not only has Nature been persuaded to prolong her period of production, but also ways have been perfected of protecting and preserving perishable crops of summer. . . . Many of the important practical factors in food preservation were known even to primitive man: that dried foods keep for a long time; that salt water and smoke have specific properties which aid in food preservation; that foods last better if they are kept cold. It has been left to civilization and to the advance of science to give reasons and to perfect methods."

CYPRESS: ITS PICTURESQUE QUALITIES, AND HOW TO FINISH IT

IN finishing wood two chief aims must be kept in mind: protection of its surface from damp and soil, and attainment of such color and texture as will bring the wood into harmony with its surroundings. Naturally, the method of obtaining these results varies according to the wood and the effect desired.

Until a few years ago the finishing of wood was confined almost entirely to the staining of the cheaper woods to imitate the more expensive ones. For instance, when walnut was in vogue, the less costly woods were stained to look like walnut; when mahogany was deemed the most fashionable, they were colored to imitate mahogany. And it is only within a comparatively recent period that we have begun to realize that the most beautiful results are those attained by bringing out the inherent characteristics of each kind of wood, letting the peculiarities and qualities of the wood itself suggest the most appropriate treatment.

In the first place, the original color of most woods must be deepened, for the natural tones of our native woods, with few exceptions—notably black walnut—are not strong enough to harmonize with the furnishings of the average interior. Besides, even when the wood has some color of its own, it will often fade unless deepened artificially, as in the case of birch, which has a rich reddish tone but fades when exposed to light. Moreover, the raw wood lacks that mellowness which Nature always gives by her healing and weathering processes to any exposed surface, and needs some treatment which will remedy this defect.

Working along these lines it naturally seems best, in coloring wood, to give to it by art such colors, on the whole, as might have been given it by Nature. There are many rich browns, for instance, that resemble the colors in the bark of a tree; mellow greenish stains suggest the moss-grown trunk and colors of the foliage, while soft shades of brownish gray recall the hues produced by weathering. Thus the choice is somewhat limited, brown, green and gray, with their different shades and variations, being the only colors that can be appropriately used.

The particular purpose for which each wood is fitted is best determined by its own peculiar qualities. Certain woods, like oak, ash, elm, chestnut and cypress, that have a somewhat rough texture, pronounced grain, and a certain frank, rugged look, are most suitable for public halls, galleries, theaters, libraries, living rooms and other places intended for common or general use. On the other hand, woods of a smoother texture and less defined grain—such as poplar, maple, birch and our native gum woods—are more appropriate for private rooms, bedrooms, boudoirs, parlors, where lighter and daintier furnishings are used.

Among the woods which lend themselves especially to decorative use is the cypress. There are several species of this tree, both in this country and abroad. The common or Oriental cypress of Southern Europe and Western Asia is remarkable for the great age it attains and the durability of its timber, which is said to be almost imperishable. Horace Smith, in his "Gayeties and Gravities," remarks:

"The gates of St. Peter's Church at Rome, made of this wood, had lasted from the time of Constantine, eleven hundred years as fresh as new, when Pope Eugenius IV ordered gates of brass in their stead. Some will have it that the wood gophir, of which Noah's ark was made, was cypress."

Another Oriental variety is the funeral cypress of China, which grows with pendulous branches like the weeping willow.

In this country we have the Monterey cypress of California, which attains a height of 150 feet with a trunk only 9 feet in circumference. This tree is one of the most rapid-growing of the conifers. Then there is Alaska cypress or yellow cedar; Lawson's cypress of northern California; the evergreen cypress, or as it is sometimes called, white cedar, which is found in the eastern part of the United States; the Virginian cypress, called also swamp, deciduous or bald cypress, of our Southern States, and many others.

Our native cypress is plentiful, easily obtained and not expensive, lending itself readily to color in any of the varying tones of brown, gray or green. It is especially suited to interiors where a bold, decorative effect is wanted in the woodwork, for its somewhat coarse texture and definite markings give it a certain distinction and artistic quality that is very striking. It is a wood of much individuality, the irregularities of

its grain being full of suggestive charm. For this reason it will be found particularly pleasing in bungalows, country clubs or other public rooms where the woodwork is an important factor in the decorative scheme.

There are several different ways in which cypress may be treated, the most distinctly ornamental and even brilliant result being that obtained by the sugi process—an American adaptation of a Japanese method which has been introduced and developed in this country by John S. Bradstreet of Minneapolis. Mr. Bradstreet, who is a landscape architect, builder, decorator and curio seeker, has traveled and lived much in Japan, and has contributed a great deal to the awakening of American interest in the wisdom and beauty of Japanese methods of house and garden planning and the picturesque use of local materials.

Readers of THE CRAFTSMAN will recall the account and illustrations of this sugi finish which appeared in the issue of May, 1912. By this process the wood is first charred with the flame from a gasoline torch and then brushed out with a wire brush, leaving the grain raised and the surface darkened to rich brown tones.

In some cases, however, an effect is desired in cypress which, while brilliant to a certain extent, will not be quite so pronounced as the sugi finish; and it was in trying to get such a result that we hit upon the expedient of using sulphuric acid.

In this method, the acid is diluted and applied directly to the surface of the wood. Commercial sulphuric acid should be used rather than the chemically pure, as the first is much cheaper and is quite as good for this purpose. The amount of dilution depends largely upon the temperature in which the work is done, conditions being best when the thermometer registers seventy degrees or more. With this temperature, ten parts of water should be used to one part of acid, and if the temperature is eighty degrees more than ten parts of water will be required. The higher the temperature, the more water is needed, up to a certain point.

In any case, the person using this method will have to experiment a little first on small pieces of wood, to discover the proportions that will produce the best results. The pieces should be allowed to dry twenty-four hours, so that the final color may be rightly judged. Of course, in the case of interior woodwork, it is possible to keep the room at exactly the right temperature by means of artificial heat, but when exterior woodwork or shingles are given the sulphuric acid treatment it is most important to take into consideration the temperature and state of the weather. Exposure to the direct rays of the sun darkens the wood so swiftly that a very weak solution is required.

While experience is not necessary in using this process, it should be done only by a careful capable person, as the acid is poisonous and great care must be taken in handling it. It should be carried only in stone or glassware, care being taken not to breathe the fumes or get the acid on face, hands or clothing.

When the acid and water are mixed the former will cause the water to heat and bubble. The mixture should not be applied until it cools, for if some of it is applied warm and some cool it will color the woodwork differently. The darkening process should be watched, and if some parts of the woodwork seem to be getting too dark, a little Craftsman Lustre or oil should be applied, either with a cloth or a brush, as the oil will stop the action of the acid. A white hog's bristle brush should be used for applying the acid, as there is more or less fat in these bristles; any other kind of brush would be eaten up within a short time. After using, the brush should be thoroughly washed in clear water, otherwise the acid would gradually destroy it. If, when the cypress is dry, it is found to have a slightly reddish cast which would be undesirable, the wood can be given a coat of Lustre in which a little ultramarine blue has been mixed. This will change the reddish tone to gray. If a brown shade is preferred, asphaltum varnish may be added.

This coat should be allowed to dry forty-eight hours or more, and the wood sanded lightly with No. 00 sandpaper. A coat of clear Lustre can then be applied with a cloth, rubbing the Lustre well into the wood.

If neither the sugi nor the sulphuric acid finish is desired, the cypress may be stained with a coat of carbolineum. This should be brushed on evenly and will give the wood a soft mellow brown color, bringing out a slight greenish tone that is particularly pleasing. After this coat has dried a couple of days, a coat of Craftsman Lustre can be applied, using the clear Lustre if the carbolineum stain was dark enough, and brown or green Lustre if a deeper or more greenish brown is desired.

WHAT THE AMERICAN FARMER CAN GAIN BY STUDYING EUROPEAN METHODS

THE superiority of European methods of farming, dairying and stock-raising over those employed in America has long been recognized. And among recent articles along this line perhaps few have given a more specific comparison than that recently published in *Successful Farming* under the title "Wherein Foreign Farmers Excel." Its author, Edward K. Parkinson, has evidently studied his subject at first hand, and the facts and statistics which he sets forth present clearly some of the main agricultural differences in the countries which he selects as examples, showing how our own farmers could gain by following their trans-Atlantic cousins. We cannot do better than quote most of his article here for the benefit of farmers and other students of this vital question.

In the first place, Mr. Parkinson points out that such a comparison between European and American farmers is difficult, for their outlook on life is essentially different, their surroundings totally unlike, and their standard of living a much simpler one than with us. Another fact not to be forgotten is that the European farmers belong, as a rule, to the peasant class and in countries where class unfortunately counts for so much, to belong to the peasant class rather limits a man's opportunities of rubbing elbows with men in other professions.

"The comparison," he continues, "will be between farmers who have been successful, making for example between $1,200 and $5,000 or more per year, and the writer will try to show the characteristics and methods which have made for this prosperity. For the sake of economy of space let the comparison be between English, Belgian and French farmers.

"The Englishman's farm will average from 150 to 200 acres (although many of the grain farms are much larger) and in the majority of cases he will be a renter, which for the most part he considers an advantage, as he is thus enabled to escape many burdens which in England a landowner has to bear. A first-class farm with a comfortable stone or brick house containing eight or ten rooms and the necessary farm buildings (also of brick or stone) in good repair, may be leased for about $5 an acre. The land will be largely pasture and arable, with but little woodland, and great care will be taken to keep all pasture free from weeds and top-dressed. In fact, he will keep sufficient stock (either Shorthorns, Devons, Herefords or Ayrshires) to utilize every inch of pasture, the average being about 10 milch cows, 10 or 12 store cows or steers for fattening, 5 or 6 young cattle, from 6 to 8 brood sows (raising some 50 or 60 pigs), in addition to 8 or 9 store pigs for fattening; about 80 ewes, raising 100 lambs, besides fowls. To run this farm he hires four or five laborers, who usually board in the neighboring village and receive from $18 to $20 per month. The English farmer does not work the way his American cousin does, but devotes his entire time to looking after his men, planning work ahead, marketing his produce and keeping things moving. He takes great pride in having his land clean (that is, free of weeds and trash), raising large crops and in sending to market well fattened beasts and delicious butter and milk. The real secret of his success is careful and thorough tillage and the farm well and profitably stocked. Fortunately he finds a ready sale for his fat stock in the nearest market town, which is seldom over 15 or 20 miles away. Moreover, the market towns provide excellent open markets with pens for sheep and swine and stout iron rails to which the cattle are tied. A small charge is made for the use of the market, which is expended in keeping the place clean and in repair. Above all, the English farmer understands the art of living and he gets more out of life than his American cousin. Flowers, shrubs and smooth lawns surround his ivy-covered house, and the prosperous farmers always keep one or two house-maids. They are proud of their calling and find enjoyment and satisfaction in their work, which, in and of itself, usually leads to success. The writer believes that the English farmer's chief advantages lie in the short distances to market, the invariable demand for his produce and the large amount of stock kept.

"The Belgian farmer belongs to the peasant class and lives, thinks and works like a peasant. His aim in life is to have a large bank account, to keep fine stock and to raise all he feeds on his own farm. His education consists of six or seven years in the village school. Like his English neighbor he belongs to a race of farmers and in all probability his farm will have been in his

family for many generations (in Belgium the small farms are usually owned by the peasants, while the large ones are leased). Hence his land is his kingdom and he loves every inch of it. The writer visited a large farm of some 600 acres, run by a peasant and his two sons. Of this amount over 475 acres were always under cultivation, while 116 cows and 85 registered Belgian brood mares were kept. This man bought no fertilizer or any feed except bran. His average crops per acre were oats 72 bushels, rye 48 bushels, wheat 45 bushels and hay 2.5 tons. The crops sold were wheat (about 4,000 bushels), rye (3,000 bushels) and a part of the oats, as well as butter, eggs, quantities of veal, a small amount of milk in the immediate neighborhood, and horses besides. The wife of this prosperous and shrewd farmer was a capable woman, who, in addition to taking entire charge of the dairy (with three dairymaids to help milk and churn some 130 pounds of butter a week), looked after a flock of 600 hens and was housekeeper and provider not only to her husband, but for his father and brother as well. The success of this man, and I can assure my readers that he was most successful, was at least in part due to his entire devotion to his work, quite as much as to the thoroughness with which every acre was cultivated and kept in a high state of tilth. He was also a shrewd and far-sighted salesman and his horses had won an enviable reputation all over Belgium and Prussia and had taken many prizes. The Belgian farmer is most economical and waste of any kind is unknown on the best farms. To be sure, the farm implements are not what we in America would call up to date, but then labor is cheap and consequently the necessity for modern labor-saving machines is not felt. The houses of the farmers in Belgium are bare and without any adornments, no flowers, shrubs or grass about them. As a whole, the Belgian farmers work much harder than the Englishmen, and spend but little on pleasures, preferring the comfortable satisfaction of having their pockets well filled with gold.

"The French farmer is also of the peasant class, which, however, doesn't prevent him from being a very wide-awake man who lays by a tidy sum in the bank every year and helps to make France the richest country *per capita* in Europe. In fact, it is well known that the bulk of the French Government bonds are held by the peasants. The home of the average French farmer contains but little besides the necessities of life. Master and men eat at the same table and sit for the most part in the large cheerful kitchen, which is always as clean as wax. In districts where sugar beets are grown, oxen are used for work, the farmers having a twofold object in view: economy in feeding and a market value in the winter. For instance, a farmer will raise a pair of steers and begin working them when about a year old; the second year, after the beet harvesting is done and the sugar made, the oxen are fattened on the beet pulp and sold to the butcher.

"These large French farms are extremely interesting and picturesque, acres and acres of most carefully tilled fields without a fence to be seen. Sugar beets, wheat, sheep, oats, clover and barley are the usual crops raised on these 2,000-acre farms, and as the crop averages are high in France the profits are excellent. On these very large farms the owners (in France the farmers own their land for the most part) are most intelligent and live very well, keeping at least two house servants and owning an automobile besides driving horses. As far as education is concerned the French country boy has no better chance than his prototype in America. There are advantages, however, which favor him. Custom has decreed that one or two children shall suffice in a family, and one rarely finds more than that number in any intelligent, successful family, no matter what walk of life they may be in; then the farms are handed down from father to son, or in cases where there are only daughters, the son-in-law lives with the bride's parents and carries on the farm work. The life of the French farmer and his family is spent for the most part out of doors, as the climate is mild enough to permit of doors and windows being open throughout the year.

"In summing up, it should be said that the Englishman spends more than his neighbors across the channel, and has, as a rule, a larger family to support. If he doesn't ride he is sure to have a good cob and trap, his clothes are better, and on market days he makes a most presentable appearance in his two-wheeled cart. His daughters often teach in the village schools, while some of the boys, like their American cousins, drift away from the farm into the army or into some business.

"The Belgian spends the least and demands the least of life. He is cheerful, con-

tented and prosperous, frequently making from $1,200 to $5,000, and even more, a year clear on his crops.

"The Frenchman's standard of living is higher than that of his neighbor the Belgian, but not up to the Englishman's, because deeply ingrained in his make-up is a streak of penuriousness, which will not permit of his spending money liberally. To him the deep satisfaction of having a large bank account is worth more than the pleasure of spending.

"The success of these three types of farmers is due to the wonderful fertility of their farms, brought about by the liberal use of manure; the keeping of plenty of livestock; to the thorough preparation of the soil before planting and careful cleaning of the land after the harvest; to the use of good seed and variety of marketable produce raised. When a man raises sheep, poultry, wheat, oats, hay, cows and a few horses he always has something to sell.

"The only advantages the European farmers have over us in America are the short distances to market, low transportation rates on the canals (which cover Belgium, France and Germany like a net-work) and the cheapness of the labor. This latter advantage we can offset, to large extent, by our modern labor-saving machinery. There is no denying the fact that we do not keep enough livestock on our farms, nor do we work our land sufficiently. Where is the American farmer who would think of going over his oat or rye field after harvest with harrows to loosen all the weeds and then gather them into piles and burn them, scattering the ashes over the land; finally leaving the whole field ridged, to be plowed again in the spring or planted late in the autumn? This is invariably done in England. Again, we have too many fences. Outside of Great Britain one seldom sees a fence. In Italy the boundaries are marked with rows of poplars or willows, the tops of which are cut off each year for baskets.

"The science of agriculture is yet in its infancy in America and our methods, for the most part, have been crude, with but little forethought shown for the future. That farming is beginning to be recognized as a business requiring more than the average amount of brains is evidenced on every hand and each year sees hundreds of capable young men choosing this most interesting profession in preference to the more crowded ones."

"MOONLIGHT SCHOOLS" IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS

A UNIQUE experiment in rural education which combines most efficiently the practical and the picturesque has been recently started in Rowan County, Kentucky, in the form of "moonlight schools." "These schools," we are told, "hold sessions on moonlight nights in order that the beauty and brightness of the night may entice the adult pupil from his cabin to the schoolhouse."

The plan was suggested to the teachers of the day-schools by Mrs. Cora Stewart, president of the Educational Association of Kentucky, and the fact that the teachers volunteered their services and personally campaigned the mountains to explain the movement and enlist pupils shows with what sincerity and enthusiasm the project was met.

The work is described in *The Christian Herald* of New York as follows: "Classes in the elementary studies, reading, writing, geography, and history, were instituted, and the story of the success of it all reads like fiction. Classes of two or three in each of the first ten schools to be opened would have been gratifying and fully worth the effort. But instead of twos and threes, they came in crowds, and in forty-five schools that were subsequently opened within two weeks, there was no class smaller than ten and some were as large as fifty-eight. The exercises are as interesting to hear as the classes are impressive to see. A grandmother of eighty-six side by side with a rosy-cheeked lass of twenty; a grandfather in the same class with his grandson, each trying to surpass the other; lumbermen and farmers, brides and grooms, mothers and sons, all join in a whole-hearted, good-natured rivalry in their effort to learn.

"To save the embarrassment of using primers, current events and news items were correlated with reading, the reading text being a little newspaper prepared especially for beginners. Bible study is popular with the pupils, many of whom learned to read in two weeks' time.

"The effect of the Rowan night-schools on the social life of the county is admirable. The uncommon school associations seem to develop a spirit of good fellowship, welding whole communities in sympathy and neighborliness."

ALS IK KAN

A SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

BORN and reared in what was then the wilds of Wisconsin, where it was necessary for everyone to take part in the pioneer work of home-making, it was natural that I should be influenced all through my life by the environment, training and ideals of those early days. In the small community in which we lived, we were close at all times to the great primitive forces of Nature—to the sternness of her unflinching laws, to the wonder of her changing seasons, to the mingled joy and struggle that made up the daily round of our outdoor life.

Unhindered and unhelped by the complex details of a more civilized society, we worked out our own plans and problems, provided for our material household requirements as well as our social needs, embodying in our pioneer group the characteristics of a miniature community. We made our clearings, built our cabins, raised our own vegetables and made our own clothes. We depended very little on outside supplies. We were coöperative and yet individualistic, for each new emergency threw us on our own resources, developed ingenuity, skill, patience. Whether I was working or playing, felling trees or making whistles from their bark, hauling logs for the fire or making untaught some simple piece of furniture for the log home—whatever it was, I was learning unconsciously the lesson of the pioneer. I was developing my power of seeing clearly, deciding promptly and acting practically, doing my own reasoning instead of following precedent, learning, in short, to think and act for myself.

Those days wakened a sense of kinship with the nature world and brought me visions and ideals of life and work that colored all the after years. The settlement of which I felt myself so vigorous a part was like a little world in itself. Along with a hard knowledge of realities was developed a sense of the picturesqueness of it all, so that I had what one might call a "play" feeling toward every task. It was work—and often very hard work—yet at the same time it had a certain spontaneous, irresistible quality that made it seem like fun. For was it not part of the greatest of all adventures—Life!

It was very natural, therefore, that later on, through many years of varied activity in the East, the memory of those early Wisconsin days should still linger in my mind. And when I selected the tract of land in New Jersey which has become known as Craftsman Farms my thoughts reverted instinctively to the pioneer country where my hard-working but happy boyhood was spent. These sloping Eastern acres with their fern-grown woods and meadows, where the new green of cowslips and clusters of wild violets herald the springtime, these alder-fringed creeks and clear springs where the watercress abounds, were like an echo of the old pioneer surroundings. Here seemed to me the ideal spot for a farm home.

Some of the land had been abandoned fifty years ago, and it was my ambition to bring it back to fertility, to clear and plow, to make roads and build houses, to develop if possible an ideal home. We would build a log house in some quiet wooded spot, and grow our own fruit and vegetables as we had in the old Wisconsin times. I would relive, as it were, the Western boyhood which had been so full of meaning and beauty.

But as I came to plan and build and lay out the land, I realized that I could not get real enjoyment by doing it merely for my own ends. The grown man cannot resurrect the spirit of his boyhood alone; he needs the companionship of boys, the contact of their eager interests and quick imaginations. And so I felt that I must have growing boys to work and play with, to help me clear the forestland, plow the ground, dig and plant, plan and build, until at last we should evolve out of the raw material of Nature a little farmstead community of friendly workers.

The boys should go to work like youthful pioneers, getting out of the adventure and struggle of it all the joy and strength and wholesomeness, the freedom and self-reliance that such life had held for me. They should have the same primitive realities to contend with which had developed my own muscle and brain; they should feel the same thrill of satisfied achievement as they felled their first tree and built their own shelter; they should have the pleasure of cooking their own meals at a camp-fire and taste the comfort of a night's rest well earned. I would help them with the fruit of my experience, teach them woodcraft and farming, home-building and cab-

inetmaking, show them how to become a capable, self-dependent group.

And so, with that impulsiveness and enthusiasm which my early life had bequeathed me, I announced to my friends and the readers of our magazine that it was my intention to start at Craftsman Farms a school where boys could learn these outdoor crafts, study agriculture and dairying, learn to make furniture and fittings in their own shops. And the interest with which the announcement was received showed how much the plan appealed to people whose ideas were moving, consciously or unconsciously, along similar lines.

But when I came to consider all the practical details, to make definite plans and arrangements for such a school, I realized that after all the average Eastern lad differs considerably in character, training, environment and tradition from the Western youth that I had typified. The influences of our complex civilization have unfitted him in a great degree to cope with the roughness of actual pioneer conditions. To such boys as might come out to my farm the initial steps, the pioneer stage of development would prove a hardship rather than a joy. If they were to throw themselves into the work heart and soul as I wished, I must temper somewhat the harshness of natural conditions to their more sensitive bodies and minds. I must pave some of the way that was to lead to the goal, do the first clearing, farming and building to show them what could be accomplished. I must get a nucleus around which their young interests would center and from which they could branch out for themselves along individual yet coöperative lines.

So I set to work and for three years devoted whatever time, energy and money I could spare to the development of Craftsman Farms. The result is already known to our readers. Around the home center of our big, friendly Log House are grouped the smaller cottages, the garage, the cow and horse stables, chicken houses, flower and vegetable garden, orchard, fruit patches and corn fields. But the 150 acres at present under cultivation comprise only a small fraction of the whole estate. All around the farm stretch the woods and hills and sloping meadows where other cottages and workshops may still be built and other fields cleared for the planting of more fruit trees and corn and the laying out of new roads and pleasant gardens.

With so much already accomplished and so much more still waiting to be done, I feel that a fitting time has come for the inauguration of my long-cherished plan—the founding of a boys' school at Craftsman Farms. But what has helped me most of all to realize that the time was ripe for such an undertaking, was a visit a short time ago from Mr. Raymond Riordon, the Superintendent of the Interlaken School in Rolling Prairie, Indiana.

Our readers will remember that in THE CRAFTSMAN for May, 1912, we published an article written by Mr. Riordon about his boys' school in Interlaken. This article came to us unsolicited; in fact, until the manuscript reached us, we regret to say that we did not know of this institution for the training of boys to a fine citizenship which Mr. Riordon has organized in the Middle West. But from the first reading of the article and the study of the pictures which he sent to illustrate it, we felt that here was an organization if not exactly along the lines that we had in mind for Craftsman Farms, at least born of the same spirit and the same desire to see that boys were once more trained to be men first of all and scholars incidentally. Not but what a thorough education is given at Interlaken and will be given at the Craftsman Farms School, but the boys' mental training will be gained just as much from experience in right living, in working, in meeting emergencies, in helping, as from reading and studying and memorizing books.

We believe at Craftsman Farms, as Mr. Riordon does out in Rolling Prairie, that no boy is educated who does not know the rudiments of living, who has not been trained to shift for himself, who could not, if he were lost suddenly in the woods or on the prairies, save his own life and care for himself as men could in the pioneer days, in all early vigorous days of civilization. Those of our readers who have read Mr. Riordon's article about his own school will remember that his boys not only learn how to cook and to wash and to do their own housework, but build their own houses and schools and are trained in physical care for themselves and for each other, as pioneer life trained the men who were courageous enough to meet it.

We were so much interested in Mr.

Riordon's article about his school that a personal correspondence ensued and we soon found a real comrade in this young man who understands life and boys so well. The result was that Mr. Riordon's interest in what we were doing became as great as our interest in his work, leading to the recent visit to Craftsman Farms, where the project for a school was begun and a friendship born of mutual ideals cemented.

Our present plan, a definite one, is that the Craftsman Farms School for Citizenship will be opened on the 15th of June, 1913. In the meantime the scheme of organization will be thoroughly worked out, Mr. Riordon helping in all practical ways —most notable of which will be the manning of some of the departments of work at Craftsman Farms with young men trained at the Interlaken School, who will not only take charge of their own work, but immediately begin planning to make it of value to the fifty boys with whom the school will start.

It is our purpose to make of use to these boys everything which has been done at the Farms—the large stables and stock, the well-filled poultry houses, the vineyard, the orchards of peach, apple, plum and cherry trees, the large log dwelling in which the family are housed, the smaller bungalows for the use of friends, and other buildings completed and in process of construction. The boys will be taught to build, to care for the animals and the garden, to understand and help in the installation and running of our electric plant, as well as to learn road-making and landscape gardening in their various branches. Whatever is new and scientific in agricultural development in this country will be gathered for the benefit of the boys, and any information that is of real importance in stock-raising will be at their disposal. The newest systems of intensive farming will be taught in the most practical way. And in connection with this training in the *Work of Living* the boys will receive thorough instruction in the "Three Rs." No boy will, however, be held back from the more formal mental training. Those who display a tendency toward the higher forms of education will have the opportunity of gaining a requisite basis for this, although there will be no time for separate preparation of boys for college. Those who feel that the college education is a part of what seems essential to them in facing life will be so thoroughly equipped in ways of earning their living and in the necessary first steps in practical education that there will be no difficulty whatever in their getting into and through college if they so desire, and they will be all the better for winning it for themselves.

The boys that we have in mind for this school in citizenship are the less fortunate youths of the land, those who have not had the right help from parents or friends and who have been left to face the difficult problems of boyhood at times when they had not the strength to come out whole. We feel that these boys are the ones that greatly need, and should have help, and a school like ours may prove an opportunity for such lads to rehabilitate themselves and to get the hold on life that may make them the kind of citizens we are hoping to graduate from Craftsman Farms.

We prefer the boys to be between nine and fourteen, as this seems to be the impressionable age of boyhood. Beyond fourteen, while boys might be amenable to a new way of living, even interested in a better way of living, the chances are that once returning to bad association the old temptations would be overwhelming for them; whereas the boy between nine and fourteen is fairly open-minded and the impressions which he receives at that period of his life are probably the most indelible that can ever touch his character.

Mr. Riordon's present plan is to begin to send on his trained young men from the first of October, 1912, so that from month to month during the winter our plans for the school will crystallize. Then early in the summer he himself will come, bringing with him his wide experience of the mental, moral and physical training of boys. He will stay long enough to help get the work thoroughly under way, and will keep in close touch with us afterward through correspondence and occasional visits. We feel that this association with a man who has tested his capacity and right to govern youth is one that will prove invaluable to such a school as we are hoping to develop at Craftsman Farms. A more complete presentation of the School plans will be published in the November issue of THE CRAFTSMAN in an article by Mr. Riordon, which will be illustrated with photographs of the Farms showing what has already been accomplished there.

"THE CALL OF THE CARPENTER"

GLANCING over a little "Social Service Catechism" issued by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America we find the following statement: "The kingdom of God, in the Christian conception of things, may mean much more than a human society on earth, but it can never mean anything less." This dispassionate statement of the fundamental idea of social service is an appropriate prelude to a discussion of Mr. Bouck White's "Call of the Carpenter," a book which is by no means dispassionate, but burns on every page with the white fire of humanitarian enthusiasm. Mr. White portrays Jesus as the greatest of industrial leaders, "democracy's chief asset," "the greatest arouser of the masses which human annals have recorded," and at the same time "the incarnation of labor's world-tragedy in its long climb up the ages." And when he is quoted as predicting that his book "will turn Christianity upside down and inside out" he evidently means that it will have this upsetting effect upon the prevailing conventionalized conception of Christianity. For in his opening chapter he points out that in retelling the story of Jesus and reinterpreting his message in terms of economics he is not painting a new picture of his subject, but is restoring an old one. If this portrait of the Carpenter seems startlingly strange to some of us, may it not be, he suggests, because the accretions of time that have hitherto defaced the picture have now been removed "by grace of the critical scholarship of our day," revealing the living tints of the portrait?

While the uncompromising and ruthless manner in which Mr. White deals with what he considers time's distorting accretions seems shocking and even blasphemous to some of his critics, on the other hand his flaming devotion to the original which he seeks to reveal wins him enthusiastic champions even in the ranks of conventional orthodoxy and traditional religion. This seeming incongruity is touched upon in characteristic fashion by Charles Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House" and "The Terrible Meek," who writes of the "Call of the Carpenter": "It is a book of a man, written for men, and the critics ought to find it blasphemous and intolerable. God will be glad, though—which makes amends."

In the main Mr. White's book is constructive rather than destructive. He is more intent upon making us see and thrill to his picture of Jesus than upon proving to us that other pictures are spurious. But against two time-honored ideas he tilts with all his strength. One of these is the idea that the message of Jesus is one of submission to the established economic order,—in Mr. White's opinion, the Sermon on the Mount "ranks high among the inflammatory manifestos of the world." The other is the idea of God the Father as a sort of benevolent despot in the heavens. The first he traces back to the subtle mind of Rome's ruling class, aided and abetted by Paul's theology and that of the Greek philosophers in the early Church. The second he indicts as "unbiblical," because "it was craftily interpolated into the Christian system by Greek metaphysicians at the behest of their Roman overlords"; as "untrue," because "the forces of nature do not operate on any basis of personal intelligence and kindliness"; and as "immoral" because "it presents to fundamental democracy the opposition of fundamental absolution."

THE CRAFTSMAN is interested in this book because it finds in it a vital and human message, uttered with passionate sincerity. So stimulating is this message that in listening to it we can afford to pass lightly over certain controversial points at which theologians would be likely to linger. For while Mr. White pictures for us the Carpenter of Nazareth as the world's most towering genius, mankind's supreme leader, he seems content to work for the fulfilment of the Nazarene's mission here and now, rather than in some problematical other world. In other words, so aflame is he with the vision of the kingdom of God on earth that he apparently forgets the remote heaven of the churches. And after all, is not the gain greater than the loss? If each man of all our human brotherhood but brought the courage and strength of right-doing to the merely material things of life, we could well afford not to vex with importunate guesses the great mystery beyond the veil. "The kingdom of God may mean more than a human society on earth, but it can never mean anything less." Let us build its walls here, where we can touch and test our handiwork, and when our time comes our toil will not have made us the less fit for whatever adventure may lie beyond.

"With Christianity once democratized, it would not be long before the democracy would be Christianized," declares Mr. White, who thinks that "the task of the twentieth century is going to be to convert the Church to the Carpenter." For as things stand, he says, the Church is an ally of the dominant class, a buttress of the established order of things, and as much out of touch with the real aspirations of the workingman as the workingman is out of touch with the formulas and creeds of the Church. The Church has been inclined to forget that "Christianity took its rise in an economic upheaval," and that "even its highest and most spiritual reaches had a rootage in the industrial condition of the masses." The two outstanding facts of our day, as Mr. White sees the situation, are the rise of democracy and the decline of ecclesiasticism. The former he does not attempt to explain, but recognizes and welcomes as an irresistible movement whose urge is felt in every corner of the globe. But the second fact he seems to find no difficulty in accounting for. Ecclesiasticism, he says, has allied itself with property and capital, has dined with the rich and preached at the poor, until it has largely lost the confidence of the world's workers —who form 83 per cent. of the population. "Loving his Church with a bitter love, the Carpenter on the cross sees only this, after the passion of two thousand years."

Mary's "Magnificat" is here characterized as "the battle hymn of democracy," "the Marseillaise of the ancient world." "And this hymn of revolution, pulsing with hatred of oppressors and with fellow-feeling for all the oppressed ones of earth, was composed and sung by Mary while she was carrying Jesus underneath her heart." The baby Jesus was born at a time when Rome was taxing all the world—to be exact, says Mr. White, he was born "during a journey on the part of his parents to pay this tax." This tax upon all nations decreed by Cæsar Augustus was "the first instance in history of brigandage on a world scale," and it therefore seems to Mr. White "more than an accident that its incidence coincided with the gestation period of a child who as a man was to vision a world-wide union of the toiling masses against the legalized brigandage which had its headquarters on the Tiber." In the ancient world, even before the formation of the Roman Empire, slavery was the basis of society, each nation having its capitalistic class and its slave class. "Rome's empire," as Mr. White sees it, "was 'the System' at work in the ancient world—she annexed the nations by means of a coalition with the local capitalistic group in each." Thus was built up the Roman Empire, "that apotheosis of property rights."

As a boy Jesus witnessed the insurrection under Judas of Galilee against Roman absolutism, with the crucifixion of two thousand Galileans as a sequel. Taking up the trade of a carpenter under his father Joseph, "for eighteen years Jesus worked thus as a day laborer," and "we find him ever after identifying himself with the working class." While the traditional biographies of Jesus dwell upon the last three years of his life, when he had laid aside the mechanic's apron for the teacher's cloak, Mr. White reminds us that in reality "the two careers were one." "It was because his work as an artisan was being brought to naught by the industrial despotism that like a creeping paralysis was advancing upon the country, that he set out to arouse the people against that despotism." He announced his mission, "to preach deliverance to the slaves." His biography, says Mr. White, may be summed up in five words: "He stirreth up the people." He saw that the famous Pax Romana was the false peace of a world in economic bondage, and he deliberately set himself the task of overthrowing it. His plan was "a federation of the world against the federated oppressors of the world."

The modern reader, says Mr. White, can get closest to the meaning of the phrase "kingdom of heaven," as Jesus used it, by substituting for it the term "kingdom of self-respect." In this phrase "lay the dynamite of the Carpenter's teaching," for "given a world in which half of the people —of the same color as their masters—were kept in slavery by intimidation; let loose among them this idea, 'self-respect,' and social earthquakes will set in forthwith." It was this idea that "made on his lips the most innocent metaphor into forked lightning."

The tenth chapter of Mr. White's book—the earlier ones deal with the drift of social and economic forces in Christ's day, the influence and personality of his mother, his plan and methods, etc.—brings us to the inevitable moment when, recognizing in him an enemy of the existing order of society,

the ruling oligarchy brought about his crucifixion. "The assassination of the Carpenter was perpetrated by Rome and by a handful of Romanized renegades among the Jewish privileged class." But the idea Jesus had died for would not down, even when the followers of the Carpenter were covered with pitch and lighted as living torches, or thrown by the thousand to the wild beasts of the arena.

When the ruling classes found that they could not overtake and stamp out the words of the Carpenter by these drastic methods, they resorted to the subtler and more effective device of "annexing" Christianity. In this design they were assisted, though unconsciously—so runs Mr. White's somewhat startling theory—by Paul the Apostle. Of the qualities of temperament and training that made Paul a factor in this result we read:

"The annexing process was started by a Roman citizen named Saul. Formerly a Jew, he deserted his nationality and with it his former name, and called himself thereafter Paul. Paul was undeniably sincere. He believed that in reinterpreting the Christian faith so as to make it acceptable to the Romans he was doing that faith a service. His make-up was imperial rather than democratic. Both by birth and training he was unfitted to enter into the working-class consciousness of Galileans. He was in culture a Hellenist, in religion a Pharisee, in citizenship a Roman. * * * The Jesus to whom Paul went over was not the carpenter of Galilee, but rather an imperial magnate, lord of a renewed and glorified Roman Empire. Christianity did not change Paul so much as Paul changed Christianity."

Had Paul known the Carpenter personally, says Mr. White, or had he been humble enough "to sit for a while at the feet of Mary and her fellow Galileans," he "would never have made the mistake of attributing imperialistic designs to a leader who enjoined 'call no man master.'"

The process of Romanizing the Man of Nazareth, begun by Paul, was taken up after him by the Greek philosophers—thus Mr. White continues the story. Then, Christianity being at last in a form which the ruling powers could use, Rome adopted it and became the Holy Roman Empire. "Rome had not changed; Christianity was changed." "Accordingly we find the Church suppressing every tendency to independence of thought. For this 'Holy' Roman Empire, let it be emphasized, was naught but Rome's old empire of property, with religious sanctions added to it as a sort of ghostly police."

The Jesus to whom the democracy must turn, Mr. White urges, is not "a representative of the Cæsarized sovereignty in the heavens," but the poet and artisan of Nazareth, the God-man who awakened the people to a sense of the Godhood in their own hearts. To quote again:

"From the summit of twenty centuries Jesus overleans the democracy today, and is ambitious to reënforce it with ancestral wisdom and the might of martyrs. It is no small advantage to the social movement that it can claim as its lord him who redated the calendar. * * *

"That carpenter shop in Nazareth is a fulcrum from which democracy can move the world. There is regeneracy enough in the words of Jesus to right every wrong and to straighten out every crookedness. He had no economic programme. The attempt to monopolize him for some particular plan of social architecture has done harm. For his oceanic nature refuses to be circumscribed within the limits of a fish-pond. * * *

"Jesus was too expert a social physician to advertise some economic programme as the cure-all of the sickness that has overtaken society. Rather, he set a religion loose in the world which should, through the upward centuries, work the cure. That religion, as we have seen, was wrested from its purpose of earth-redemption by the special interests, those who profited by a sick condition of society. But the cure remains, nevertheless, and needs but to be redirected toward humanity's sore to reattest itself the sovereignest thing in all the world for social dementedness. Democracy is a passion and not a programme. If its warp is materiality, its woof is spirituality. It is shot with religion through and through. It is a wager of faith. * * *

"If by some gift of tongues it could be proclaimed everywhere that Jesus, the solace of the world's sorrow—he who, by bringing life and immortality to light, has blunted the sharpness of death—is on the side of the people against their devourers, a religious awakening would billow across the continent, put an end to an age of unfaith, and reconstruct society."

Throughout we have let Mr. White speak

for himself, his actual words seeming necessary to a clear understanding of the blend of radicalism and spiritual enthusiasm which his remarkable book embodies. We will close with one more quotation, a paragraph which is practically a resumé of the book's argument:

"Christianity took its rise in an economic convulsion. It was the flowering forth of Israel's age-old stalk of liberty—an attempt at a world-wide democratism which should countervail Rome's world-wide absolutism. Its Leader was slaughtered by Rome and her Caiaphas allies as an agitator, a disturber of the peace: and his followers were hunted with fire and crosses through more than a hundred years. Unable to compass its destruction by violence, Rome thereupon resorted to craftiness. She annexed Christianity. Sicklied o'er with philosophy, religion ceased to be the spontaneous upreach of man to his Maker, and became an engine of social control. But the 'leaven hid in the meal' refused to be annexed; so that today the world is yeasty with insurgency and upheaval."

MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: BY BARRY PARKER: IN BOOK FORM

THE articles by Barry Parker, which we have been publishing serially in the magazine for the last two years and a half, will be issued, before long, in book form. We need not remind our readers of the practical value and pictorial charm of this work of Mr. Parker's, or of the interesting revelations it has given to an American audience regarding the present status and ideals of English architecture—to which the author has made such significant contributions.

It will be remembered that England's first Garden City, at Letchworth, Hertfordshire, was planned by Barry Parker and his coworker, Raymond Unwin, and the subsequent achievements of these architects along similar lines has done much toward establishing the present standards of democratic and coöperative home-building and town-planning. Much of the forthcoming book deals with this subject in its many branches and will thus be of definite value in furthering the development of garden cities in this country.

The general reader and student, especially those who are planning the furnishing or reorganizing of an old home or the building of a new one, will find the work full of suggestion and inspiration; for those English interiors, both the historic and the modern, hold qualities of sturdy comfort and homelike grace which we of the New World have thus far seldom attained.

The book will be as artistic and convenient as the combined efforts of author, editor and printer can make it. It will comprise about 208 pages, part of which will be the rough antique paper used in THE CRAFTSMAN and will carry the ten-point text and line drawings, floors plans and sketches. The remaining pages will be of heavy coated paper carrying the rich half-tone reproduction that will form the most distinctive and beautiful feature of the book.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE STORY OF GÖSTA BERLING: TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH OF SELMA LAGERLÖF BY PAULINE BANCROFT FLACH

A STRANGE and masterful book is this—one that well merited the Nobel Prize three years ago. And though its date of publication is 1911, so strongly has the human and literary value of the work impressed us that we are impelled to publish here a somewhat belated review. For in this half-symbolic, half-realistic romance are such strength and subtlety, such flashes of clear truth as make it stand out boldly against the background of average modern fiction.

The scene of the story—or rather of the collection of loosely interwoven tales—is laid in Värmland, a lonely tract in southern Sweden. One feels from the first the dominating influence upon that peasant people of the encompassing mountains — those "mighty granite walls"—the wide stretches of dark silent forest with here and there a swamp, a shadowed pool, a charcoal kiln or a burnt clearing, and below them plain, winding river and open lake. One feels how deeply rooted are the lives of the people in this stern northern landscape, how vividly their imaginations, hopes and fears are colored by the old myths and superstitions which, even while disbelieving, they can never wholly shake off. In a land where winter is a long and often cruel reality, summer a brief evanescent joy, where Nature is feared more than she is loved by those who are so dependent on her for life's

necessaries—food, shelter, clothing—and where one must pay for every hard-won privilege with submission before the indifference of her droughts and the anger of her storms—is it any wonder that the simple folk, not content with real wolves and bears for neighbors, people their forests with dryads, their mountains with demons and witches, their streams with water nymphs? For did not these fantastic semi-deities symbolize, in their whimsical mischief and terror-dealing wrath—the fickle moods of the great Mother herself?

From this curious medley of fact and legend Selma Lagerlöf has wrought her story. They are all flesh and blood, these people whom she describes, despite the atmosphere of folk-lore in which they move. There is the major's wife, mistress of the seven iron-works and of Ekeby where dwelt *Gösta Berling* and other pleasure-loving spirits in the pensioner's wing; the pensioners themselves, those adventurous men who strove to drown in pranks and laughter, in cards and brandy, dance and chase, the sorrows of the outside world and their own life-tragedies from which they had fled; the wicked *Sintram* who was said to be in league with the evil one and took delight in oppressing the poor who depended on him for work and food; and those fair Värmland women across whose paths with such passion and sorrow strode *Gösta Berling*, the mad poet-priest.

For it is *Gösta*—the wild young genius, alternately despicable and lovable—who overtops all the rest. Burning with a fierce love of life and happiness he tries to forget in the people's solace—brandy—the desolation that haunts his parsonage home. He is disgraced, wanders, begs, and is given the freedom of the bachelor's wing at Ekeby. But such freedom brings more disaster than joy. With no anchorage save his vow to live as a gay and gallant knight, he brings tumult and pain into the lives he touches, though with it all the people forgive him, won always by his irresistible boyishness and quixotic acts of generosity.

At last comes the girlish *Countess Elizabeth* with her inherent purity of soul, her willingness to sacrifice herself for others, her eagerness to do penance for what she considers her sin. She is attracted by *Gösta's* strength and magnetism, repelled by his miserable past, and finally calls on him for aid—not for her outcast self but for the child whom her husband stupidly and brutally refuses to father. *Elizabeth's* courage and patience, her heroism without heroics, her pity for the people and her faith in the sanctity and purifying joy of work rouse *Gösta* to a new sense of responsibility. His distorted vision slowly adjusts itself; he sees life in its true perspective.

The book closes to the stirring sound of the sledge-hammer at the forge. The iron works are busy again! For Industry has proved her right to triumph and she will save the people from starvation and from their own discontent.

Not until one nears the last page does one realize the purpose of the book and grasp the bigness of its message. Then, as *Elizabeth* speaks, a sudden flash like that of a search-light is thrown back over the preceding chapters. The characters and incidents are no longer merely picturesque fragments. They have become vivid parts of one compelling whole, magic syllables which, joined, reveal the author's secret. And that secret is *work and love*—love and work. It matters little which way you put it so long as the two go together, for work without love is a hard and joyless thing, and love without work is ineffectual and unlasting. But the two combined give courage and inspiration to labor and bring peace and understanding to the heart.

While intensely local in color, the tale has a significance not bounded by geographical limits. The legends are more than fanciful—they are symbolic; the characters are not merely Scandinavian—they are human; the incidents are more than accidental—they are fraught with the deepest inevitability. It is a book to make indifference pause and think, and to bring to weariness and despair the courage to go on and conquer. For it has struck the keynote of individual and social salvation—joyful work. (Published by Little, Brown and Company, Boston. 473 pages. Price $1.20.)

THE GOLDEN SPEARS: BY EDMUND LEAMY

ALL the ingredients of orthodox fairy-tales are found in this children's storybook. Giants and dwarfs and mermaids appear and disappear through its pages just as they have always done in the imagination of childhood in every land. The maidens, usually princesses, apparent or disguised, are always beautiful, the princes and knights are always brave, and virtue is always rewarded and crime pun-

ished in the usual and approved fashion.

But added to these obvious features, there is a certain winsome quality about the little tales which sets them somewhat apart from others of their kind. The closeness of the writing to the ways of outdoor things—the winds and flowers and creatures,—the poetic feeling that lurks in many of the simple descriptions, the fragments of Irish legend and folk-lore woven into the events, and through it all that rhythmic lilt which clings with a certain tenderness to Irish speech,—these things seem to stamp the book with a unique friendliness that should win its way into the heart of a child. (Published by Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc., New York. 180 pages. Illustrated. Price $1.00 net.)

REPLANNING SMALL CITIES: BY JOHN NOLEN

NOW that America, emulating her trans-Atlantic cousins, is awakening to the widespread need of more efficient housing and town planning, any authoritative contribution to this vital subject should be received with interest. This work of Mr. Nolen's deals with the replanning of six cities: Roanoke, Virginia; San Diego, California; Montclair, New Jersey; Glen Ridge, New Jersey; Reading, Pennsylvania, and Madison, Wisconsin. Each of these studies is systematically treated and illustrated with photographs and maps which add to the practical value of the text. The general town plan, the business and residential centers, streets, recreation grounds and other important features are all considered. The book should be appreciated not only by citizens of the places it describes, but even more by architects and laymen of our many other towns which stand in such need of readjustment to make them fitting homes for the development of a wholesome American democracy. (Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York. 218 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price $2.50 net.)

MODERN COTTAGE ARCHITECTURE: ILLUSTRATED FROM WORKS OF WELL-KNOWN ARCHITECTS, SELECTED AND DESCRIBED BY MAURICE B. ADAMS, F.R.I.B.A.

THIS practical and beautiful volume, which is a second edition, enlarged and brought up to date, is one which every architect, student and home-maker will welcome, for it contains unusually interesting and representative examples from one of the most important phases of modern English architecture — the cottage. One realizes that the popularity this type of building is gaining, not only throughout the British Isles but on the continent and in our own country, is one of the surest indications of a genuine world-wide movement toward democracy.

While naturally a great many of the illustrations in the book show the national tendency to echo in the buildings of today some of the most characteristic and appealing forms that history has bequeathed, this reminiscent note is one of suggestion rather than imitation. The quaint thatch-roof dwellings, the snug dormers, the pointed gables with their half-timber construction, the sheltered doorways and friendly gardens —all speak of the solid comfort and sanitation of today, while recalling, faintly or vividly as the case may be, the architectural background from which much of their inspiration was drawn. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. 81 pages of text and floor plans, and 83 additional plates. Price $3.00 net, postage 30 cents.)

COUNTRY COTTAGES AND WEEK-END HOMES: BY J. H. ELDER-DUNCAN

A NEW edition of this volume of English cottage homes has just been published, with several colored plates among the numerous half-tone illustrations and floor plans. The purpose of the work is "to tell the layman of moderate means some facts about country cottages," with practical information as to construction and cost. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. 224 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price $2.50 net, postage 25 cents.)

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Carola Woerishoffer: Her Life and Work:" A collection of addresses, editorials, etc., with an introduction by Ida M. Tarbell. 137 pages. Illustrated. Published by Class of 1907, Bryn Mawr College.

"Captain Martha Mary:" By Avery Abbott. 211 pages. Frontispiece. Price $1.00 net. Published by The Century Co., New York.

"Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year Ended June 30, 1911: Volume II:" Pages 677 to 1407. Published by the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

THE HOMES OF THE CRAFTSMAN

FOR the purpose of getting in closer touch with the new subscribers, whose names are constantly being added to our list, as well as to give to old subscribers a more definite idea of where we live, we publish here two pictures of places closely allied with Craftsman activities. The first is a glimpse of our show rooms at 29 West 34th Street, New York City. Mail orders for fabrics, metal work, furniture, and in fact all Craftsman products are filled here, and a corps of assistants is maintained to make suggestions for decorative combinations, color schemes and interesting furnishings. As will be seen from the picture, these rooms make a comfortable resting place for our New York callers, and CRAFTSMAN subscribers are most welcome visitors.

CRAFTSMAN SHOW ROOM, AT 29 WEST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK: A REST ROOM FOR NEW YORK VISITORS.

The second is of the building where the Editorial Rooms, Advertising Department, Service Department, Architectural Department and Home-building Department of THE CRAFTSMAN are located. We have here, for the convenience of the public, portfolios of all Craftsman houses, samples of many of the goods advertised in THE CRAFTSMAN, together with catalogues and prices from most of our advertisers. People who are interested in home-building are requested to examine the Craftsman Fireplace, to advise with us concerning matters of building, and especially to obtain information concerning the high class of home-builders' supplies which are advertised in our columns. We are rapidly making this a clearing house of building information for the benefit of our subscribers and our advertisers.

The lower portion of the building is occupied by the New Netherland Bank, the remaining three floors are utilized as offices by THE CRAFTSMAN and its various departments. The second floor is occupied by our Architectural Department and offices. The third floor is taken up by our Advertising Department and Circulation staff. The fourth floor is practically devoted to Editorial purposes.

We are rapidly arranging new facilities for meeting people interested in the Craftsman movement. This number of THE CRAFTSMAN, on page 44a, carries the announcement of the opening of our new store and display rooms in Washington, D. C., which, on and after October 1st, will be a rallying place for our friends when they make a pilgrimage to the national capital. In Boston on the same date our spacious new quarters at 468 Boylston street will be open for the accommodation of the public.

THE BUILDING OCCUPIED BY THE CRAFTSMAN MAGAZINE, AT 41 WEST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK.

A Montross Print: Copyright by N. E. Montross.

"GIRL FEEDING TURKEYS": FROM A PAINTING BY HORATIO WALKER.

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WHAT ONE MAN HAS DONE TO LOWER THE COST OF LIVING: A SKETCH OF LUTHER BURBANK, INCREASER OF HARVESTS: BY ELOISE ROORBACH

SCARCELY a harvest will be gathered into barns this fall, or a feast spread on our national day of Thanksgiving that will not have been directly or indirectly increased and benefited by the inspired vision and patient labor of a childlike and lovable, yet profoundly scientific man living in a small corner of the Far West. Farmers and gardeners over the whole land know his name and follow to some extent his methods of planting and pruning, pedigreeing seed, fertilizing, etc. He has shown the nation how to do these things in a better, simpler, more practical way.

This man who has added so tremendously to the yield and quality of our food products surely deserves the gratitude of every individual in the land at this season, when the universal acknowledgment of mercies is felt and voiced to the Creator of all who "hath crowned the earth with goodness."

This power among men—a dreamer, yet with that capacity for hard work which, according to the definition of one great mind, is the essence of all genius—has done more to lower the cost of living and to enrich the common people than all the legislation of the last twenty years. The tale of his unostentatiously beneficent deeds can only be told in part, else the recital will seem like romance instead of the reports of scientists. In one of the bulletins issued by the United States Department of Agriculture we read that "the Burbank potato is adding seventeen million dollars a year to the agricultural output of this country." It is thirty-five years since the present large, sweet and white-skinned potato was evolved from a small, bitter, red-skinned vegetable, and in that time almost six hundred million dollars has been added to the farm incomes of America alone, without taking into consideration the gain in foreign countries, for whoever raises a potato in any land is profiting by the work of this miraculous gardener.

In behalf of THE CRAFTSMAN, which has bidden me seek the most interesting and beautiful things of the West so that the East might

have better understanding of this land geographically divided—or can I say united—by lofty mountain chains, and so increase the friendly understanding and sympathy between the East and the West, I made a pilgrimage to the home and experimental gardens of Mr. Burbank in Santa Rosa, California. I made the trip from San Francisco in a gypsy camp automobile as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kellogg, the naturalists, and we halted at one of the stores in Santa Rosa and asked the way to Mr. Burbank's home. The owner of the store, recognizing Mr. Kellogg, felt justified in hailing Mr. Burbank, who happened to be passing. He was not especially pleased at being thus unceremoniously halted, for he was dashing hurriedly along on a bicycle, bent on some important errand. When I stated my wish he showed some reluctance to talk about himself, not because he was not kindly disposed, but because of the innate reticence which he has retained in spite of all the public invasions against it. But when he recognized a friend, Mr. Kellogg, he immediately forgot the troublesome interviewer and became so interested in a discussion of what might be called "seek and ye shall find" that his pressing errand was neglected and he invited us to his house in order to get at the subject better, flashing ahead of our automobile on his bicycle at such a pace that we feared being halted by the guardian of the speed laws.

HIS manner in his home was a winning combination of pleased child and dreamy poet, undertoned by deep and solemn reverence for Nature, science, truth. He is artist to his finger tips, small-boned, sensitive and tautly strung. Yet with this dreamer-poet-artist temperament there exists a capacity for practical expression. In an older civilization the expressing of these qualities would have been confined to the fine arts, but in this young and virile land his genius has been turned to brilliant and daring experiments with Nature. He has been called "plant gambler," and "wizard" by people who do not understand the open sorcery by which the secrets of Nature are poured into the crucible of his mind, then released to the world in a form capable of being commonly understood. Linked with his soaring imagination is a phenomenal patience. When at work he concentrates upon the small seed or plant that has suggested new possibilities to his mind, and the fulfilment of whose destiny he wishes to hasten.

He has said: "Is it not almost alarming, the way things come to us just when we have greatest need of them? I have sometimes wanted a certain seed and not known where to find it, experiments would be at a standstill for need of it, when through the mail or by

the hand of a friend who did not know of my need—it would come. I have wanted a flower or seed that I had read about and that seemed to hold promise of usefulness—the mail would bring it to me from Africa, Brazil, Australia, sent by a total stranger, perhaps, who had thought it interesting. No one can work much with Nature without becoming conscious of a strange and comforting coöperation, as if her mighty powers served as envoys to the strugglers."

After a long talk on this subject, every word of which deserves recording, he expressed a wish to hear Mr. Kellogg sing. "Is it true that you sing like the birds sing, like a meadow-lark or thrush?" Immediately through the room vibrated the song of the thrush, then the low, melodious, seldom heard song of the cat-bird, the song he sings to his brooding mate. Mr. Burbank, perceiving that here was a wonderful thing, slipped quietly out of the room and called his sister who slipped as noiselessly in, wearing a large blue gingham apron with squirrels cross-stitched in white upon it that seemed somehow fittingly to express her wholesome nature, her abounding love of all creatures. He then opened the doors into his offices that the clerks and stenographers might hear, and sent word to his gardeners to stop work and gather outside.

Then it seemed as if the winged singers from grove and meadow flew through the open window to tell Mr. Burbank of their joy of living. The hermit thrush sang his liquid rhapsody, the meadow-lark his exultant pæan. We heard the lonely night call of the loon, the soft hoot of an owl, the guttural protestations of the grosbeak, lilt of song-sparrow, trill of nightingale. When the bird concert was over Mr. Burbank paid tribute in most heartfelt manner, betraying a deep emotion that evidenced the elemental kinship between these two lovers of Nature. "You have given me one of the most delightful and inspiring experiences of my life. Nature has indeed taught you to sing like a bird—come into my garden and let me show you what she has taught me."

HE took us into his gardens, showing us all those plant novelties that have astonished the agricultural world, telling us how he had brought about each change, how he had coaxed the thorns from the blackberry, then made its fruit white, how he changed the color of flowers at will, doubled and trebled their sizes, made stems long and twining or strong enough to support the added weight of numberless blooms instead of the original single blossom, showed us a bed of œnothera, one petal of which would cover an entire blossom of the parent plant and which obeys his command to bloom afresh each morning throughout the whole summer. He showed us

pears four times as productive as the Bartlett, cobless corn, stoneless plums, seedless grapes, the rhubarb that is commonly called "the mortgage lifter" because it is ready for the market six weeks before any other kind and has a flavor and texture that makes it yield one thousand dollars an acre the first year after planting. He told us how his improvement of the prune had increased the crop of one State from sixty-four million pounds to two hundred million pounds and enabled the United States to sell fifty million pounds a year to foreign countries instead of buying thirty-five million pounds as formerly. And how the forage grasses, hay, oats, rye, beans, peas, etc., have been made more practical money-making products. We saw new flowers in the making, new vegetables almost ready to be given to the world. We tasted several kinds of luscious new strawberries, were showered with petals of roses from which a Long Island florist declares he has sold over one hundred thousand dollars' worth of plants and flowers by following Mr. Burbank's advice on hybridizing.

Finally our brains would hold no more, and we began to doubt the testimony of our senses when he showed us his latest and most wonderful achievement—the thornless cactus, which one scientist says is of "as much importance as the discovery of a new continent." I did not dare set down in my note-book all that I heard him tell about this wonderful plant, so I simply followed him about eating the thornless fruit (which alone was enough to make one forget everything but its delicious flavor), while his explanations and figures soared above my ability to comprehend or record. But the next day I returned, pored over his books and records and acquired facts about this plant, which is destined, doubtless, to redeem the desert.

His creative imagination sees possibilities in commonly spurned things, seems to understand what they are bravely trying to do under adverse circumstances. He aids them or develops them, makes things easier for them, achieves in a few months or years the result the plant would have been many cycles in attaining. Victor Hugo voiced this idea poetically when he said that "there are no bad herbs, no bad men, only bad cultivators." And Burbank has proven this nature-truth to the world. He noticed the small spiny cactus that had been considered not only worthless but a positive pest, and made it produce a fruit that resembles the watermelon in juiciness, with a flavor reminiscent of pineapples, strawberries and pears. After this delicious crop is gathered the plant is used for feeding stock of all kinds. Corn, under favorable circumstances, will produce approximately one and a half tons of food an acre, alfalfa as much as five tons an acre, and the Burbank spineless cactus will harvest two

A FIELD OF SHASTA DAISIES, FROM THE FARM-GARDEN OF LUTHER BURBANK AT SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA.

SHOWING THE GREAT PRODUCTIVENESS OF THE WHITE BLACKBERRY AS CULTIVATED BY MR. BURBANK AT SANTA ROSA: THE HEAVY CLUSTERS OF FRUIT WEIGH DOWN THE BRANCHES, FROM WHICH MR. BURBANK HAS COAXED THE THORNS.

A BED OF AMARYLLIS IN MR. BURBANK'S GARDEN: HE HAS CHANGED THE COLORS OF THESE FLOWERS AT WILL, AND HIS COLLECTION EMBRACES EVERY COLOR OF THE RAINBOW.

CRIMSON RAMBLER ROSE OF MR. BURBANK'S OWN CULTIVATION FRAMING THE PORCH OF HIS HOME AT SANTA ROSA.

A CORNER OF THE SPINELESS CACTUS FIELD IN MR. BURBANK'S GARDEN, SHOWING THE PRODUCTIVENESS OF THE CULTIVATED VARIETY OF THIS DESERT PLANT: THE BRIGHT RED FRUIT GROWS IN THICK CLUSTERS UPON THE GRAYISH GREEN STALKS, GIVING AN EFFECT OF GORGEOUS COLOR: ORIGINALLY THE SMALL SPINY CACTUS WAS CONSIDERED NOT ONLY WORTHLESS BUT A POSITIVE PEST: UNDER MR. BURBANK'S CULTIVATION IT PRODUCES A FRUIT THAT RESEMBLES THE WATERMELON IN JUICINESS, WITH A FLAVOR REMINISCENT OF PINEAPPLES, STRAWBERRIES AND PEARS: THESE CACTUS PEARS MAKE EXCELLENT JELLY, JAM AND SYRUP: AFTER THE FRUIT CROP IS GATHERED THE PLANT IS USED FOR FEEDING STOCK OF ALL KINDS, AND IS ALSO USED FOR MAKING DENATURED ALCOHOL.

THE ABOVE PICTURE REPRODUCES A SPRAY OF BRODIÆA, SHOWING HOW MR. BURBANK HAS MADE THE STEMS LONG BY TWINING: THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST GRACEFUL OF MR. BURBANK'S PLANT MIRACLES.

hundred tons to an acre. It can produce twelve hundred dollars worth of denatured alcohol per acre as against thirty-five dollars worth from Indian corn. The cactus pear, as the fruit is called, can be grown at much less expense than it takes to produce oranges; there is never a crop failure, and the market price equals that of the orange. They make excellent jelly, jam, syrup, and the juice of the crimson variety makes a wholesome permanent food coloring.

When planted eight feet apart the plants will nearly meet in two seasons' growth. The spineless cactus responds phenomenally to cultivation—it has no parallel in the history of cultivated plants. It produces tremendous tonnage, requires no irrigation, is an excellent bedding for hogs, chickens, sheep and goats. It has no insect or fungus enemies. One planting is ample for repeated cuttings.

Quoting from various sources, we find, "There is every prospect that before the work of Luther Burbank is ended he will have seen thousands of square miles of desert land converted to profitable fertility through the medium of his spineless cactus. The British Government is considering the feasibility of introducing Mr. Burbank's hybrid plant in the Sahara Desert with a view of eventually forcing the most unprofitable district in the world to support life." And again—"With the house committee on public lands reporting favorably on the bill to turn over to Luther Burbank, the botanist and naturalist of California, a tract of land in the arid Southwest in order to enable him to go ahead with experiments by which he desires to develop spineless cactus, the bill becomes one of the most remarkable which has ever come before Congress." This bill proposes to set aside twelve sections of land to give him opportunity to propagate the spineless cactus upon desert land. Everywhere through the West we see fields of the strange-looking fleshy lobes of the spineless cactus stuck on end in the ground, looking like miniature tombstones, for the ranchers have been quick to see the usefulness of this new forage plant and are experimenting with it on their own account.

OUR country greatly needs better agricultural methods, and Mr. Burbank has evolved a number of them for us. He has shown us how to develop new forms of life, new sources of wealth, new and better ways to till the soil, has added immeasurably to the yield and quality of all food products. "The knowledge of his methods is as important to the progressive agriculturist as food is to a growing boy." "All the gold taken from California mines cannot equal in value the contributions made to human comfort by that modest investigator in California gardens." "The conservation of our national resources is an idea that has captured the imagi-

nation and enlisted the sympathy of the people of this country. The movement has developed so far into a programme for preservation from monopoly and waste of timber, coal and water, the chief sources of the comforts and luxuries of life. Heretofore, too little heed has been paid to the conservation of our food supply upon which civilization itself depends. Luther Burbank has gone to the root of this problem and has accomplished more practical, immediate and lasting good than all the theorists of the land combined. Once people realize that health, happiness and profit can be obtained by cultivating small farms in thickly settled communities where mankind's gregarious tendencies are provided for as completely as in the cities, the problem of how to get men back to the soil will be solved, and Luther Burbank has discovered the methods that will bring about this condition." So writes M. E. Hay, Governor of Washington.

Carlyle once said: "The history of a nation is the history of its great men." It comes pretty near being true that the history of agriculture in this country for the last forty years is the history of Luther Burbank. Though his work has appealed to the scientific world so forcefully that the Carnegie Institute at Washington made an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars in nineteen hundred and five for the purpose of compiling the records of his experiments from the scientific standpoint, yet the practical results that interest farmers so vitally, make his work of worth to the world.

And so the interesting things he has done and the tributes that have been paid him might be recorded indefinitely. But over and above the "wizardry" of his agricultural deeds, his modesty stands in my memory—dwelling always on experiments not yet successful—not one boast about what had been accomplished. He gave ungrudging praise to the gardeners who worked with so helpful an interest, and expressed his dependent love for his sister "whose good care enables me to work so much." The egotism that generally accompanies brilliant imagination and mighty deeds is not found here.

When he came to say "good-bye" he presented us with a basket of artichokes, the like of which I never expect to taste again, apologizing because the season was late and they were not as good as they ought to be. Then he gave us his book on the development of the human plant, hesitantly, as if perhaps we might not care to have it. It revealed a love for mankind and a deep sense of its needs which stands out as the mainspring of the inspiration and purpose of the man himself.

ARTHUR RACKHAM, THE ILLUSTRATOR OF FOLK-LORE AND FAIRY TALES

RTHUR RACKHAM, the greatest English illustrator of today, may unquestionably be ranked among such modern master draughtsmen as Daumier, Steinlen, Glackens—who have seen to the heart of the particular phase of beauty that inspired them. Not in the smallest way does his achievement resemble that of any one of these other men. His imagination has been touched by the fairy world, and he responds, brain and soul, to the work of those who have had a vision out into that far land where gnomes and pigmies and imps and all the tiny dreamland folk dwell. And so we find, as we would expect to, that he has elected to reveal to us the innermost spirit of the writers of such fairy lore as Shakespeare in "Midsummer Night's Dream," Washington Irving in "Rip Van Winkle," the wonder tales of the Brothers Grimm, Lewis Carroll in "Alice in Wonderland," J. M. Barrie in "Peter Pan," and then, at last, Richard Wagner in his great revelation of the heights and depths of god life in Walhalla.

A BIRD SKETCH BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.

Arthur Rackham has been compared with our American illustrator of fantastic subjects, Howard Pyle. But it seems to me that as an artist he must take rank among the great rather than among the brilliant and clever, for even though his interest in literature was more nearly related to the interest of a man like Howard Pyle, his composition, his technique, his knowledge of the very

THE ASS AND BOTTOM: FROM A DRAWING BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.

fundamentals of art must place him among the really memorable artists of his day. This feeling at least prevails among the art circles of Milan, where he exhibited in nineteen hundred and six, Venice, which presented his drawings in nineteen hundred and nine, Barcelona, where his work was shown in nineteen hundred and ten, and Paris, where his work is accepted as the final expression possible along his own line by the critics, the artists, the students, as well as the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, by whom he was invited to exhibit.

Rackham is still a young man. He was born in London in eighteen hundred and sixty-seven, and made a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors in nineteen hundred and two. The usual academic training was given him and early in life he began to contribute to the *Pall Mall Budget*, the *Westminster Budget*, the *Graphic*, the *Sketch*, etc., illustrations of real life, of legendary adventure, whatever chanced to come his way or to interest him, but always presented with thoughtful observation, precise and wise drawing, technique swiftly reproducing inspiration and with a touch at once light and fine. Always from the start his great interest seemed to be in relating the animal world to the human world through the fairy adventure that touched each sphere. And although his subjects are nearly always inspired by some fantastic thought, his own or others, his presentation is made with the dignity, the tenderness of real humor, and the imagination that would have made Rackham great in any field of art that had claimed his genius.

His knowledge of the animal world is as great as his understanding of the fairy kingdom, and the play spirit of the people in the trees, in the grass, in the clouds, is a revelation to the pompous human intellect which feels that a humorous attitude toward life is the reward only of its own kind of civilization. Happily enough, we never see what we call real people in Rackham's scenes of fairy life; but practically always their good friends the animals are with them, sometimes in a most neighborly intimate way, sometimes indulging in quaint delicate warfare. We poor dull human beings do not seem to have touched Rackham's interest or fancy. And probably he knows best. He may have left us out of his pictures fearing that the fairy folk and their neighbors of the animal world might not feel at home and happy with us.

THE first book which Rackham illustrated was done in eighteen hundred and ninety-eight. "The Legends," it was called, written by an Englishman, Thomas Ingoldsby. After that came Grimm's "Fairy Tales," pictures for "Gulliver," for "Don Quixote;" then his great achievement in the series for "Rip Van Winkle."

Courtesy of Art et Décoration.

"FIVE O'CLOCK TEA": AN ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR RACKHAM FOR "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

Courtesy of Art et Décoration.

"THE ELVES AT WAR WITH THE BATS": AN ILLUSTRATION FOR "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.

Courtesy of Art et Décoration.

"THE BLOOD BURNED LIKE A FIRE": AN ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR RACKHAM FOR WAGNER'S "NIBELUNGEN LIED."

Courtesy of Art et Décoration.

"THE GOD WOTAN": AN ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR RACKHAM FOR WAGNER'S "NIBELUNGEN LIED."

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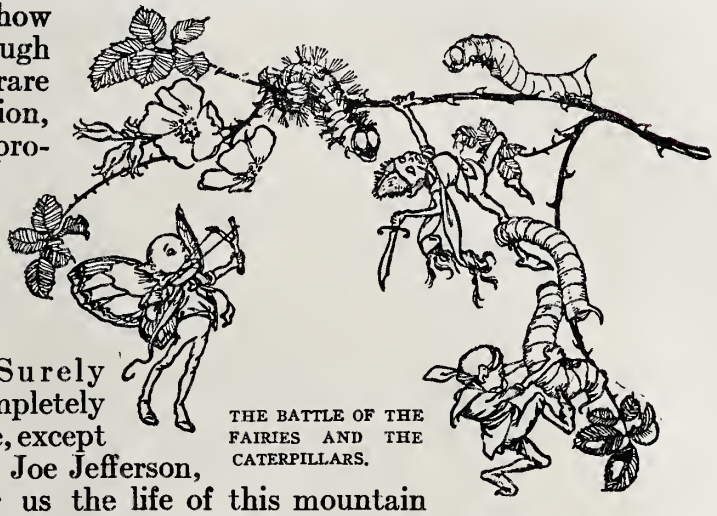
ARTHUR RACKHAM AND HIS FAIRY FOLK



THE BATTLE OF THE FAIRIES AND THE CATERPILLARS.

It is strange how a man, even through the power of his rare poetical imagination, could become so profoundly intimate with the spirit with which Washington Irving has saturated his legendary stories of the Catskill Mountains. Surely no one has so completely realized his impulse, except possibly gentle old Joe Jefferson, who lived over for us the life of this mountain recess many times through his beautiful art. Rackham's pictures seem the very story itself,—the gnomes, and poor old *Rip*, who becomes intoxicated on the juniper gin, his return to the village, interested, young, cheerful, with all of his own generation having passed him by. There is a humor in the types of people Rackham presents in these drawings; there is a true understanding of the hidden world of mysterious people, and there is an exquisite sympathy and appreciation of the old village folk, of *Peter Vanderdonk*, of *Rip's* wife, his daughter and the little grandson.

After this, came "Alice in Wonderland," and anyone who has read "Alice" and loved her in childhood and followed her through the mirror and known her friends, can live this story over again in Rackham's illustrations. For he has seen the adventures of Alice just as *you* saw them, with wonder and delight, and a little fear and a great desire to be admitted without self-consciousness into their marvelous company. And with all his fantastic charm and his grave and gay technique, Rackham never loses for a moment what we are accustomed to call a sense of beauty, in the rather old-fashioned sense. His harmonies of tone are exquisite, and although all in a light key, there is a vividness and a richness that few artists of any time have excelled. Later Rackham of course turned his attention to "Peter Pan." Who but this master of the fantastic could do justice to Barrie's wonderful story of the snatching away of the little child at night, out into the fairy garden of Kensington? All that Cecilia Loftus put into her playing of this flower of childhood fantasy, Rackham has equaled in his drawings for Mr. Barrie's book.

At home with American legends and English fairyland, Mr. Rack-

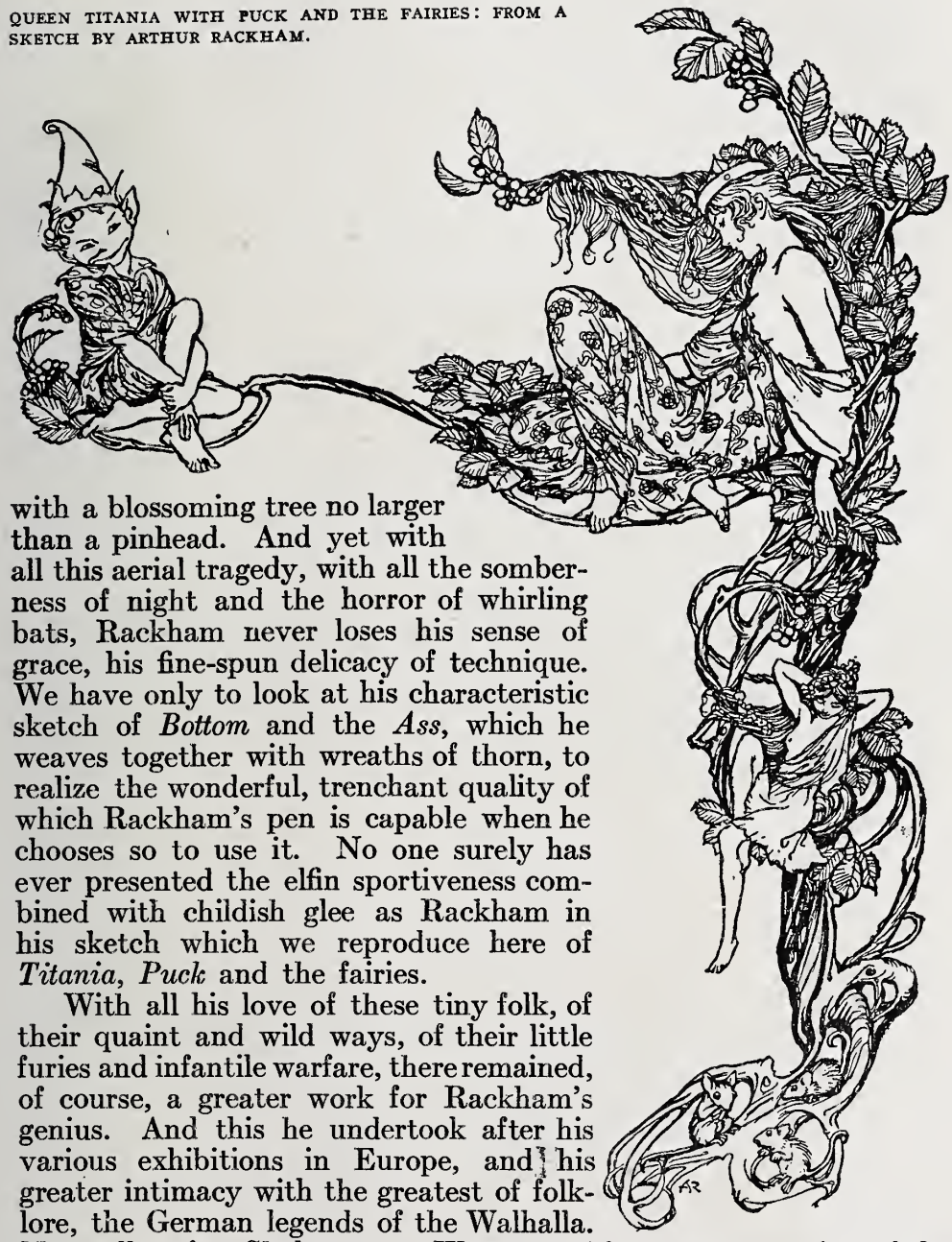
A QUEEN OF FAIRIES FLYING OVER HER ROSE GARDEN.

ham is equally *en rapport* with the German folk tale, "Undine." He feels about this marvelous Spirit of the Danube as only, prior to his time, the Germans with all their love of fairyland have felt. The magic quality of his imagination is truly universal, and whatever has stirred the poetic soul of any time or people sifts through his own translucent mind with all the joy known to the folk for whom it was born in that kind old land of folk-lore.

A FRIGHTENED BABY FAIRY.

We are showing among our illustrations an enchanting "Alice in Wonderland" picture, "Five-o'clock Tea with the Hare and the Hatter," also one of the most interesting of the illustrations for "Midsummer Night's Dream," the battle in the sky of the elfish children with the gruesome bats. What terror and mystery and strangeness he has put into this picture which is drawn so high up in the air. One only realizes its distance from earth by looking in the lower corner of the picture, to find there a tiny thatched home

QUEEN TITANIA WITH PUCK AND THE FAIRIES: FROM A SKETCH BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.



with a blossoming tree no larger than a pinhead. And yet with all this aerial tragedy, with all the somberness of night and the horror of whirling bats, Rackham never loses his sense of grace, his fine-spun delicacy of technique. We have only to look at his characteristic sketch of *Bottom* and the *Ass*, which he weaves together with wreaths of thorn, to realize the wonderful, trenchant quality of which Rackham's pen is capable when he chooses so to use it. No one surely has ever presented the elfin sportiveness combined with childish glee as Rackham in his sketch which we reproduce here of *Titania*, *Puck* and the fairies.

With all his love of these tiny folk, of their quaint and wild ways, of their little furies and infantile warfare, there remained, of course, a greater work for Rackham's genius. And this he undertook after his various exhibitions in Europe, and his greater intimacy with the greatest of folklore, the German legends of the Walhalla. Naturally, after Shakespeare, Wagner. After a presentation of the greatest literary mind of England, Rackham turns his attention to the greatest musical mind of Germany, that vast musical storehouse. And

again we feel, as we did about "Peter Pan" and "Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Alice," that no one indeed but Rackham could ever give us in picture the mighty gods we know so well in musical measure. We are reproducing here two of the designs for the "Ring of the Nibelungen," both originally done in water color, with marvelous shadows and sunsets and whirling clouds and wind torrents. We regret that it is not possible for us to present the entire series of the "Ring" pictures, for whether Rackham is drawing the great giants *Fafner* and *Fasolt* with their brutal, shaggy bodies or whether he shows you *Wotan* plunging through the sky to wreak his vengeance upon the unexpectedly tender-hearted *Brunhilde*, or whether *Siegfried* has tasted the blood of the slain dragon and listens to the spirit of the woods through the songs of the birds, or whether *Brunhilde*, majestic yet tender, lies sleeping under the lance of *Wotan*, or whether *Loge* dances in fire circles or *Mime* forges the sword for *Siegfried*, or the *Rhine Maidens* float through the transparent water with their wonderful bodies and wild hair curving out to *Siegfried's* heart, these drawings of Rackham are one and all the spirit incarnate of the "Nibelungen Lied."

And here one realizes, as perhaps the thoughtless may not in seeing Rackham's lighter work, the splendid strength of his imagination. How straight and true his vision is into that part of the soul of every nation which holds the folk-lore, the fairy tales, the songs of the minstrels, the gods of the old faith,—the storehouse of romance, of spirituality, of joy for the art of the world.

LIFE

"THE lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne"
The tools so crude, the Master-hand so stern.
The price so great, the gain so nearly naught—
The efforts vain, or knowledge dearly bought.
A broken tool—and naught wherewith to mend.
A struggle brief, and then we reach—the End.

—Paul Lorrilliere.

A VISIT TO CRAFTSMAN FARMS: THE IMPRESSION IT MADE AND THE RESULT: THE GUSTAV STICKLEY SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP: BY RAYMOND RIORDON

I THOUGHT I knew Craftsman Farms pretty well before I made my first trip out to New Jersey to visit it; but the full force of its individuality, its intimate relation to the man who had dreamed, planned and developed it, I could not begin to realize until I drove up the long avenue through the deep woods, out onto the hillside, and saw the countless acres of woodland, orchards connecting the woodland with the gardens, the gardens curving down to encircle the cottages, and the Log House resting back on the curve of the hillside embowered in trees.

As I stood there facing the man whose imagination, courage and sincerity had produced—single-handed, in effect—this homestead, I realized that my early impression of Craftsman Farms had fallen far short of the truth. My first ideal might have been a more conventional and complete one, but it had lacked the strength, the individuality, the serene beauty which pervaded the stretch of land and the buildings embraced under the name Craftsman Farms. Here, with the process of development going on, with the massive stone foundation of the horse-stable before my eyes, with the busy workmen constructing roads back to the hills, with new touches of beauty being added to the place—not in matters of decoration but in the making of the right paths, essential stone walls, necessary beds of flowers for joy's sake—all these things made me realize what I never had before: the vital splendid happiness that the man must have who creates his own home out of his own heart.

For a day Gustav Stickley and I walked over this wide estate of his on the pleasant high New Jersey hills. We talked over the home problem, the building problem, but first and foremost the school problem. For naturally my interest, being so bound up in the Interlaken School, centers on the question of the right education for boys, and the longer Mr. Stickley lives and works on his own farmland, the more assured he is that some at least of its advantages he wants to share with the younger generation. He wants boys to grow up with the chance to labor, think and see life as he did in his youth. He wants them to have the advantage of hard work, good health, happiness born of Nature's sympathetic moods, the vigorous, wholesome joy that only the country boy with strength and right opportunity can ever feel.

We agreed that the American boy had the smallest chance for

a straight cut to sturdy, useful manhood of the boys of any nation in the world. Our parents hold him back from experience; our schools hold him back from the understanding of and the right to work; all our social systems hold him back from the truth about manual labor. We coddle his flesh, we weaken his spirit, we destroy his honest ambition. Gustav Stickley and I also agreed that the great chance for every boy is to grow up out of doors, to work on the farm, to build his own house, to plant his own garden, to see the sun rise, to hear all the manifold twilight summer music on his way to find wholesome sleep in the house he has helped to erect; that our boys must work *together* out of doors, learn to understand Nature and learn to love it, if we are once more to have for our social and political leaders men who can respond to the nation's call as did Washington and Lincoln.

This need of youthful coöperation to realize all of his dream at Craftsman Farms has not come to Gustav Stickley because of an empty homestead. A happy family dwells in the great Log House on the hill: five daughters and one son, and now a grandchild—all young, happy, full of the zest that life can give young people whose minds are open and hearts full. But in spite of all the joy this means to the Master of Craftsman Farms, he is not content without encompassing those youth of the world who need or desire the life that awaits them on his hillside. The longer he lives and the more intimate he becomes with the profound beauty and greatness of Nature's instruction, the more he desires that this same opportunity shall reach young American life, hoping to enrich if possible through his own experience the new generation, which in turn may extend the knowledge and happiness of natural living.

AS we were standing together in the cool of the evening in one of the woodland-bordered pastures looking down over the good land on every side, the man said to me, with all the intensity of feeling possible:

"This is my Garden of Eden. This is the realization of the dreams that I had when I worked as a lad. It is because my own dreams have come true that I want other boys to dream out their own good future here for themselves."

During the long talk which followed this magic day, Gustav Stickley told me of the plan that he had cherished from the very beginning of the development at Craftsman Farms, for a boys' school; how his work in life would seem incomplete unless this school could be made to materialize. And as he presented it to me it seemed to realize in full the title which we have used at the begin-

ning of this article, a "School for Citizenship," a place where the natural boy would have the chance to grow into the great man. With my own knowledge of the practical upbuilding of a school for boys, and with Mr. Stickley's far vision of the farm life that would produce the real citizen, a desire to coöperate came to us, and together we planned what seemed to us the school that would furnish ideal education for the American boy, a plan which we intend to put to a practical test this coming summer.

The first outline of this plan was presented in an editorial by Mr. Stickley in the October CRAFTSMAN. Much of the practical detail, however, was not gone into, not worked out in fact at the time. In the present article I am presenting a few more concrete ideas which may appeal to the parent or guardian who desires the boy in his charge to become eventually the man whom the country needs.

Usually the man who has reached the point where his income exceeds his needs, if he be a man and not merely a capitalist, at once begins to look around him in order that he may give of his plenty to others. Unintentionally this medium of bringing one's mind to a state of self-satisfaction has done much to undermine some of the basic principles of education. For out of the desire of the successful man to help the unsuccessful boy, has been created a charity germ of astounding strength and independence-wrecking proportions. It is an unfortunate thing that those to whom we give are usually the persons of all others who can give us nothing in return. Therefore our gifts in spite of every motive become plain charity; for with the gift, we offer them no chance of reward to us. A "God bless you" and a prayer is the best usually they can do. And thus we see very clearly that giving is not a philanthropy, that giving is an arrogance.

Education should train to usefulness, and a sense of usefulness will never permit of forcing our bounty, honestly or illy gained, upon others. If the public schools were built and maintained by the users, usefulness would become the common possession of the race. If our training of the young were not a mere superficial outline of a stereotyped form of academic teaching, if it were a vital training of the boy and girl for life, usefulness would be inbred in our future citizens. The great difficulty in all attempts to teach children the *real* has been the insipid methods employed. Fifty per cent. of the manual training men in the schools have no real sense of manual training; eighty per cent. couldn't frame up a house; ninety per cent. would be lost other than on the toy machines and "children" tools used in the schools. *The only way to recognize the real is to experience it.*

CRAFTSMAN FARMS SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

AT Craftsman Farms the necessary building for conducting a community school has been already erected for the home life. These buildings are of Craftsman mold and each is a unit standing for completeness—for we must have utility and beauty in all. The farm is well stocked with registered cattle, hogs, sheep, horses. Fruit orchards are at their prime; the vineyard is ready; the poultry numerous. Mr. Stickley has decided to use the large estate and its buildings for the development of this school which shall become as a community.

Communities have over and over again been proved failures because false foundations have inspired them. Religion has been the keynote, or commercialism, and with both these elements, jealousy plays too big a part to make success possible. It is not the walled-in, limited community that leads men to virile lives. At the Farms a rational community spirit will be engendered and the boys will carry far and wide this spirit when they leave the work to go out into life. What is a community spirit? The recognizing that this big world is inhabited by many mortals and that in order that each may have his share of the burden of life—which is the joy of life—to bear, each must do his part. And there is not full recognition of this fact unless each allows for the surety that many will be unable to comprehend the need of doing their part, thus those who do know must double their energies to make up for the laggard, until we do as the bees do—exterminate the drone, though not by destroying, but by training, forming, creating the community sense. The community spirit puts in one's soul the doing of what is right because fairness, reason and justice say this should be so. And the man, woman or child with the community spirit knows that the soul lies not only in the heart but in the stomach and the face.

Boys who live the allotted time at the Farms will be prepared when they leave to work in any executive position, will be capable fruit-growers, good farmers, will know cattle, poultry, vegetables. These boys will be thoroughly trained in the academic studies necessary for the proper conducting of a business. The school will not prepare for the university. A boy at sixteen given the proper training should be able to earn his living from then on, or he never will earn his living as he should. The boy whose schooling is provided without effort on his part after sixteen or seventeen, is but spending time and money in becoming a parasite. It is unmoral to give to a boy after the age he should do for himself.

Boys will be received at the school after June fifteenth, nineteen hundred and thirteen. But fifty will be accommodated the first year. These boys will be nine years old and over. They will live

THE LOG HOUSE AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS, SHOWING THE BEGINNING OF THE PLANTING OF THE GARDEN AND THE BUILDING OF THE WALLS.

A DETAIL VIEW OF THE ROUGH STONE STEPS FOR THE GARDEN WALL: THE STONE PILLARS ARE BUILT HOLLOW SO THAT LATER ON THEY MAY BE FILLED WITH EARTH AND PLANTED WITH FLOWERS AND VINES.

SIDE VIEW OF MR. STICKLEY'S HOME AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS, GIVING AN INTERESTING GLIMPSE OF THE CHIMNEYS AND THE CASEMENT WINDOWS.

THE COW STABLE AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS, BUILT OF FIELD STONE: THE GROUNDS AROUND THIS STABLE ARE GRADED AND PLANNED, BUT AS YET UNPLANTED.

THE HORSE STABLE AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION: THE PLACING OF THIS STABLE IS ESPECIALLY INTERESTING ON THE SIDE HILL AGAINST THE WOODLAND BACKGROUND.

TWO SHINGLE COTTAGES AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS: THE ONE IN FULL VIEW IS NOW OCCUPIED BY MR. STICKLEY'S OLDEST DAUGHTER, MRS. BEN. WILES, AND THE SHELTERED RECESSED PORCH IS THE SUMMER AND AUTUMN NURSERY.

BACK VIEW OF THE TWO CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES, SHOWING THEIR PLACING ON THE HILLSIDE: JUST ACROSS THE ROAD IS THE FAMILY HOME SHOWN IN THE FIRST PICTURES.

A PART OF THE HERD OF THOROUGHBRED HOLSTEIN COWS, GRAZING ON THE HILLSIDE OF CRAFTSMAN FARMS.

THE COW STABLE WHICH MR. STICKLEY DESIGNED AND BUILT: IT IS FINISHED ON THE INSIDE WITH MANY INNOVATIONS FOR THE HEALTH AND COMFORT OF THE ANIMALS.

THOROUGHBRED HOLSTEIN HEIFER, "WOODCREST RACHEL," THREE YEARS OLD: HER YEARLY RECORD AS TWO-YEAR-OLD WAS AN AVERAGE OF 27 QUARTS A DAY FOR 365 DAYS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE FIRST THOROUGHBRED HOLSTEIN CALF BORN ON CRAFTSMAN FARMS: IT ACHIEVED ITS DISTINGUISHED NAME FROM THE FACT THAT IT WAS BORN ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

MISS MILDRED STICKLEY, SECOND DAUGHTER OF GUSTAV STICKLEY, FEEDING HER CHICKENS AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS.

BUILDING ROADS ON ONE OF THE HILLSIDES AT CRAFTSMAN FARMS.

in Craftsman houses which they have helped to build, and each house will be a real *home* for the boys who have had the joy of helping to create it. Each house will conduct its own domestic affairs under the leadership of a woman. The entire estate will be maintained and developed, the entire proposition conducted by the boys, guided and taught, of course, by their *companions*, the teachers. The school work will *not* be in schoolrooms, but lessons will be taught in the fields, the barns, the orchard—wherever things are being done.

The product of the Farms will be marketed in the neighborhood, and each vegetable and egg, each pint of milk that reaches the consumer will bear the Farms' guarantee. This will be no play school where paper money and make-believe will enter—these children will be business men, producers. We see no reason why a large sum cannot be earned each year by the school, for we believe that a better product, less waste, more originality will be forthcoming from this group of boys learning to do, than if the same enterprise were handled by so-called "skilled" labor.

The charge for tuition, board, laundry, clothing, lodging for the first year of twelve months will be one thousand dollars. At Christmas time, if desired, or during July, if desired, the boys can be away for two or three weeks; indeed throughout the year when it seems best the fellows may visit home or go elsewhere for a change. School will be, in the nature of things, *constantly in session.*

The second year the boy's tuition will be eight hundred dollars, the third year four hundred dollars, the fourth year three hundred dollars. If he plans to go out on his way after the four years, a sum proportioned to the amount of the school earnings will be placed at his disposal. After a boy has been at the school two years he will have the privilege of selecting some boy unable to pay the tuition charge, as a member of the school—this to insure democracy.

As there will be but fifty boys admitted the first year, applications should be sent at once to Craftsman Farms so that details can be gone into and plans of the boy or his parents may be considered.

Already three boys trained at Interlaken—Rolland West, Clarence Hallopeter, Harold Peterson—are at the Farms and are working with Mr. Stickley to prepare for the newcomers. We are going to miss these boys at Interlaken. They have been our right-hand men. But just now the new Farms School needs them most.

DO you know that fear of doing something without apparent remuneration has put indolence into the bodies and selfishness into the souls of the American people? Have you ever thought the power to purchase comforts, ease, praise, false scholastic

standards has demoralized the integrity of private school education? Can't you see that the unfairness of Unionism—and Unionism is the one safeguard the worker has to prevent his entire domination by capital—in prohibiting a man from doing as much work as he wishes, rather than forcing the incompetent to learn how and the indolent to do a man's share, has had its beginning in the public school and is carried into public and home life? There is nothing flexible in our school system—there is nothing flexible in any so-called system. A good system is like man's mind should be, adaptable. Do you not see that this school at Craftsman Farms will give to boys the opportunity that men seek when they start out to earn a livelihood? The assets of the business world are the tools of these children at school. The boys at this school will be busy doing, and observation has doubtless shown you that business of this character gives no thought or chance for tearing down the work of others. School spirit becomes accomplishment, not the waving of banners or splitting of vocal chords. School honors are to the successful doer or the patient plodder, not to the fast runner or the poster football player. And that does not mean that these Stickley boys will not play. Of course they will, and win, too; but they will first lend their minds to the care of the animals and not to the keeping or making of athletic records.

Have you ever thought of the men who built this country—the men whose deeds stirred us as we read of their youth and their manhood? Those fellows did chores, cut wood, milked cows, planted, curried, sowed and sang the songs of labor. They married women who worked and who, therefore, bore healthy children. Those men were known and revered as doers and as honest men. Their schooling was of the soil, they knew Nature, their work made them men. They did not need to read of great deeds and fair ladies; they *did* great deeds and that woman to them was fair who could be their mate and their home-maker. But today—how few men our schools and our universities have really given us. We have temporarily successful bankers; some pulpit orators; many shrewd lawyers; quite a large collection of politicians and contractors—but where are the men? Conventionality has bred a false pride not alone for the individual but for the Nation; prosperity has built false standards; the university and its demands have culled the life out of the lower school; teachers have disappeared and wage-gatherers taken their places; the big interests are now trying to garner the school possibilities through a sham-slogan of vocational training. Don't you really think it will be worth while to have a school for citizenship where honest boys will be nurtured into honest men?

THE GUIDES

WHERE have you been the long day through,
Little brothers of mine?
Soon the world shall belong to you,
Yours to mar or to build anew:
Have you been to learn what the world shall do,
Little brothers going home?

We have been to learn through the livelong day
Where the great looms echo and crash and sway,
The world has willed it, and we obey,
Elder brother.

What did you learn till set of sun,
Little brothers of mine?
Down where the great looms wove and spun,
You who are many where we are one
(We whose day is so nearly done),
Little brothers pacing home?

We have learned the things that the mill-folk said,
That Man is cruel and God is dead. . . . .
And how to weave with an even thread,
Elder brother.

What did you win with the thing they taught,
Little brothers of mine,
You whose sons shall have strength you brought,
Fashion their lives of the faith you bought,
Follow afar the ways you sought,
Little brothers toiling home?

Shattered body and stunted brain,
Hearts made hard with the need of gain,
These we won and must give again,
Elder brother.

How shall the world fare in your hand,
Little brothers of mine?
When you shall stand where now we stand—
Shall you lift a light in the darkened land,
Or fire its ways with a burning brand;
Little brothers stealing home?

What of the way the world shall fare?
What the world has given the world must bear. . . . .
We are tired—ah, tired—and we cannot care,
Elder brother!

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

THE LINKS OF LOVE: A STORY: BY A. R. GORING-THOMAS

JAMES STONAR, as the big clock outside the works struck eleven, stopped his machine and looked round for his coat. When he saw that it was not on its accustomed hook he laughed. "Bill Jakes," he said good humoredly, "has walked off with my coat again thinking it is his own. That jew slop goods man sold Bill and me the like of two coats, and Bill is always taking mine for his." James Stonar, a handsome, stalwart man of twenty-eight, stretched himself luxuriously and walked over to Bill Jakes' machine on the other side of the big building. "You've got my coat again," he said, cheerily.

"Have I?" said the man he addressed. "You're knocking off early, aren't you?"

"Boss wants to see me at eleven," said James Stonar.

"Getting a rise, I hear?"

"Something of that sort," said Stonar.

"How long have you been here?"

"Fourteen years."

"You're still young, Jim, you don't look more'n twenty-four, or so."

"I came here as a boy of fourteen, and twice fourteen is twenty-eight. Fourteen years is a big slice out of a workingman's life."

"Aye," answered Bill Jakes, "it's nigh upon a generation! Anyhow, you've got on. Nowadays you've got to start young to get anywhere, and you started young. Well—good luck, Jim; don't forget your poor friends when you get to the top of the tree."

James Stonar laughed and put his coat on. Glancing down at his feet he saw that one of his boot laces had come undone—if a man stumbled near one of the fly-wheels—he knelt on one knee and fastened the boot lace. There was a sudden hoarse shout a moment later, and a dreadful sense of disaster seemed miraculously to still all the activity in the huge workshop. Bill Jakes stopped his machine in twenty seconds. The belting on the huge fly-wheel had caught the back of Stonar's coat, had sucked it into the whirling vortex of the wheel, and flung him to the roof of the workshop. Stonar's right arm was torn from its socket, and the right side of his body shattered.

James Stonar did not die. After months in the infirmary a day came, a dull, gray day, when Stonar's wife took home the shattered, permanently crippled remains of the man who had once been her stalwart, handsome husband. Mrs. Stonar said little, she was a silent person. The poor woman's mind dwelt on that first joyful home-coming the day she married the man on the ambulance whom

she was helping to wheel to a different home. This home-coming was unspeakably sad, that other home-coming had been so happy. He had been her bread-winner, her protector, her husband; now she must be the bread-winner, the protectress, the nurse. For six years she had been happy, although she had grieved at not having a child.

Though Mrs. Stonar was lacking in imagination she was a woman of character. As soon as she knew that her husband would live she had faced the situation before her. She had moved from the comfortable workman's flat she and her husband had occupied for some years, and moved into a smaller apartment, and had canvassed the residential quarter of the town they lived in to get together a clientele that would give her seven days a week of washing and charring. This she had managed to accomplish during the weeks James Stonar had lain in the hospital. But it was a strange room that James Stonar was carried into that dull afternoon, and Mrs. Stonar saw that the change, and all that the change meant, was a sharp blow to her stricken husband. He looked at her despairingly as she settled him comfortably in a long cane lounge beside a window of the kitchen-parlor.

"Betty," he said, "this"—raising his one hand, grown bony and white in the hospital—"only this useless, damned thing between us and—God knows what!"

"Please goodness, we shall get along somehow," said Mrs. Stonar, soberly, "I've got as much as I can do—seven full days a week of charring and washing. What worries me nigh daft is having to leave you here all day alone."

WITHIN the four walls of the kitchen-parlor James Stonar began a horrible imprisonment. He suffered agonies of mind and body; in damp weather the shattered leg was torturing, and he realized that his lost arm had not only been torn from his body but had also been dragged from his brain: the ghostly pain of the one and actual horrible loss became commingled and tormented him hideously. The condition of his mind was pitiable. He, James Stonar, had lived a man amongst men; doing a man's part according to his lights. This is not an unquestioning, believing age but he had expressed his belief in Something by dealing squarely with his fellow men, by paying his just debts, and telling the truth. He had no vices, he did not drink, nor had he gone the way ninety per cent. of the men in the works went: neither before, nor since his marriage had he flaunted about with women. He had not taken life carelessly, or been indifferent to the consequences of the things he did. Yet here, at twenty-eight he was an ugly, useless lump, condemned to lie on his

back, or at best to crawl about between four walls; for as long as he lived condemned to be a burden on a woman's back.

It was clear to Mrs. Stonar at the end of the first week that her husband was not as well as when he left the infirmary. He seldom spoke, he hardly slept. The food she put beside him when she left in the morning, she would find untouched when she returned at night.

"He must be roused," said the doctor she consulted. "In fact, he ought not to be left alone. If he goes on like this he will die."

Mrs. Stonar sighed. "He can't bear to see the neighbors' wives," she said, "he never was one for women's chatter anyway, and their men are at work all day."

"It's sheer cruelty to leave him alone all day in the condition he is in. Is there no one you can get to sit with him?"

"No, sir."

The doctor thought. "I suppose," he said, "you must go out working?"

"What I earn is all we've got, sir."

"Does your husband like children?"

"Stonar's got a rare love for little ones," said Mrs. Stonar.

"Well," said the doctor, "they are boarding out orphans in families now; I'll get you one. They pay a few shillings a month for the child's keep, and that will be a help to you. Try it."

A VERY small boy, blue eyed, and rosy cheeked, looked shyly at the man stretched out on the cane lounge. The man had only one arm, and the small boy became immediately absorbed in the empty sleeve of the man's coat. They looked at each other, the man and the boy, for a long time in silence. Then the man said, "What's your name, little one?"

"Jack."

"Jack what?"

"Nothing else, only Jack."

"Where's your father and mother."

The small boy shook his head, "Gone," he answered, "runned away."

Then there followed another silence during which man and boy took stock of each other again. James Stonar broke the silence: "Your pinafore is undone behind," he said, "come here and I'll do it up for you."

The small boy came obediently up and stood with his back turned to Stonar. The maimed man fumbled at the button with his one hand. He was interrupted by a peal of childish laughter, gay, irresistible laughter: "You're tickling me," shrilled the small boy, and laughed

again and again ecstatically. Tears filled James Stonar's eyes—he had never heard anything so gay and sweet as that child's laughter. The troublesome button was at length fastened; the simple operation seemed to give both man and boy confidence.

"Does it hurt?" said the child mysteriously.

"Sometimes," said James Stonar.

The small boy looked at Stonar with anxious sympathy. "Is it hurting now?" he asked.

"Not much."

The boy was obviously troubled by Stonar's reply; he crept slowly to the back of the cane lounge and asked, in a voice trembling with nervous reluctance, "Shall I sing you my song?"

"Yes, do," said Stonar.

"Jumbo said to Alice," piped the quavering little voice, "I love you.

Alice said to Jumbo—I don't believe you do.
For if you truly loved me, as you say you do,
You wouldn't go to Yankee land and leave me in the Zoo."

Stonar had not heard the foolish little jingle for over twenty years, as many years ago he had sung himself. They struck many strange chords, the foolish little jingle and the piping childish voice. Stonar drew the child tenderly from behind the cane lounge.

"Little man," he said, "who are you?"

"I'm Jack," said the child, "and I'm to be your little boy. Does it hurt now?" Without waiting for a reply the boy continued, "When I'm big and go to work I'll buy you a new arm." Stonar drew the child to him and kissed his rosy cheek.

Jack roused Stonar's mind unconsciously; after he had been in the Stonar's care some days it occurred to James Stonar that the child should be taught his alphabet.

"That is A," said Stonar, "A for apron."

"What's A?" said Jack.

"Two strokes meeting at the top, and one across the middle, that's A," explained Stonar.

"Why is A for apron?"

"Because A is the first letter in the word apron."

"Why is A a letter?"

"Because," said Stonar, dubiously, "it has got to be something, so it is a letter."

"What's a letter?"

"Things you make words of. The next letter is B: B for boy."

"B for boy," repeated Jack, "I'm a boy?"

"Yes."

"You're a boy, too?"

Stonar laughed. "Yes," he said, "an old sort of boy."

"Do you like boys better than girls?"

"I don't know," said Stonar smiling.

"But you do like me better than girls?" There was wistful entreaty in the childish voice.

James Stonar laughed. "Of course I do," he answered.

Jack stretched his arms as far round James Stonar's body as the small arms would go: "I love you that much, and that much, and that much," he said and kissed a waistcoat button within reach of his mouth at each repetition of the words.

Stonar fondled the little head. "Well," he said, "let us go on with the alphabet?"

"What's alphabet?" said Jack.

"Letters make the alphabet."

"Why do letters make the alphabet?"

James Stonar was again nearing the resources of his exact knowledge. He stopped to think. "You see that tree out of the window?" he asked. "That's just tree, isn't it? When you cut that tree down it is wood; then out of that wood, which was once tree, you make tables and chairs; clothes-horses and window-sashes"—"and doors and cupboards," added Jack.

"Yes. And clothes pegs and broom handles, and all manner of things. That is exactly how you make letters into words, words into sentences, and sentences into stories."

"Will you tell me a story?"

"When we have done the alphabet. C is the next letter: C for candle."

"B for boy, C for candle," repeated Jack.

"A, B, C, are letters," continued Stonar, "but when you put them together like this, C, A, B, they make the word cab."

"A cab with a horse?" inquired Jack.

"Yes."

"A, B, C,—cab," said Jack.

"No, the other way about," corrected Stonar, "C, A, B,—cab."

"Can you undo words and make them into letters again?"

"I think so."

"And can you undo chairs and tables, and floors and cupboards and make them into trees again?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because," said Stonar again perplexed, "we don't know how."

In this very simple fashion the links of love were again forged.

James Stonar was linked back to life by love for this child. By the time Jack had mastered the alphabet James Stonar had become his "Daddy:" he analyzed him alphabetically as "Three D's, a-Y, and an A," and defied the world at large to spell him—"any other way." He loved his Daddy unquestioningly, with the absolute sincerity of a child. There was no one in the world as wise, as learned as Jack's Daddy.

Mrs. Stonar heard with deep thankfulness the voices of her husband and the child as she ascended the stairs after a hard day's work. Her relief was silent but intense. When she entered the room she was generally greeted with a recital of Jack's doings and sayings during the day. Or she would be expected to listen to an excited story of something Daddy had done from Jack.

"Daddy pulled his gun to bits this morning and put it together again," cried Jack.

"But Daddy hasn't got a gun, my dear."

"Oh, yes, he has; he can shoot things with it."

"He means my pistol," interposed Stonar.

"He put it together again and it goes 'click-click-click' when you pull the handle. When I'm big Daddy's going to shoot a big, nasty, black fellow for me, and we're going to put him under the lamp shade."

"And how shall we light the lamp?"

"We'll all go to bed early," said Jack, thoughtfully, "and then we shan't want to light the lamps."

Stonar laughed at the child's reply, and tears came into the silent wife's eyes at the sound of it. Stonar caught the thankful look on his wife's face. "What a bright little fellow he is!" he said. Then he realized suddenly how enormously his love for the boy had brightened his life and added gravely, "Betty, if anything should happen to that child it would be the finish of me."

JACK had been with the Stonars nearly three months before Miss Jane Wobbleswick appeared. Miss Wobbleswick was forty and made the worst of it. She had an income of five hundred and fifty dollars per annum, which had been left to her by her maternal grandfather, a grocer and a church member. She lived in lodgings on her small income in pious loneliness. Her time was taken up by "church" work, and she sat on committees. Miss Wobbleswick was at her best, or her worst, at sales of work and bazars. The great joy of these occupations was that they brought Miss Wobbleswick into contact with the upper classes. Once a year, at the Orphans' Fair the Honorable Edith Burgesson shook hands with her, and hoped Miss Wobbleswick was well; and once a year she went to the Duchess of Rarfborough's garden party.

"Is this the little boy?" said Miss Wobbleswick, her voice and manner a cracked and heartless imitation of the voice and manner of the Honorable Edith Burgesson, "How are you, little boy?"

Jack hid his face against Stonar's shoulder.

"He's very well," said Stonar.

"I'm the visiting member of the boarding-out committee," continued Miss Wobbleswick; "I must report on this child. When does he go to bed?"

"Between half-past six and seven."

"And he gets up?"

"About seven."

"Children should have plenty of sleep. Do you like being here, little boy?"

"Do you want to go away from Daddy?" asked Stonar.

For answer Jack climbed onto the cane lounge, twined his arms round Stonar's neck, and for the rest of the interview whispered, "Daddy—Daddy," in Stonar's ear.

"I suppose he is happy?" said Miss Wobbleswick.

Stonar laughed. "I think he is," he said, "you've only got to love children to make them happy. I don't know what I should do without him."

"Oh!" said Miss Wobbleswick: she contrived to infuse the exclamation with a tinge of mildly indignant surprise. "How often does he have milk?"

"Twice a day."

"Where's Mrs—er—your wife?"

"She is out just now."

"Oh! And when do you expect her back?"

"Tonight."

"Oh! Is she always out till night?"

Stonar looked somberly down at his armless sleeve and shattered leg. "Yes," he said, "she is out most days working. I'm not much good to anybody but Jack."

"I remember your case," said Miss Wobbleswick hastily, "very sad, very sad. I think the boy looks white and delicate. Who looks after him?"

"I do," answered Stonar, rather shortly.

"Oh! But you can't take him out, and the child should spend hours in the fresh air every day. Have you any children of your own?"

"No," said Stonar, resentfully. Miss Wobbleswick always provoked resentment.

"Oh!" said Miss Wobbleswick again. Then she gathered herself

together, said "Good morning," very frigidly, and took herself off.

A week later Mrs. Stonar, after Jack had been put to bed, put a large cardboard box on the kitchen table and began to pack Jack's small belongings. Stonar looked up in surprise. "What are you doing, Betty?" he asked.

"Jack is going away," she said quietly.

"What do you mean?" asked Stonar.

"The committee are taking him away from us."

Stonar's face blanched. "What for?" he asked.

"Because they think I ought to look after him myself; they say you can't. They want the child to be in a family where there's other children, where the mother can look after him properly."

"Yes," said Stonar, almost stolidly, "when is he to go?"

"Tomorrow, Miss Wobbleswick is to fetch him at eleven o'clock."

Mrs. Stonar glanced at her husband's face; it looked ghastly.

"I've done all I could this week back," she said, "I've seen the doctor and all of the committee. The doctor went, too, he told the committee all the child is to us, to you and me. The committee said they could only consider the good of the child, it wasn't their place to consider anybody else. Then I offered to take the child for nothing, to do for the boy as if Jack was our own."

"And?"said Stonar, eagerly.

"They wouldn't hear of it."

"Betty, you're a good woman," said Stonar.

The old, haggard misery was back in her husband's face; to see it there again smote Mrs. Stonar hard. She walked over to the cane lounge and put her hand on her husband's sound shoulder, "Don't take it so hard, Jim," she said quietly, "we'll get another little lad and maybe have better——"

"No—no," interrupted Stonar, fiercely,"I couldn't take to any other child as I've taken to little Jack."

When Miss Wobbleswick arrived the next morning she found Jack playing with the pistol that, a minute or so before, James Stonar had turned on himself rather than sever again the links of love.

THE QUALITY OF FITNESS IN ARCHITECTURE AND FURNISHINGS: BY C. F. A. VOYSEY

LL art is the manifestation of thought and feeling, the artistic quality of any object being that in it which stimulates thought and feeling. There must therefore always be varying degrees of art, from good to bad. According to our moral perceptions, we may arouse painful thoughts and feelings, or pleasant ones. The nobler ideas and emotions manifest the highest arts, quite apart from technical excellence. Every soul that breathes would like, if he could, to arouse in the minds and hearts of others the best impulses and acts. "Our friends are people who see the good in us and who believe in that good."

Many will ask, What have such theories to do with architecture? We believe them to be the essential basis of all the arts.

An architect may encourage greed or generosity in his client. He can suggest many vices, like deception and pretentious vulgarity, or fan into flame better thoughts and feelings, helping the struggle for good work, honest construction, simple dignity and harmony, repose and reticence. The architect may regard himself as a paid hireling whose first duty is to give his client what he thinks the client wants, never allowing his own conscience to interfere; saying, like a shopman, that he must meet all tastes; or he may tactfully encourage his client to have his needs supplied on given principles of strict integrity, and arouse in him enthusiasm for honest construction and frank admission of his true status and limitations. He can remind him of reverence which leads to respect for nature and all natural conditions, so blending his building harmoniously with nature, and making it as good as it looks, and not fraudulently in imitation of something better and more magnificent than his means can allow. Better frank simplicity than sham elaboration and pretentiousness.

Fitness is a divine law, and by fitness we mean not only *material suitability, but moral fitness*—that which expresses our best thoughts and feelings and our purest moral sense. We must recoil from all forms of dishonesty. If a client is greedy and wants too much accommodation for his money, we must refuse to supply it, if it necessitates shoddy building or weak and faulty construction. We must start with the determination to build as well as we can; then will follow such qualities as simplicity and repose, which, if truly loved and sought after, will affect our architecture not only in general design and planning, but in every detail. The proportions of our rooms will suggest repose if we are really striving for it as we design our building, and a peaceful homely effect will be produced by these qualities that will appeal to all in greater or less degree. The desire

C. F. A. Voysey, Architect.

THE "NEW PASTURE HOUSE,"
NORTH LUFFENHAM, ENGLAND.

C. F. A. Voysey, Architect.

STREET VIEW OF THE "NEW PASTURE HOUSE," AT NORTH LUFFENHAM.

"MOON CRAG": WINDERMERE, ENGLAND.

"THE ORCHARD," CHORLEYWOOD, HERTFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND: BUILT FOR AND BELONGING TO C. F. A. VOYSEY.

C. F. A. Voysey, Architect.

THE HALLWAY IN "MOUNT HOLLY," KNOBBY GREEN, BEACONSFIELD, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, ENGLAND.

VIEW OF TWO FIREPLACES IN "MOUNT HOLLY": THE "FRAME" OF THE FIREPLACE AT THE LEFT IS UNIQUE.

for fitness, will lead us to evolve our elevations out of our plans and requirements, never making our plans to fit a preconceived elevation. To squeeze the requirements of a mansion into the semblance of a Grecian temple must involve the violation of fitness and the expression of false sentiment. We are not Greeks, nor have we a Grecian climate, or Grecian materials and conditions. Moreover, an attentive study of local material and conditions will greatly aid us in securing harmony and rhythm, making our building look as if it grew where it stood in loving coöperation with its immediate surroundings.

THE knowledge of foreign architecture has done much to destroy the full and complete harmony in modern work which is the characteristic feature of all the finest buildings throughout the world. The more we study the conditions under which we build, the better. Not only climate and local material, but sometimes foreign materials, which, owing to facility of transit, are found to be more fit than local materials. And, above all, the character of our client and his best tastes and aspirations, remembering always, that it is not ourselves that we have to express, but moral qualities,—honesty, thoroughness, fitness and grace, refinement and harmony.

Our chief trouble is in combating the greedy who, wanting things to look better than they are, ask us to strive for *an effect* of richness without themselves incurring the cost of real richness. We need all our tact to preserve our integrity with such people. But it can be done, and must be done.

A frank use of common material well proportioned and fitly used, will often give a charming effect by reason of its frankness. You see at a glance what it is, and feel taken into the architect's confidence; whereas the covering up of construction with cheap elaboration, or material made to imitate something more costly, only makes you feel you have been cheated.

Again, a careful study of our climate makes us emphasize our roofs to suggest protection from weather. Large, massive chimneys imply stability and repose. Long, low buildings also create a feeling of restfulness and spaciousness. Small windows in proportion to wall space suggest protection. Bright, sunny rooms can still be secured by keeping the ceilings near the windows for reflection. It is foolish to make windows so large that until they have been half-covered with curtains you cannot live in the rooms. Besides, excess in curtaining is wasteful of money and labor, which is also contrary to fitness.

Many elaborations in modern architecture are useless and also

wasteful of money and labor, adding to the expense of upkeep and often causing dirt and damp, which are injurious and destructive. Moreover, all ornament is pernicious unless it inspires good thought and feeling in others.

A *NATION produces the architecture it deserves*, and if in the main it is materialistic and sordid, we shall find all material qualities considered first and the moral and spiritual ones scarcely at all. Greed will crush out generosity and shams will smother poetry and sentiment. Men will prefer the imitation grandiose to simplicity and dignity. Things will not be what they seem. Bodily comfort and luxurious enjoyment will be valued above grace and refinement. Indeed, the modern materialist will not admit there can be any moral qualities suggested or conveyed by architecture. He sees no harm in jointing his stucco to imitate stone construction. So it is we see what we look for.

We must look for noble moral qualities in our fellow creatures, if we desire to find beauty. At present the world does not *seek* beauty, but expects to be given it for nothing—thrown in with a pound of tea. But nothing can be had for nothing in this life; and we must be prepared to pay—that is, make some sacrifice—for beauty, the sacrifice at least of devoted thought and loving endeavor. If your client does not understand this, it is your duty to inspire it in him, which you may often do by appealing to his judgment and sense of fitness. If the kitchen range is covered with polished iron moldings to make it look heavier than it is, he may be induced to dispense with the fraudulent parts on the plea that they waste the kitchen maid's time and labor. Then the simple range that is as heavy as it looks, and unpretentious, will have a chance, and produce the effect of breadth, goodness and strength without waste. Let breadth, goodness and strength be the keynote throughout your building, and then no one will feel cheated.

Generosity is a quality that affects our sense of proportion and improves our construction vastly. An ungenerous client will induce weakness in construction. The hidden parts will be reduced to their smallest dimensions, and servants' quarters will lack the comfort due them. And when all is done, the pride of architect, builder and workmen is gone, and anxious fear of being found out takes its place.

Generosity is a quality the poorest of us may possess; indeed, it is mostly found among the poor. If a man cannot afford to have everything as good as it looks, he had better go without. Shams are poisons and degrading.

On going over a house, you feel cheated if you find polished hard-

wood and marble freely used in the reception rooms, while bedrooms and offices are in painted deal, cheap and tawdry. The same degree of durability may be used without any sacrifice of fitness, just as you may have fine finish and smoothness in a jewel case, while strength and durability, equally valuable, belong to the traveling chest.

Let no one suppose beauty can be wed to greed or vanity. If we want our houses to show how prosperous we are, don't think you can have architecture worthy of the name.

A LAW-ABIDING people, not impatient of discipline (like the well-trained soldier accustomed to obey) will produce an architecture conspicuous for its tidiness, repose and reticence, having the strength and vigor of the well controlled. But the lawless, slack and slovenly people, who are absorbed by the love of gain and pleasure, will produce the architecture we see all around us, which for the most part is restless and "rotten." Our attention is too much riveted on material things. Market values obscure the view of those qualities which go to purify and strengthen character. We do not object to ugliness, if it does not affect bodily comfort; whereas we ought to be waging eternal warfare against all forms of ugliness; mainly by keeping up a flaming love and desire for beauty. We must love all beauty—beauty of character, beauty of sound, sight, smell, touch and taste—with a passionate desire that is ever ready to make sacrifices for attainment. This burning love of the beautiful is really at the bottom of all true progress. It is something outside ourselves that lures us on in the improvement of character; so the more we can have in our architecture the better.

It is a common fault to regard beauty as a form of pleasure only, forgetting its influence on character and disposition. A peaceful, homely room, free from draughts, yet well ventilated and warm, with nothing in it that does not fulfil some useful purpose, and plenty of comfortable seats and places for work, with a big, hospitable-looking fire, high up above the hearth suggesting dignity and importance, will make you feel on entering that you can rest and be at peace with the world. So different is the usual confused motley of museum articles, in your way at every turn, and calling on your notice, worrying your sensations of color, form and texture, all at war with one another for supremacy, and the fire cringing on the floor and looking dejected and lost in the motley of glittering bright metal tiles, marbles and wood, all detracting from the natural brilliancy and vivacity of the burning embers. Such a room fills you with restless uncertainty and bewilderment. Few rooms are not overcrowded, as if the owner were seeking to impress you with a

sense of his own importance and the multitude of his possessions. Richness of effect, he may call it, but it is only the richness of gluttony and confusion. True richness can only be attained through simplicity and fitness. Have what you own in the best material and workmanship of their several kinds, and true richness will be the effect. But no richness of effect will atone for draughty, damp or cold rooms; construction must be sound in theory and practice, if it is to be fit, and it must be fit if we would have it beautiful. We must arrive at beauty through fitness, and by no other road.

We are too often afraid to be ourselves, imitating the more wealthy. Many a poor man's house would be more comfortable and better built if he would dare to live in fewer rooms. But the artisan must have his drawing room and wax flowers, even if only required for funerals. If he lives in his kitchen, he must hide the fact. And in every class you find some people trying in vain to appear better off than they are, just as our architectural details strive to look better than they are: woodwork painted to look like marble, or grained to imitate oak. Deception everywhere! Surely the first condition of true art must be truth in every part. Our moral sense being given to us to help us in the pursuit of beauty as a means to improve character.

One word must be added on color. Be not afraid of bright color; it is a powerful aid to cheerfulness. Avoid crude mixtures of many colors, for cheerfulness and harmony can be secured with a few. The desire to suggest cheerfulness will help us to avoid large masses of brown, and all indefinite tints suggestive of decomposition. Rejoice not only in the colors of living nature, but above all in the proportions of her color schemes.

PASSAGE

HOW soon green April goes,
And the red rose,
And the perfect days . . . .
Only pale Grief delays.

Ah! suddenly Youth flies,
And beauty dies,
And it rains, it rains . . . .
But Love remains.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

HOME-BUILDING FROM AN INDIVIDUAL, PRACTICAL STANDPOINT: BY GUSTAV STICKLEY

ECENTLY a man who was interested in home-building problems put to me the following question: "How is a layman going to know when he has a satisfactory house from an architectural standpoint?" This is the sort of query that makes one stop and think, and as a builder I naturally feel that the line of argument which it opens up is one of deep importance, for it entails the consideration of not merely the art of building but life itself. The significance of the question lies in the fact that it contains more than the curiosity of a single individual; it reflects the bewildered attitude of many home-builders today. As the gentleman just quoted pointed out, when professional architects themselves disagree as to what is "good architecture" and what is "bad," how shall the average person decide?

In a discussion of this nature the best plan is to go back to first principles and define our terms. We find, then, that the word "architecture" is, roughly speaking, a label applied to buildings *after* they are erected, usually for purposes of historical identification. When the Englishmen of Queen Elizabeth's time built their dwellings they were not consciously creating a new style of architecture; they were simply *building houses*. It was only in later years, when historians, antiquarians and builders wanted to classify the work of that day, that they gave it the name "Elizabethan." The same is true of our Colonial period and all the other styles of various nations and ages.

In considering the building problems of today we are apt to overlook these simple facts. Instead of building what we need in the most natural and beautiful way, we hark back to the styles of preceding centuries, we judge by preconceived or borrowed standards and arbitrary rules based on architectural achievements in the past.

Some of our home-makers and builders, however, are beginning to break away from these traditions and build to suit their individual needs, according to the nature of the locality and circumstances. To such minds, a house is "architecturally satisfactory" when it fulfils in a direct and practical way the purpose for which it was built, and at the same time possesses pleasing proportion and design, without regard to whether or not it resembles any particular "period" or follows any special rules. Of course, the layman can determine whether a house is well designed and built only in so far as he possesses a feeling for proportion and a knowledge of structural principles.

Unfortunately it is just this knowledge and this feeling which

most of us cannot or will not take the trouble to acquire. We expect from our homes the utmost comfort, convenience and beauty that money can procure and builders and manufacturers can contrive, but it seldom occurs to us to secure these things through our own personal effort. We are constantly talking about making our homes express our individuality, and the reason so few of us accomplish this is because we do not put our individuality into them. Home-making, in fact, seems to be the branch of life from which we expect most and to which we give least.

If you ask people why they have not thought more about the vital points involved in home-building, they reply: "Why that is the architect's business! What is the use of having an architect if we are to do our own planning? Besides, we don't know about such things; we haven't the technical knowledge." And so they have to rely on other people's experience and advice to solve one of the most important and intimate problems of their lives. For after all, the building of a home is a serious matter. Most people build but once, and then it means investing the savings of a lifetime. It means, too—or at least it should mean—the embodying in concrete form of their own ideals and aspirations, their feeling about home relationships and household tasks; it means the reflection in their home of their own personality.

IN the first place, the house should *be itself*, not an imitation of other houses; free from all false pretense or affectation of a luxury it cannot attain. In fact, style is the least important thing. If the house is built strongly and carefully, of suitable materials, to meet the owner's needs, with due consideration for beauty of proportion and detail, then it will be a law unto itself; it will have created its own style. And how much more permanent and wholesome an influence will such a dwelling have upon the lives of those within, and especially upon the children whose minds retain so easily the impressions of their early surroundings. They will unconsciously learn from it independence of thought, fearlessness of expression, love of simplicity and beauty and the sincerity of a true home atmosphere.

In planning the arrangement of the house itself one should always be careful to leave free and ample spaces for the social life of the family, avoiding all unnecessary partitions which would entail extra outlay and add complexity to the housework. The living room with its fireplace should centralize the interest of the interior and sound the keynote of comfort and hospitality. The dining room and kitchen should be so arranged as to minimize the housewife's steps,

and where no maid is kept the most sensible plan is to have the kitchen large enough to allow some of the meals to be taken there. For there is no reason why this part of the house should not be as cheerful and attractive and homelike as any other, and certainly where the mother has to do all her own work both she and the family would get more real comfort by simplifying the serving of meals as much as possible. The convenient arrangement of stairway, bedrooms and bath, and the provision of ample closet and storage spaces will likewise need serious consideration. And in this connection we cannot emphasize too strongly the fact that the servant problem as well as many others of individual and national importance may be solved by the *right kind of architecture.*

As to the structure of the house, this should be as plain as possible, with no useless frills and ornaments that would rot or retain moisture. The house should be built to withstand the weather, to keep out heat and cold. The beauty of both exterior and interior should be attained through adherence to good proportions, the right relation of the width of the building to its length, and of these two to the height, and the relation of the whole to its surroundings. The length and angle of the roof lines, the placing of chimneys, doors and windows—out of the right adjustment of these things the structural beauty of the house will grow. The windows, in fact, form a feature of great importance, for they hold great decorative possibilities. Well-placed windows are a pleasant break in the monotony of a wall and add much to the charm of the rooms within. Wherever possible the windows should be grouped in twos or threes, thus emphasizing a necessary and attractive feature of the construction, avoiding useless cutting up of wall spaces, linking the interior more closely with the surrounding garden, and providing pleasant views and vistas beyond.

WHILE the living and sleeping porches will be important features of the plan, it must not be forgotten that in most of our States we require the shelter of a porch during only three or four hot months of the year, and the rest of the time we need all possible light and sunshine for the rooms inside. Therefore, in building the porches care should be taken that while they are ample enough to afford plenty of opportunity for outdoor living and sleeping, they do not cut off too much light from the interior.

The exposure of the various rooms is another point which should receive attention, those which are to be most lived in needing the best southern and eastern aspects.

All these and many other points must the prospective home-

builder consider if he would see his dreams embodied in practical form. And when it comes to the actual building of the house he must realize that if the result is to be as close as possible to his ideal, if it is to be truly *his own*, it is "up to him" to make it so. Knowing the human frailties of architects and builders, of masons and painters, carpenters and cabinetmakers, he knows that even though he may entrust his work to men with the highest personal and professional reputations and the best intentions, it is absurd to expect them to give it the same personal care and zeal, the same diligence and forethought which the owner himself would give. But then comes the natural objection, how can a man set himself up to direct and criticize work in which he has never specialized, of which he has perhaps only a general and fragmentary knowledge? It will require study, investigation, constant supervision of every detail. Well, he must make up his mind to give the time and energy which this will entail. If he cannot do it, he might almost better not build at all.

If the owner is wise, therefore, he will insist upon the specifications being drawn up in minute detail, so that when the contractors make their bids they may itemize their estimates for each separate thing. He will then know, when he looks over the bids, what each contractor proposes to charge him for the various materials and for labor, and will be able to compare the bids and investigate the reasons for different prices, deciding in favor of the contractor who promises the highest quality for the most reasonable figure.

IN all these things the owner will find himself constantly brought up against his own ignorance of practical architectural matters; he will have to familiarize himself not only with technical terms and their meanings but also with the actual processes of the work, the theories and practices of building and the various forms of construction.

He will have to decide, for instance, whether he wants to use smooth-faced brick or those of rougher texture; whether the best effect can be obtained by raked-out joints or those that are cut flush with the face of the wall. He will find that much depends upon the color and nature of the mortar used, and that if field stone is employed for part of the walls or the fireplace an artistic and unusually beautiful effect can be insured by giving personal attention to the selection of the pieces and the manner in which they are laid. He will have to familiarize himself with the different kinds of shingles and their stains if the roof and gables are to be as weatherproof and attractive as possible, while the choice and finishing of the wood for the interior trim will also need considerable supervision.

In fact, all those details which contribute so much to the success or failure of the house will need the owner's personal attention, and in familiarizing himself with the innumerable problems that crop up—commercial, practical and æsthetic—he will be incidentally acquiring an invaluable knowledge of the principles and requirements of the building art—getting, in short, his architectural education.

Nor does the work of the owner end here; in fact, this is only the beginning. For when ground is broken and the building operations are begun he must be as constantly as possible on the spot, making sure that the work is progressing with the thoroughness and care that are so indispensable to the right result.

Then when the building has reached completion its owner will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has earned his title in the fullest sense of the word. For the house will represent his own endeavors and desires; it will be the concrete embodiment of his ideal home so far as his efforts and the coöperation of architect and builder could make it.

When the building of our houses is undertaken in this spirit, then and then only may we hope to evolve an architecture that will last. Then only can we express in our homes that spirit of practical democracy which promises to be the ruling influence in our coming national life.

HOW LOS ANGELES BUILT THE GREATEST AQUEDUCT IN THE WORLD: A STORY OF INTERESTING MUNICIPAL ACTIVITY: BY OLGA BRENNECKE

NE half of the United States doesn't know what the other half is doing. This is greatly to be regretted, because either half might learn much from the experiences and performances of the other. Los Angeles affords a case in point. The city has just completed the greatest aqueduct in the world. Its construction involved a number of unique and daring engineering feats. Its cost has been enormous, but the assured returns from it more than justify the outlay.

It is, however, as an example of municipal independence and efficiency that this great undertaking is chiefly interesting. In a country which is dry nine months in the year and has but a scanty rainfall during the other three, water attains a value that cannot be appreciated by the Easterner. Its availability for irrigation increases the price of land twentyfold. Then again, where fuel is scarce it is a means of materially reducing the otherwise high cost of power by displacing steam with electrical energy. So that, in southern California hardly any price is considered too great to pay for an adequate water service.

The Franciscan friars, versed in the art of irrigation, placed the *pueblo* of Los Angeles on the banks of a river and based the boundaries of the future town upon a calculation of the area which might be watered by drawing upon the stream. In the course of time this space was occupied by ranches. These in turn were gradually absorbed by the residences and business buildings until, at length, brick and mortar entirely absorbed field and orchard.

Now, it is a curiously convenient fact that the water needed to irrigate a certain area is almost exactly the amount that will be required by the people of a city bounded by the same limits. So that, in the case of Los Angeles, the transition from rural to urban conditions took place without creating a water problem. But the respite was short-lived. The city grew at a prodigious rate, increasing its population thirtyfold in thirty years. The utmost possible draughts upon the river failed to meet the requirements of the population. Recourse to pumping afforded relief for a while, but the constantly increasing demand soon outstripped the new supply. A few years ago it was found that the drain upon the subterranean stores had resulted in markedly lowering their levels. It became necessary to look for an entirely new source of supply, and one which would be equal to the

COTTONWOOD CREEK, ONE OF THE NUMEROUS TRIBUTARIES OF THE OWENS RIVER WHICH SUPPLIES THE GREAT LOS ANGELES AQUEDUCT.

PUTTING THE CONCRETE LINING IN A SECTION OF THE LOS ANGELES TWO-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-MILE CONDUIT, THE LONGEST IN THE WORLD.

UPPER DIVISION OF THE POWER PLANT OF THE CALIFORNIA AQUEDUCT: ONE OF THE THREE GREAT PLANTS WHICH FURNISH POWER FOR THE CONSTRUCTION, ALONG WITH FIVE HUNDRED BUILDINGS, A LARGE CEMENT MILL, A TELEPHONE SYSTEM AND A SERIES OF WAGON ROADS.

VIEW OF THE MOUNTAIN SECTION WHICH HAS BEEN PIERCED IN THE JAWBONE DIVISION OF THE LOS ANGELES AQUEDUCT SYSTEM.

OVERHEAD CROSSING IN THE OWENS VALLEY FOR ONE OF THE NUMEROUS MOUNTAIN STREAMS THAT HELP TO FEED THE WATER SUPPLY FOR THE MOST PROFITABLE PUBLIC UTILITY IN THE WORLD.

future necessities of a city already making provision in all its public works for a million inhabitants.

By exercising its right of eminent domain, Los Angeles might have made available some neighboring water courses. This measure, however, would have been no more than a temporary postponement of the difficulty. But, what was of more consequence, extensive fruit lands owed their productivity to the streams in question. Rather than destroy these high-priced properties, the city decided to solve the problem once and for all by seeking water at a distance, where it could be obtained in practically unlimited quantity, and secured without injury to existent or prospective developments.

EXTENSIVE surveys were made and revealed a desirable source in the Owens Valley, lying at an elevation of nearly four thousand feet, on the slope of the Sierra Nevada. This river, fed by the melted mountain snows of summer, flows into a dead lake, more than one hundred square miles in area, from which the annual evaporation is equivalent to seven feet of depth. By intercepting the stream above the lake and diverting it to reservoirs, a vast amount of water, which would otherwise have been wasted, was conserved and turned to beneficial account.

From the point of view of supply this source was satisfactory, but it could only be reached by crossing two hundred miles of lifeless desert and penetrating to the heart of rugged and forbidding mountains, involving the most difficult engineering work. The project would cost twenty-four million dollars, a sum which the city could secure only by straining its bonding resources to the utmost. Despite these deterring conditions, the people of Los Angeles voted nine to one in favor of undertaking the great work. The ground for their confidence is given in the following story that is well worth recital.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, the city of Los Angeles granted a thirty years' franchise to a water company. In eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, the water system of Los Angeles was about as bad as the worst in the country. Some parts of the city had no water and could not get any. The rate was high, the plant in poor condition, and the company losing money.

In nineteen hundred, the municipality secured the corporation's property at a purchase price of two million dollars. At that time the *per capita* consumption was three hundred gallons daily. A meter system was installed, with the result of diminishing the consumption by half. As this reduction has been accompanied by a decrease of sixty per cent. in the rate, it is safe to assume that measurement of his supply has not induced the consumer to stint himself in the proper use

of the water, and that the curtailment of output represents saving from waste.

San Francisco charges twenty-four cents per thousand gallons for water; Alameda, thirty cents; Berkeley, thirty-five cents; Oakland, forty cents. In each of these instances, the water system is operated by a commercial corporation. The people of Los Angeles are getting water for less than ten cents, the lowest rate in the United States, and that from the most profitable municipal water works in the country. It has never cost the citizens one cent of taxes. It has taken care of its own sinking fund, principal and interest. It not only pays for its maintenance and operation, but also for all improvements. And its net earnings exceed six hundred thousand dollars a year.

Officials and citizens are unanimous in the opinion that this wonderful success is attributable to the splendid management of William Mulholland, Chief Engineer, under whose direction the Aqueduct was constructed, and to the fact that the Water Bureau has been kept free from politics and its employees have been subjected to civil service regulations.

THEIR experience with the municipal water system warranted the taxpayers of Los Angeles in embarking on the audacious enterprise of bringing their water from a source two hundred and fifty miles distant, which is as though New York should pipe from the Potomac at Washington, but in the latter case the physical obstructions would not be as great as those which have been overcome in carrying out the Los Angeles project.

The work was offered to contractors throughout the country. The lowest bid received was considerably higher than the estimate of the city's engineers. To them the task was entrusted, and it has been carried on for four years by day labor without any contracts. The aqueduct has been completed within the time and cost limits of the estimate, a remarkable illustration of municipal efficiency.

This experience appears to furnish a refutation of the common statement that a municipality cannot perform work as cheaply as a contractor can. The only essential advantage that the latter has is the possession of a plant, and that advantage disappears when the operation is sufficiently great to justify the purchase by the municipality of a special equipment, and the establishment of an organization on a business basis.

A competitive and bonus system has had much to do with the economy and rapidity attained in the work. Different sections of the line were inspected and a time set for the completion of each. Whenever a crew was able to accomplish its task in less than the given time

a bonus was paid to each member of it. Monthly reports of unit costs and progress in all parts of the work made public the credit, or otherwise, due to the men in charge. These rewards and records stimulated a keen rivalry among the various divisions and gangs. Men voluntarily worked overtime, and on one occasion a number of them and their foreman labored waist-deep in water in the effort to pierce a rock wall before a force that was attacking it from the other side. In the course of the operation American records for both hard and soft rock-tunneling were established. The Elizabeth Tunnel, which is five miles in length and, after the Gunnison Tunnel, the longest duct of its kind in the United States, occupied forty months of twenty-four-hour working days. It was lighted and ventilated by electricity, and the men and their supplies were transported by trolley.

AN Act of Congress was necessary to empower the municipality to purchase certain public lands and to grant it right of way through two national forest reserves. This Act provides that: "The City of Los Angeles is prohibited from ever selling or letting to any corporation or individual, except a municipality, the right for such corporation or individual to sell or sublet the water sold or given to it or him by the city." The charter of the city has been modified so as to provide against the sale of water or power to any but actual consumers, except by vote of the taxpayers. Thus has been precluded the possibility of graft or abuse in the distribution of the precious fluid.

The operation has been carried across two hundred miles of desert, and was possible only after an enormous amount of preliminary work had been done. A large cement mill, three power plants, upward of five hundred buildings, a telephone system two hundred and forty miles in length, and wagon roads of nearly the same extent, were built as auxiliaries to the main construction.

The system consists of six storage reservoirs and two hundred and fifty-five miles of conduit. The largest of the former is situated at the head of the system, seven thousand feet above sea level. Its capacity is two hundred and forty thousand acre feet, which is only about eight per cent. less than that of New York's Ashokan reservoir. This vast store will be held in reserve against a succession of years of drought, such as occur but three or four times in a century. Fifty miles below this reservoir, the main canal, with a capacity of four hundred cubic feet per second, diverts the river into the Haiwee Basin, from which a supply of two hundred and eighty-five million gallons daily may be drawn.

Much of the work is of a spectacular character. The immense cement-lined and covered conduit, sixty-five feet at bottom, carries a

volume of water equal to that of a good-sized river. The largest concrete pipe ever constructed is used in places. Canyons are crossed by steel pressure tubes, ten feet in diameter. For forty miles the line forces its way along the rugged face of the Sierra. Tunnel follows tunnel, totaling forty-three miles.

Several drops in the course of the aqueduct make feasible the generation of one hundred and twenty thousand horse-power of electrical energy without interfering with the constant delivery of four hundred second-feet of water. The sale of this power and of the surplus water will make the Los Angeles aqueduct the most profitable public utility in the world. A large demand exists and is constantly growing. The city's power consumption has been doubling yearly for some time past. It is paying two hundred and forty thousand dollars annually for lighting. In the vicinity is four times as much irrigable land as that at present supplied with water, only awaiting a supply to be put into cultivation.

RAIN AT TWILIGHT

THERE was a softness in the wind
Like sweetness of the tongue
When care is hushed and grief is kind,
And plaintive songs are sung.

The grassy valleys and the fells
Beneath the misty skies
Grew full of dreams like asphodels
In meads of paradise.

And gently as the thoughts of love
Come homing to the breast,
The swallow and the mourning dove
Each sought its sheltering nest.

Then like the finger of a friend
Soft tapping on the pane
The swift drops fell, and day had end
In mystery and rain.

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

SINGING MOTHERS: BY ANNE P. L. FIELD

THEY came to me in a dream—those singing mothers. A long, slow procession of shadowy forms, beautiful as rainbows, and as wonderful, singing a strange haunting melody full of mystery. First came troops of girl-mothers, clasping their little babes with a tenderness that was half fear and with wide, inquiring eyes filled with holy light and the consciousness of the deepest realization of life. Then came strong mothers of youth, leading happy-faced children and confident with a sense of power; buoyant with hope and radiant with promise. Last of all came silver mothers of men, leaning on their stalwart sons and though bowed with years, yet gloriously young in spirit; hallowed by memories and glowing with the victory of achievement. And I, a mother, watching these pass by and listening to their haunting music felt as never before the divine significance of motherhood, and all the hidden meanings in the word "singing."

Singing, of course, immediately suggests a musical sound, such as the clear call of the skylark who—"singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest." How delightful it is to lie in the long grass in some sunny meadow and hear the insect orchestra fiddling and humming away the hours! And then the singing of instruments in a great orchestra! The clear treble of the violin; the mellow magic of the 'cello; the sonority of the French horn, or the pellucid ripple of the harp, all the "concord of sweet sound" issuing from pipe or reed or string. But the marvel of mysteries is the singing voice. We think of all the singing voices that have charmed a listening world since the beginning of time. Voices in opera, concert or cathedral. Voices so exquisite that they seemed scarcely human, and that had the power to sway and soothe and satisfy the hearts of multitudes.

Then there are the great choruses that have swept us up to the very gates of Heaven. Who of us can hear the Hallelujah chorus at the Christmas season, and not see the unfolding of those "portals everlasting?" Some years ago I heard a chorus of ten thousand voices sing our hymn of patriotism, "My Country 'tis of Thee," and as that mighty volume of sound rose from those singing throats, it seemed as if the Declaration of Independence were actually signed and sealed in the heart of every individual in that vast assemblage. Mere excess of emotionalism perhaps you will call it. That it may be, nevertheless it is that inrush of emotion, of which music is one of the divine agents, which keeps alive the idealism of a nation. It is the irresistible urge without which no great thing is ever accomplished.

All this is music in a marvelous mood, but there is no music on earth more appealing, or more far-reaching, than the voice of a mother singing to her little ones. No audience ever listened with keener rap-

ture to any prima donna than that little group gathered in the twilight hour at a mother's knee. It is her dearest joy at that time to put into music all the sacredness of motherhood and the happiness of childhood; to teach and to charm and to tune the hearts of her children.

But musical sound is not the only interpretation of the word "singing."

"HEARD melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." There is a soundless music of the soul to which anyone, young or old, rich or poor, is heir. It is the universal music of life—the deep joy that abides in everything. It is the rhythmic pulse that beats unseen in all beauty, and that transforms ugliness into a thing of delight. In the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam there hangs Nicolas Maes' famous picture, "Old Woman Saying Grace." What do you see in it? Just a wrinkled crone, bent and worn with the stress of years, with hands clasped in prayer. But look closer and you see a transcendent beauty before which you stand in awe. It is the music in her soul—the inner singing, that floods her face with sublime melody, and makes a song of those shriveled cheeks and those sunken eyes and turns those reverent hands into a magnificat of praise. A deep joy was in that woman's spirit, a joy which no grief or care could obliterate, and which Maes, that master of interpretation, caught and made immortal.

There is soundless singing in the perfume of a rose; or the beat of a firefly's wing against the dark; or the breath of the wind over the smooth surface of a lake—all these have their song for those who understand.

The prophet Isaiah has sung "Break forth into joy; sing together ye waste places of Jerusalem," and I love to think of those "waste places" singing—blossoming into melodies of leaf and flower, for surely there can be no "waste places" in the realm of joy. Richard Le Gallienne epitomizes that joy in his beautiful "Easter Song,"—

"Arise my heart; yea, go thou forth and sing!
Join thou thy voice to all this music sweet
Of crowding leaf and busy, building wing,
And falling showers;
The murmur soft of little lives new-born,
The armies of the grass, the million feet
Of marching flowers."

And if this deep sense of joy is the mainspring of life, the music that sets in motion all the enthusiasm and the blessed activities of existence, then truly a mother's heart is the fountain from which this

spring of joy is fed. When I think of a singing mother, I think not only of a mother of the singing voice, lovely and inspiring as she may be, but I think of a still lovelier singing—the singing heart, the dream singing that has power to rule the world.

"We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams."

Can any woman who has borne a child feel anything but a rapturous wonder at the potentiality which is hers in her relationship to the future?

In these crowded times when the air is resonant with the voices of mothers too busy with society or careers to pay much attention to their children, it seems as if the dream spirit which is the natural right of motherhood is being overshadowed by the spirit of materialism. It is the mother of today in whose delicate hands is the molding of the men of tomorrow. Froebel emphasizes that responsibility in the "Education of Man." "In the foundation of every new family, the Heavenly Father, eternally working the welfare of the human race, speaks to man through the Heaven he has opened in the hearts of its founders. With the foundation of every new family there is issued to mankind and to each individual human being the call to represent humanity in pure development, to represent man in his ideal purity." Colleges and schools and the thousand and one advantages of modern life have their important place and their well-deserved influence, but it is the mother whose heart is aflame with the joy of motherhood, and a realization of its divine responsibilities, who is the primal force in the glorious development of humanity.

I ONCE knew a charwoman who was a beautiful illustration of a singing mother. She had to leave her two little children at a day nursery when she went to work, but when she called for them at night, no matter how weary and footsore she was, her face was radiant with a love and joy that brought tears to the eyes of all who saw it. "Sure, ther's nothin' like bein' a mother, is there, ma'am?" she would say—"but ther's many a mother what don't know it!" I have no fear for the future of that woman's children, for they have received an inheritance beyond rubies, and this world is a sweeter place to live in because of her and others like her. Mr. Barrie was supremely right when he said, "A man can learn more at his mother's knee than by swaggering in bad company over three continents." And Mr. Eliot Gregory touches the same truth in his essay on "Charm." "There are few men, I imagine, of my generation to whom the words 'home' and 'mother' have not a penetrating charm, who do not look back with softened heart and tender thoughts to fireside scenes of evening read-

ings and twilight talks at a mother's knee, realizing that the best in their natures owes its growth to these influences."

There are divine indications stirring everywhere that the dream-spirit is returning to the world; surely it is to literature as one of our poet-critics has recently observed, and if to literature why not to motherhood? There are signs on every side that all the dear old-fashioned ideals of the past are returning to join hands with the progressive ideals of the present, and what a combination that will be! The immense vogue of the mothers' club of which even the tiniest village now boasts, shows the earnestness with which the modern young mother is striving for the best methods and results in rearing her children. . . . . .

"But the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice."—It is that "still small voice," that inner, singing voice that is to bring about the return of the dream to motherhood and that will enable the mother of today to see with that star-eyed mother of Judea, her child "grow and wax strong in spirit, filled with wisdom and the grace of God."

THE CHARM AND USEFULNESS OF THE GARDEN SWIMMING POOL: BY CHARLES ALMA BYERS

ALTHOUGH we are gradually learning to plan our gardens for the utmost beauty and comfort, to provide for pergolas, outdoor sleeping rooms, lounging retreats, arbors and sheltered walks, gates and fountains, there is still one feature that as yet has not claimed much attention. It is the garden swimming pool. Water in a garden is always beautiful, whether it flows in a stream that flashes and murmurs over a rocky bed, or lies in a silent gleaming pool that mirrors the flowers and trees that bend above it, and thus doubles their charm. The sheen of water adds sparkle and life to any scheme of garden beauty, and often simplifies the problem of keeping the grounds fresh and green.

Naturally, a pool large enough for swimming and bathing would only be possible in the real country, or in a sparsely settled suburban community, for most home sites, especially in the East, would afford opportunity for nothing much larger than a bird bath. But for a garden that is extensive enough to provide the necessary seclusion, nothing could be more delightful than opportunity for an early morning plunge and swim in a fresh pool a few steps from the house.

Private swimming pools, like nearly all other garden accessories, may be large or small, costly or inexpensive. They may be made to serve as a garden irrigation reservoir, or they may be especially designed as a distinctively formal feature of the grounds. If planned for an informal country estate, whether or not the pool is intended to serve a twofold purpose, a garden reservoir will be naturally more appropriate, while, of course, a pool for bathing purposes only will be more suited to a formal scheme.

The designers should bear in mind that the swimming pool, aside from its utilitarian value, also affords decorative possibilities. It may be hidden behind some stately old trees and edged with a winding path hedged with flowers and shrubbery. In a formal garden it invites the use of classic pillars to form a screen, with perhaps a pergola path, a flashing fountain and a few garden seats. Then, too, there is always the pool itself, which will lend beauty to any plan.

The principal essential of swimming pools is to arrange for a constantly changing supply of fresh water. This, however, does not mean that if the supply be furnished through a private pumping plant the feed and waste pipes must be kept flowing continuously, but that there should be at least a partial change of water each day. If the outflow is used for irrigating the grounds, as is often planned, this problem is satisfactorily solved without a real waste of water,

and the flow for irrigation purposes will usually be as strong as is necessary. It is a simple matter to proportion the feed and waste pipes so that the pool will remain at a fixed level, and in the formal garden this will be particularly desirable. Provision should also always be made for emptying the pool now and then so that it may be cleaned.

TO illustrate some of the possibilities in the designing of swimming pools for private grounds, we are using a variety of pictures of real garden pools. The first two illustrations show a pool that forms a prominent feature of a rather extensive formal garden. The pool is forty-five feet wide by about seventy feet long, and graduates in depth from three feet at one end to eight feet at the other. The basin is constructed entirely of concrete, and the fixed level of the water is within about two inches of the top edge of the walls. A brick walk extends entirely around it, and over this walk, except for a space of a few feet at one end, there is a pergola with white concrete pillars. A semicircular seat with a high wall-like back has been built into the break in the pergola. The seat is made of concrete, and in the center of the semicircle there is a small fountain that helps to feed the pool. One of the photographs shows the entrance to the pergola, formed by two flights of steps separated by still another fountain. The arrangement of the trees and shrubbery gives the pool ideal seclusion.

Two other photographs also illustrate the swimming pool of a formal garden. This one is considerably smaller than the other, however, and is of simpler construction. It is ten feet wide by twenty feet long, and varies in depth from three feet, six inches to seven feet. The water here also comes to within about two inches of the top, and a cement walk about three feet wide extends entirely around the pool. A spring-board is placed at the deeper end. The pool is enclosed by a simple railing, with pillars at intervals supporting a framework coping,—which is all painted white except for the narrow openwork roofing that extends over the walk. The waste water from this pool, as well as from the other pool described, although they are formal garden accessories, is used for irrigation.

Two other illustrations show the combination reservoir and the swimming pool of a country estate in southern California. It is an extensive pond-shaped basin, concrete lined, with irregular depths. It is bordered by pepper trees, banana trees, pampas grass, several varieties of flowers and various other kinds of shrubbery, which furnish a semitropical setting. Winding around it in snakelike curves runs a graveled path, leading to spring-boards and to shaded seats.

TWO VIEWS OF A SWIMMING POOL IN A LARGE FORMAL GARDEN, THE UPPER PICTURE SHOWING THE ENTRANCE TO THE PERGOLA, AND THE LOWER ONE GIVING A GLIMPSE OF THE POOL, THE SHELTERED SEMICIRCULAR SEAT AT ONE END AND THE BRICK WALK THAT RUNS AROUND IT.

TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF A SMALL POOL IN A FORMAL GARDEN: THIS POOL IS TEN FEET WIDE AND TWENTY FEET LONG AND GRADUATES IN DEPTH FROM THREE FEET SIX INCHES TO SEVEN FEET: THE WASTE WATER FROM THIS POOL IS USED FOR IRRIGATING THE GARDEN.

A PICTURESQUE GARDEN SWIMMING POOL, SPANNED BY A RUSTIC BRIDGE: A COMFORTABLE SUMMER HOUSE IS NESTLING IN WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

AN ARTIFICIALLY CREATED LAKE, USED BOTH FOR SWIMMING POOL AND RESERVOIR, SURROUNDED BY A WILDERNESS OF TREES AND SHRUBBERY.

TWO PICTURES OF A COMBINATION RESERVOIR AND SWIMMING POOL ON A COUNTRY ESTATE IN CALIFORNIA: THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY IS MOUNTAINOUS AND THE POOL HAS THE EFFECT OF BEING A SMALL NATURAL LAKE.

The surrounding country is mountainous, and the pool has the effect of being a small natural lake.

Another photograph illustrates an artificially-created lake. It is used for both swimming pool and reservoir, and was formed by damming a small stream that was usually dry and providing it with the necessary feed and waste pipes. It is surrounded by a wilderness of trees and shrubbery.

In still another picture is given merely a suggestion of what can be done to make the private swimming pool an interesting and decorative garden feature. It may terminate at one end in an irregular lagoon, spanned by rustic bridges, or carry its surplus water through the grounds to convenient points for irrigation. The bit of garden shows the harmonious blending of the artificial into the natural.

It is doubtful if any other garden feature is subject to such extremes of cost as the swimming pool. This is due, of course, to the wide variation in size of the pools, and to the different methods of construction. It can be built anywhere from a few hundred dollars to as high as several thousand. One builder has placed the probable range at from seven hundred to fifteen thousand dollars. Where it is only necessary to dam a garden brook, however, the cost will probably be even less than the smaller sum, whereas, a pool for the formal grounds may cost an almost unlimited amount of money.

A very attractive swimming pool can be built at less expense than the costs given, however. A pleasant little pool of concrete construction, will measure, for instance, fourteen feet wide by twenty-eight feet long, and will graduate in depth from three feet at one end to seven feet six inches at the other. The concrete walls should be constructed with a base one-half as broad as the wall is high, and the flooring should be about six inches thick. The concrete mixture should be composed of one part Portland cement, three parts sand and six parts broken stone. The cost of the excavating, if the soil is loamy and easy to work, will be about thirty dollars; the concrete work will amount to approximately five hundred dollars, and the necessary piping and connections will cost in the neighborhood of one hundred dollars—making a total cost, without any of the decorative work, of a little less than six hundred and fifty dollars. The finishing work will probably cost from two hundred dollars upward. These figures are given only for the purpose of conveying a rough idea of swimming pool costs, and can, of course, vary considerably in either direction.

DO PARENTS SHIRK THEIR RESPONSIBILITIES? A STUDY OF THE CHILD IN THE HOME: BY CRAWFORD RICHMOND GREEN, M.D.

"The spirit of childhood is like some frail flower that requires the most delicate handling."

THE study of child life is giving evidence of becoming ultrascientific; data and statistics of the most elaborate character are being accumulated concerning the development of the child, and we may well wonder whether the conscientious parent who is *not* versed in the sciences of biology and psychology and pedagogy is not appalled rather than helped by so great a show of learning in regard to what would seem to be the simplest matters of everyday life. Is it not quite natural that such parents should inquire: "How does all this concern me, and how does it affect the welfare of my children?"

The present era has been called "the century of the child," for at no other period has so much popular attention been devoted to the problems of childhood or so much actually accomplished toward the solution of those problems. At the present day society is making gigantic strides to banish from the earth the physical handicaps to which children have been subjected for centuries. The multiplication of milk stations to provide adequate nourishment for the children of the poor; the establishment of boys' and girls' clubs to uplift neglected children; medical inspection of schoolchildren, legislation directed against child labor, and the institution of separate courts for juvenile delinquents are but few of the many efforts directed toward this end.

Yet, if we consider the essential part that home life should play in the culture of the child, we realize that the present state of civilization will hardly suggest that we have arrived at the Golden Age of childhood. The increase of luxurious living among families of moderate means, as well as among the rich, evidenced by the growing popularity of hotel and club life among both men and women, and the never-ceasing call of the automobile, the golf links and the yacht—all these constitute a great and serious factor in our social life whereby the child is made to suffer. Whatever demands of social life tend to take the parent from the home, work directly to the disadvantage of children. In the development of the child, parents play an important rôle, with certain definite functions to perform, and these functions cannot be carried out by deputy. No tutor, however competent, can perform the duties of a father, and no nursemaid can fulfil the true vocation of the mother.

REFORMING PARENTS

THE vital problem of childhood is not so much what society may do toward the alleviation of unsatisfactory conditions of children as a class, but rather what the individual parent may learn of the truths of child life and put to practical use, working independently in the home. If there is any one thing that is true and tangible and irrefutable in the consideration of this problem it is that just as the future health of the individual depends mainly upon health in infancy and childhood, so do character, temperament and intellectual power depend mainly upon the impressions received in very early life. It follows, then, that at the last analysis the paramount influence in the culture of the child is the influence of the home.

One-third of all the infants who die are still sacrificed because they are improperly fed, not because inadequate nourishment is provided, but because the ignorance of mothers regarding the care of children makes them incompetent properly to perform the sacred function of motherhood. One-quarter of the inmates of our blind asylums are still victims of preventable blindness resulting from the terrible disease, *ophthalmia neonatorum*, because parents have not had the knowledge which would lead them to insist at the time of the child's birth that the physician or the midwife instil the one drop of a silver solution necessary to prevent infection. Thousands upon thousands of children of every class are still allowed to grow up in ignorance of the fundamental facts of sexual life, and merely because their parents fail to make provision for such instruction, they contract venereal diseases that irreparably wreck not only their own lives but also the innocent lives of others. Through the ignorance and carelessness of parents, children are permitted to go on, month after month and year after year, handicapped by such easily remediable conditions as adenoids and eye-strain—conditions which, if not attended to in early life, invariably result in chronic invalidism, backwardness in school, and in many sad cases have led by progressive steps to the penitentiary. Often, indeed, even in communities that are blessed with adequate school inspection, parents are so indifferent or negligent that they do not provide for the correction of their children's defects after the medical examiner has discovered them. Parents complacently allow their children to be subjected to an outworn educational system that crowds and hurries and worries them, requiring poring over books at the expense of hours that should be spent in sleep and play, and multitudes of schoolchildren are made anæmic and neurotic and dyspeptic, thus providing fertile soil for shattered constitutions in later life..

These are but examples of many similar problems, touching upon the physical welfare of our children, that it would be well for us to

contemplate seriously. They are problems that must be solved before the child finally comes into his own. No parent has the right to consider his duty done toward his children when he has merely gained the means to afford them a luxurious home in the country and ample outdoor space to play in. Fresh air and sunshine are not to be despised; but they are far from being all the child requires to make him strong or keep him well.

But if, as parents, we are neglectful of so many of our children's physical needs, our neglect of their psychical development is even more conspicuous. Indeed, at the present time, it is safe to say that the majority of parents give almost no attention at all to the rational development of the child's mind.

WHILE even the smallest consideration of the child's intellectual training must be, by its very nature, a study of psychology, it is not necessary on that account that it be so presented as to overawe with pedantry the parent of ordinary interests. One fact of psychology only need be borne in mind to gain a clear conception of the whole problem—a fact readily grasped and easily appreciated through the personal experience of everyone: *the earliest impressions are the ones that are the most firmly fixed in the mind and that are the hardest to eradicate in later life.* Every normal individual carries with him to the grave many impressions that were formed in the earliest years of childhood and which unknown to him have had a definite influence upon many acts of his life.

How firmly these impressions are rooted in the mind may be easily appreciated if, when resting, the mind is allowed to travel backward, day-dreaming as it were, through the range of years to childhood. Surprisingly vivid impressions of various kinds will often be recalled; but among the commonest and most deeply rooted are recollections of the beauty of nature. These impressions may be very indefinite as to time or place or circumstances, but they are invariably linked with delightful experiences of bright sunshine, the splendor of the stars, the odor of flowers, or perhaps the singing of birds or the music of a waterfall.

One need not travel far, or call too strongly upon the imagination to find many examples of the harm that may be done to the child by imparting injurious first impressions. The nearest nursery will furnish abundant material for such a study. An investigation of children's picture books will show, for instance, that no consideration of child psychology has entered into the making of many of them. Often they consist of but crude drawings depicting animals or other objects with no regard for their true relative proportions. As a con-

crete illustration, the writer is familiar with a book which portrays a tiger that is larger than an elephant on the opposite page. The inevitable result of the child's looking at these pictures every day is that not only does he receive an erroneous first impression, but ever afterward, upon the infrequent occasions when he sees those animals at the circus or the zoo, he is compelled, although he may be wholly unconscious of it, to pause to correct his first impression before the proper perspective can be reached. How much more we might accomplish if we were consistently to utilize reproductions of the many suitable paintings of modern masters in the making of picture books for young children! In this way we could instil at once into the impressionable mind of the child a sense of the right proportions of things (which it is the function of all art to preserve exactly) and we could also induce a familiarity with pictures which would develop the æsthetic sense and would be more and more appreciated and cherished in later life.

More injurious, however, than the wrong sense of proportion conveyed by so many children's picture books are many of the illustrations based upon the type of humor that appeals to the child, the funny situation. Many of these are not only lacking in every æsthetic quality, but they are positively immoral, suggesting disrespect for age, cruelty to animals or ridicule of infirmity. *The now notorious Sunday supplements, pored over by thousands of children every week, are perhaps the greatest offenders in this respect.*

CLOSELY connected with pictorial representation are the stories the child reads or is told. There are probably few nurseries into which, sooner or later, such familiar books as "Mother Goose" and "Æsop's Fables" do not find their way. So familiar have these books become, so intrinsic a part of child life for generations, that it doubtless seems pedantic to make objection to any part of them. But there is a very reasonable objection to some of the tales in these, as well as in other much-loved books, an objection not founded upon the theory that fairy tales in themselves are harmful—for doubtless there is a distinct advantage in allowing the child's imagination to run riot for a time—but based solely upon the inevitably harmful impression that their substance makes upon the mind of the child. "Simple Simon" from "Mother Goose" is a typical example. In "Simple Simon," the child is presented with what should be a truly pathetic figure, illustrated in caricature and ridiculed in verse. The child laughs at the imbecile depicted in the book, and the natural result, the only possible result, is that the unfortunate imbecile he may meet in actual life will be treated with ridicule and indifference instead of pity and consideration. Another example of harm resulting from

an acquaintance with some of these long-cherished tales is seen in the class represented by "Red Riding Hood," "The Babes in the Wood," or Æsop's "The Two Fellows and the Bear." Such tales are harmful in that they frequently impress upon the sensitive mind of the child gruesome, terrifying pictures that may just as much as bogie stories haunt him with unknown fears long after he has been tucked in his crib. How much better it would be if instead of allowing the child to receive impressions that make him afraid of the woods we were to take pains to impress him with their fresh beauty and the wonders of nature revealed in them!

These perhaps seem little things to consider, but in dealing with children the little things count, for they are what the child's mind seizes upon with the greatest avidity. The deepest impressions that the child receives frequently appear to be making no impression at all at the moment of their reception. Often we are astounded when, after a long lapse of time, a child vividly narrates something that someone has said or done, although at the time of the speech or action the child appeared to take no notice of it.

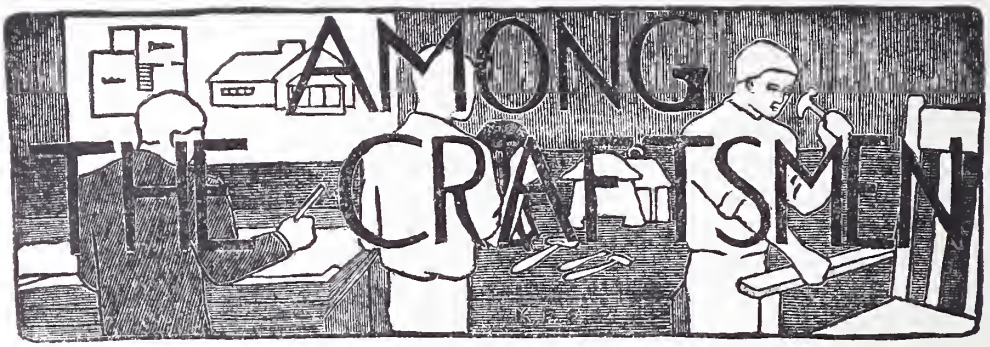
In the matter of praise and blame, of reward and punishment, we come to the very essence of what is most important in understanding the natures of children. Nothing is of greater moment than just commendation and censure in training a child, for commendation and censure often mean to the child just as much as, if not more than, they mean to the adult. Through rewards the child learns to appreciate the value of a meritorious act and is encouraged to continue to direct his conduct so as to gain it; punishment, if deserved and judiciously administered, will tend to make the child ashamed and thus cause him to be less likely to repeat the offense. Somehow we have fostered an idea that children are born with an intuitive sense of distinction between right and wrong conduct. Nothing could be further from the truth, however, for there is no reason why the unmoral mind of a child should be moved in the direction of good any more than in the direction of evil, and there is sufficient reason to believe that the development of a child's moral sense is exactly what we take the trouble to make it.

IN the rush and bustle of modern life that prevent our properly attending to the training of our children, there is a conspicuous lack of repose and as a result but little retrospection. This is, in many ways, one of the most unfortunate of the many facts of our very strenuous lives. It is unfortunate because on account of it we find but little time to learn the utmost from our experiences, and we pause but seldom to profit by our mistakes. It is true that retrospection is

merely a matter of habit, but it is a very valuable one which most of us have altogether outgrown. And this very habit may be of the greatest advantage in developing the character of a child, as well as in providing an exceptional opportunity for the formation of a bond of sympathy between parent and child. In order to learn by experience and profit by mistakes, it is necessary to relive the circumstances from which an experience is derived and for which our mistakes are responsible. This fact may be put to a very practical use in the training of children. If when the child is very young a short period at the close of the day is set aside to review the day's play, to consider the good things and the naughty things the child has done and the praise and the scolding he has received, the habit of retrospection thus formed will be of incalculable benefit throughout life. In addition to this, the coöperation of the parent in the beginning, which is necessary in order that the habit may be acquired at all, is of the greatest value to the parent in properly estimating many important facts connected with the inner life of youth. The child's interests can be estimated, as well as the effect of many of the impressions he receives.

And, indeed, in order that the function of the home may achieve its fullest development in the culture of the child, it is necessary not only that the parent shall coöperate with the child in many ways, but also that he shall project his own personality into the daily life of the child and thus influence the child as far as he is able in the direction of what is true, good and beautiful. Parents should enter directly into the spirit of the child's play as well as of work, endeavoring always to attain the point of view of youth, and remembering ever that to the child play is, as it should be, the most serious business of life. The failure of parents to appreciate what play means, and to realize its true importance, results in the lasting resentment that children too frequently have toward their parents. Since, however, the child develops his finer faculties through play, it is readily seen how important it is that play should be utilized and developed so as to secure the best possible result, from the standpoint of training as well as of pleasure. All we can do, however, is to surround the child with the proper material, so that he may stumble upon it by apparent accident when his own psychological moment has arrived.

Finally, it is only by this delicate coöperation of the parent in the daily life of the child that the best in the natures of both child and parent may be brought forth. Upon it depends the bond of sympathy which results in true companionship of parent and child, rather than the unsympathetic, demoralizing relationship of master and servant. The function of the parent is a responsibility that no institution or government or social state will ever be able fully to assume.



CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES SUITED TO NARROW LOTS

THE planning of cottage homes so that they will be economical from every standpoint—that of space, of materials, of arrangement for labor-saving and convenience to the housewife, of heating, and finally decorating and furnishing, making them practical in every way, is what THE CRAFTSMAN regards as one of its best achievements, attained only by considering and reconsidering the problem, always with earnest striving after the most beautiful and practical results.

One of the chiefest aims in designing the small house is to arrange and connect its rooms so that the effect of the interior is one of greater space than can actually be indulged, and at the same time preserve the possibilities for privacy which the closer contact enjoined by the limitations of the house makes so necessary between the individual occupants. Then homelikeness must be made the most of, for it is one of the prerogatives of the cottage, and where that atmosphere is created by the structural features themselves, the house becomes a home with fewer accessories and greater simplicity, therefore less expense and more beauty. It has always been the fault of our American small (as well as large) householders to overcrowd, to clutter, thus further diminishing the size of interiors until, in the case of the former, living in the rooms requires almost constant effort to avoid dislocating bric-à-brac or bruising elbows.

The windows, the wall spaces, the fireplace, the size and height of the mantelshelf, the height of the ceiling and the openings or doors into adjoining parts all contribute toward forming a perfect room when well proportioned, or detracting from it if out of harmony with the whole. It is just these simple things that give to a house, or deprive it of, that which you at once recognize upon first entering as being homelike.

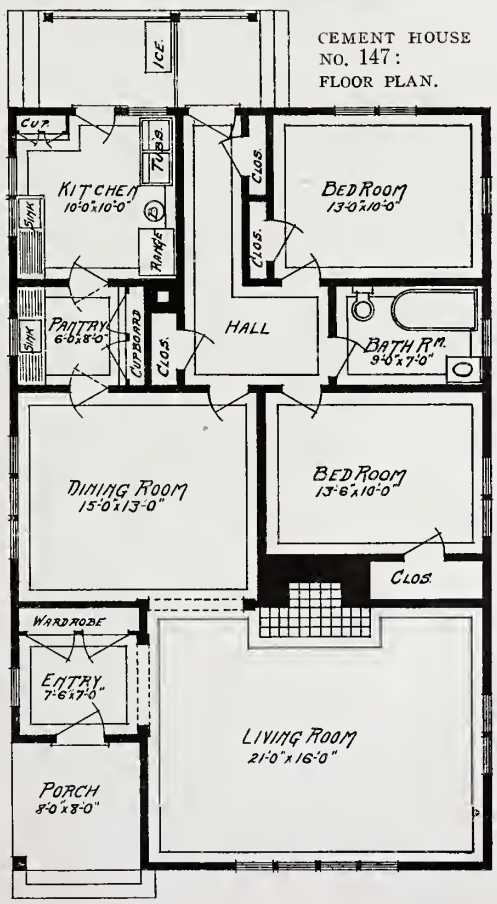
The two Craftsman cottages presented this month both have particular features that recommend them for small families, and one in common that makes them especially attractive from an economical standpoint—that of being adaptable to the narrow lot, but having proportions that in no way detract from the appearance if isolated upon larger grounds.

House No. 147 has shingle walls and roof, the gables of the latter permitting the development of the half story in a most satisfactory manner. There are seven rooms, a hall and a bathroom, four large storage closets, an entrance porch and dining porch.

The entrance porch is here shown as a pergola, but should a closed shelter be desired it may easily be ceiled, still retaining the pergola effect. It is slightly recessed, and affords direct entry into the living room, from which two small windows on either side of the door look upon it. The substantial pillars are rough hewn, and rise from a field stone foundation and brick floor, the latter showing a header course of brick around the edges and one low step. The front door has long three-quarter panels, and small glazed ones at the top.

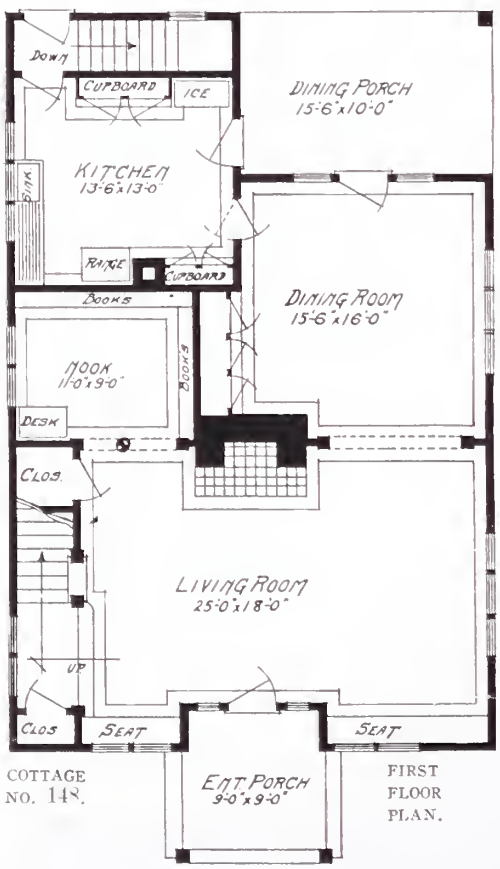
The living room, 25 x 18 feet, with its ample fireplace, cheerful groups of windows on the front and sides, broad landing to stairway, and wide arches into nook and dining room, is more generous than might be expected in a small house, and creates a sense of comfort and ease. This room has four groups of windows besides the small side lights at the entrance, and built facing in any direction will be admirably suited to its purpose as a living room, as it will always be well lighted. The recessed entrance provides a pleasant possibility for window seats on both sides, and a closet

CRAFTSMAN CEMENT COTTAGE NO. 147: THIS VERY SIMPLE CEMENT COTTAGE IS ONE OF THE MOST PRACTICAL AND WELL-ARRANGED SMALL HOUSES THAT WE HAVE EVER DESIGNED, NOT ONLY BECAUSE OF ITS WELL-PLANNED WINDOWS AND PRACTICAL LIVING PORCH, BUT BECAUSE OF THE ARRANGEMENTS OF ALL THE ROOMS IN RELATION TO EACH OTHER, TO THE KITCHEN AND TO THE SERVANT PROBLEM: IT IS A HOUSE IN WHICH A WOMAN COULD WITH VERY LITTLE EXPENDITURE OF ENERGY SO ARRANGE HER DAILY WORK THAT A COMPARATIVELY SMALL AMOUNT OF TIME AND EFFORT WOULD BRING ORDER, COMFORT AND BEAUTY: THE LIVING ROOM IS SO CLOSE TO THE DINING ROOM THAT THEY COULD EASILY HAVE THE EFFECT OF ONE SPACIOUS LIVING PLACE: THE BEDROOMS ARE NEAR THE HALL: THE BATHROOM IS MOST ADMIRABLY PLACED EXACTLY BETWEEN THE TWO BEDROOMS, AND THE KITCHEN WHILE NEAR ENOUGH TO THE DINING ROOM TO SAVE STEPS IS FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM THE LIVING ROOMS TO LEAVE THEM FREE FROM THE ENCROACHMENT OF SAVORY ODORS: THE WARDROBE CLOSET BACK OF THE ENTRY IS ANOTHER VERY REAL CONVENIENCE, AND THE KITCHEN PANTRY IS PLACED TO SAVE STEPS: ALTOGETHER WE FEEL THAT WE ARE ANSWFRING IN THIS DESIGN A REQUEST THAT HAS COME TO US VERY OFTEN INDEED; NAMELY, TO PLAN A HOUSE THAT WOULD HAVE THE ADVANTAGES WE USUALLY ASSOCIATE WITH WEALTH AND AT THE SAME TIME WOULD HAVE EVEN THE GREATER ADVANTAGES OF COMPACTNESS AND THE COMFORT WHICH IS ESSENTIAL TO THE MODERN INCOME.



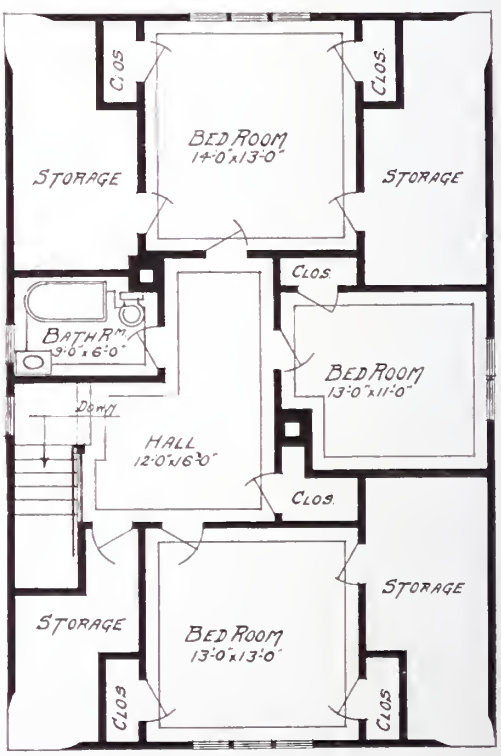
CEMENT HOUSE NO. 147: FLOOR PLAN.

CRAFTSMAN SHINGLE COTTAGE NO. 148



COTTAGE NO. 148.

FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



DESIGN SUITED TO A NARROW VILLAGE LOT.

SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

opening upon the landing. Another closet is under the stairs; these will be found useful for wraps, umbrellas and the like, or the large one may serve as a place to keep fuel.

The nook is shelved on two sides for books, and has space for a desk near the windows. Being shut off except from the living room, it is well adapted for study or reading.

The dining room has a group of three windows on the side, and one window upon each side of the door opening upon the dining porch in the rear. There is a large cupboard with three doors, which is to be used for china and table linen. A swing door opens into the kitchen. The latter is well lighted and ventilated, and convenient with cupboards, sink, drainboard and ice-box. The cellar is reached by stairs at the back, and from the landing a door affords access from the garden. The dining porch, here left open, may be screened or glazed if preferred, and, according to the exposure, be made to serve as a summer living room or winter sun room.

The upper floor comprises three bedrooms each with one or two closets, a hall and a bathroom, besides the four ample storerooms. The privacy of the bedrooms and their equal convenience to the bathroom, together with their excellent closet facilities, are worthy of special notice.

The entire house is heated by a Craftsman fireplace, which in the living room affords direct radiation as well as warm-air ventilators, and the latter in all other rooms, below and above, being carried in pipes to the upper hall, chambers and bathroom, which have registers in the floor.

THIS one-story cottage, Craftsman house No. 148, will be found convenient and comfortable, and while confined to the limits of a narrow lot, is so planned as to give reasonably large dimensions to the various rooms, which are so situated and related as to preserve the possibilities for increasing the appearance of freedom of space.

It is shown here developed in cement, but other material may also be used with good effect, as the simplicity of the house would lend itself as well to weatherboard or shingles. The exterior of this unpretentious little dwelling is pleasing because of the window grouping and spacing—square panes also seem best for the small house—and of the low, gently sloping roof. The foundation is of field stone; and, as suggested in our illustration, this note may be carried out in the further use of such stones for outlining a walk or pool in the garden, if the grounds permit. Brick is used for the chimneys, porch floor and steps, an ornamental effect secured for the latter by the use of header courses.

The front door opens into an entry having a small high window on the left, is provided with a wardrobe for wraps, etc., at the back, and an archway into the living room on the right. The latter is a plain rectangular room with a group of four windows in front and two on the side, its generous proportions accommodating the large fireplace to good advantage.

An archway is also used connecting this room with the dining room, which may, of course, be closed by the use of portières, but is desirable for making this part of the house freer and more open. Four windows light the dining room, or if the lot is large three will suffice, as indicated in the floor plan. A swing door opens into the pantry, through which the kitchen is reached; and through the door at the right, access to the hall is had, into which the two bedrooms and the bathroom open.

The chambers are entirely private, and each has a good-sized closet. The corner room has three windows, the middle one two; the warm-air registers from the Craftsman fireplace, by which the house is heated throughout, affording ventilation.

The hall has two closets which will be found convenient, and extends to the rear of the house, where a door opens upon a small porch. This porch also gives entrance into the kitchen and accommodates the ice-box.

The kitchen is provided with cupboard, sink with drainboard, and tubs, with ample space for range and boiler; having three windows and an outer door, it is well lighted and thoroughly ventilated. From it the pantry is entered through a swing door. Cupboards and a sink here provide extra convenience, and separating the kitchen and dining room by the pantry will be found an excellent feature in a small house. In both of these houses a flue is built for the kitchen range.

For the practical, economical and livable house, where every advantage is taken of every opportunity for comfort and beauty, the houses presented this month seem to us to offer practical opportunity.

HOME OF MR. AND MRS. W. S. JOHNSON, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA: LOUIS B. EASTON, ARCHITECT.

A CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW PLANNED FOR COMFORT: BY LAURA RINKLE JOHNSON

WHEN we purchased our little ranch of five acres on the outskirts of Pasadena, we were very decided as to the kind of house we did *not* wish to build for our home. The problem was to find an architect who would undertake the construction of a well-built, comfortable house, perfectly adapted to the grounds, the surroundings, and our tastes. After some investigation the right man was found in the person of Louis B. Easton.

We were especially fortunate in the location of our property, as in addition to three acres of fine orange trees, there were scattered over the place twelve magnificent live-oak trees of large proportions, some of them possibly three hundred years old. Another advantage was an excellent lawn, formerly used for a croquet ground, closed in on the south—toward the highway—and on the west, by a six-foot hedge of Australian pea-vine. The eastern side of the lawn was filled in with loquat and olive trees. The fourth side of the square was chosen for the location of our bungalow.

The plans decided upon were somewhat on the lines of a Mexican ranch house, adapted to meet the ideals of Craftsman construction, and to conform with the environment. The completed home, a long, low building with an overhanging roof that forms the porch covering, seems just as much a part of the landscape as the oak trees whose branches spread protectingly above the roof.

The materials used in building were Oregon pine and California redwood, the outside being covered with split shakes. These overlap each other eleven inches and the ends were left uneven as cut from the log. There are no "fake" beams or posts in the house, every stick of timber is just what it appears to be, and does just what it seems to be doing.

The porch—fifty feet in length—is an ideal outdoor sitting room. The floor is brick, easily cleaned, and cool on hot days. Four strong pine posts support the porch roof, on the under side of which the construction timbers are exposed. The entrance door of the bungalow we consider most Craftsmanlike. In fact, Mr. Easton was so pleased with it when it was finished that he strongly objected to the "sacrilege" of a screen door that would conceal its beauty! However, we now have a screen door, but one especially built to harmonize with its setting.

The natural reddish hue of the redwood is preserved and intensified by a most in-

terest i n g process. Stiff wire brushes are used to scrape the wood, removing all the l o o s e splinters a n d bringing out the g r a i n of the wood in high relief. A f t e r t h i s treatment t h e w o o d i s either waxed or given a chemical wash, a n d the r e s u l t is m o s t unusual a n d effective. The metal work on the doors—hinges, latches, etc.—is of iron, copper plated, and was made by a blacksmith near by from designs drawn by Mr. Easton. Throughout the house, the primitive style of latch and handle is used on the doors; the locks consist of a pin of oak, whittled smooth and fastened to the door by a buckskin thong. The pin is thrust above the latch into a fastening on the door casing.

LIVING ROOM IN THE JOHNSON BUNGALOW, SHOWING INTERESTING INTERIOR FINISH AND FURNISHINGS, ALSO HARMONIOUS FITTINGS.

The porch leads into a hall formed by two partitions five and a half feet high, which separate it from the living room, and a wide opening between the partitions forms the entrance into the living room. A group of four casement windows, with small panes, lights the hall. At the eastern end of the hall is the dining room, and opposite, at the other end of the hall, is a bedroom.

The living room has the real home feeling; its low ceiling and paneled wall spaces, and most of all the spacious fireplace, seem to express our ideal of the spirit of hospitality and simple living. At the right of the entrance is a seat, the back of which is formed by the partition, at right angles to the fireplace. In the fireplace we have tried to express also the spirit of comfort and good cheer we want our home to typify. It is wide and deep, strongly built of red brick, with clinker brick as the only ornamentation; the mantel shelf is a slab of burl redwood, gnarled a n d knotted; and the hearth of brick is laid in herring-bone pattern.

DINING ROOM WITH GLIMPSE OF LIVING ROOM.

The partition at the other side of the entrance to t h e living r o o m offered opportunity for

DELIGHTFULLY ARRANGED LIVING PORCH.

built-in bookshelves. Opposite the entrance is a group of five casement windows above a broad window seat. The walls here, as in the hall, dining room and sleeping rooms downstairs, are paneled with redwood of strongly marked grain. The space between the wainscoting and ceiling is covered with soft gray monk's cloth; neither plaster nor wallpaper is used in the house.

The ceilings throughout the lower floor carry heavy exposed beams of Oregon pine which convey the impression of great strength. A door leads from the living room into one of the bedrooms on the ground floor. This room is finished much like the living room, and has a door opening into the bathroom, which in turn opens into the bedroom at the end of the hall. Each sleeping room has French windows and a group of three casement windows, thus insuring an abundance of air and sunlight.

The chief feature of the dining room is the massive built-in buffet, and much charm is also given to the room by the French windows opening to the east, where we have a fine view of the snow-covered peak of "Old Baldy." The buffet stands between two doors, one leading into the kitchen and the other into the cellar, for, unlike the majority of California bungalows, this one has both a cellar and a furnace.

The kitchen is small, and absolutely no space is wasted. The convenient cupboards, air cooler and work table combine to make the culinary duties less irksome. The kitchen opens onto a large screened porch which is used as a breakfast room.

On the second floor (the stairway leads up from the kitchen) are the guest's room, the maid's room and a large trunk room. The sleeping rooms each contain a lavatory, and in the trunk room a small closet was partitioned off for a toilet. These rooms are finished in the same style as the rooms below, except for the walls, which, instead of being covered with monk's cloth, are paneled the entire height with redwood.

On the lawn, in front of the house, is

COURT BACK OF THE JOHNSON BUNGALOW WHICH FURNISHES OPPORTUNITY FOR SECLUDED OUTDOOR LIVING.

what we call a birds' pool, built from our own design. It is of brick, circular in form, and filled with clear water it affords an opportunity for our feathered friends to drink and bathe. They take naturally to it, and we spend many pleasant moments watching them. Around the pool are planted large elephant's ears and tall stalks of papyrus, and in the water blooms the water hyacinth.

Around the oak tree at the front of the house we laid a brick pavement, and from the porch we can look under the drooping branches of this oak to the nearby mountains.

The buildings at the rear form three sides of a court—a pergola connecting the screened porch with the garage, a small building conforming to the lines of the bungalow, in which are three rooms—a large one for the car, and two smaller ones—a study for the owner and a playroom for the small boy of the family. Extending from the garage is a small building with screened sides, containing a collection of foreign song birds.

Along the rear of the house are planted red geraniums, and roses will soon cover the pergola. A violet bed occupies a favored spot, begonias of various kinds are growing along the front of the aviary, and a banana tree is flourishing in the little court at the back of the house. On the east side we have rose bushes of many varieties and colors, and in a nook is a fern garden, most attractively set among rocks and half-decayed eucalyptus logs. The western exposure boasts a planting of Shasta daisies and climbing roses, and in this land of sunshine a very short time will suffice to produce luxuriant growth.

The electric fixtures of the house are of copper and are made from a design by Mr. Easton, to harmonize with the decorative lines in the living room panels.

Our bungalow is livable, homelike, well built, inexpensive and beautiful, to our way of thinking—and more than this no one has a right to demand of a dwelling place.

The possibilities for securing ideal gardens seem greater in southern California than elsewhere, especially in the frostless belt that embraces Los Angeles and vicinity. No flowers have to be disturbed by being taken up for the winter as in the Middle West and East, thus plants attain a larger growth in a single year. The surrounding hills have many wild shrubs and flowering bushes which may be borrowed from them without any damage to their forestry, as some plants, such as the mountain laurels, often need to be thinned out, and these add much native beauty to the home garden, linking it, as it were, with its environment. Then the bungalow is a type of home which seems to come closer to nature than more pretentious buildings, and touches of rusticity are always in harmony with it, and create a feeling of oneness with the land.

PRACTICAL AGRICULTURAL BULLETINS

FOR the benefit of farmers, fruit-growers and dairymen who wish to increase the efficiency of their work the Cornell University Agricultural Experiment Station has published a number of bulletins and circulars on the following practical topics.

Bulletins: Tables for computing rations for farm and animals; diseases of ginseng; apple orchard survey of Niagara County; certain seed-infesting chalcis-flies; the black rot of the grape and its control; fire blight of pears, apples, quinces, etc.; the effect of fertilizers applied to timothy on the corn crop following it; seven methods of feeding young chickens; the control of insect pests and plant diseases; the cause of "apoplexy" in winter-fed lambs; the snow-white linden moth; lime-sulphur as a summer spray; the apple red bugs; cauliflower and brussels sprouts on Long Island; studies of variation in plants; packing apples in boxes; sweet-pea studies—1; notes from the agricultural survey in Tompkins County; the cell content of milk; an apple orchard survey of Ontario County; the production of "hothouse" lambs: soy beans as a supplementary silage crop; the fruit-tree leaf roller; germination of seed as affected by sulphuric acid treatment; the production of new and improved varieties of timothy; coöperative tests of corn varieties.

Circulars: Testing the germination of seed corn: some essentials in cheese-making; soil drainage and fertility; suggestions concerning treatment of seed corn with deterrents against crows; the relation of lime to soil improvement; the elm leaf-beetle; orange hawkweed or paint brush; helps for the dairy butter-maker; the chemical analysis of soil; (department of animal husbandry) the formation of cow testing associations. These can be obtained by addressing the Mailing Room, College of Agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y.

HOME OF MR. CHAS. F. STRASSNER, FRANKFORT, KY.: L. L. OBERWARTH, ARCHITECT.

A HOME IN THE KENTUCKY CAPITAL BUILT ON CRAFTSMAN LINES

MR. CHAS. F. STRASSNER, of Frankfort, Kentucky, writes us that it was nearly a decade ago that he saw in THE CRAFTSMAN the design of just the house he desired. And though not ready to build at that time, he carefully kept the picture and later had the ideas incorporated in his home, which we illustrate here, in which he feels much satisfaction and some pride; in generous appreciation he allows us a share in these.

While not typically a Craftsman house, it has Craftsman characteristics that easily harmonize with the buildings of a different type around it, as shown in the illustration. Mr. Strassner is to be congratulated upon securing a site so admirably suited to accommodating his residence to advantage, both for itself and the neighboring houses. It is one of those homes which seems to have grown under the protecting trees that shelter it; to have materialized because of their friendliness and of the sense of permanence they offer. So it should be. The stone foundation, walls and chimney here further express that which will endure, security, an abiding place; while the lighter shingled superstructure, having many windows and a roof with dormers, relieves it of any somberness, and gives to the whole a thoroughly homelike appearance. The low front veranda, with its wide steps and substantial pillars, at once welcomes you, extending the hospitality you feel sure of finding under this roof. Being partially shielded by the stonework, and further screened by luxuriant ferns, this broad porch is a most inviting place in summer.

Simplicity has been considered in the interior in woodwork and wall treatment. The color schemes chosen produce such cheerful and desirable effects as to influence one's sense of harmony. The woodwork of the first floor is oak, stained a dark brown; its beauty of grain and finish, the proportions and simplicity of the door panels and trim, newel post and stairway, lend dignity to the interior. The floors are quarter-sawed white oak and the walls are finished in rough plaster.

The upper and lower halls have buff-tinted walls, reflecting the light, and a stained-glass window on the landing shows soft brown, green and yellow tones. The living room is done in gray-green, a restful

A SIDE VIEW OF MR. STRASSNER'S HOME, SHOWING INTERESTING WALL, IN HARMONY WITH STONE FOUNDATION, AN IMPORTANT CONSIDERATION IN GARDEN-MAKING.

tone, brightened a bit by a frieze of greenish yellow; the ceiling panels carry a lighter shade of the same color, thus preventing too shadowy an effect from the beams. A livelier color, terra cotta, is used on the upper wall spaces in the dining room, which shows a frieze in Old English design, and leather panels below the plate rail. The tiled chimney-piece is delightfully simple; its mantel-shelf continues the line of the plate rail, and has not been crowded with bric-à-brac. This fireplace is the predominating feature of the room, and bespeaks the genuineness which should pervade the atmosphere of the place worthy to be called "home."

Craftsman furniture is used in the living room, Mr. Strassner's desire for a Craftsman home first having been inspired by his acquaintance with the Craftsman make of chairs, their substantial build and simple lines appealing to his sense of fitness. He says in his letter to us: "I have always said that I built this house from your make of a chair

THE WELL ARRANGED GARDEN SLOPING FROM PORCH OF THE STRASSNER HOME.

DINING ROOM IN THE STRASSNER HOME.

sold by Fred. W. Keisker & Son, Louisville, Ky., eight years ago. I am enclosing an illustrated page out of THE CRAFTSMAN, so that you can see what effect it had on our home, both as to floor plans and one side of the house, for I gave this to the architect, L. L. Oberwarth, Frankfort, Ky., to reproduce as nearly as possible. You may recall that I asked your opinion as to color for roof, etc. Your suggestions were followed in detail. You can readily understand what THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine means to me, and I wish to say that my tastes are very much along your lines. The high regard I have for you, your furniture and ideas of what a home should be, is my reason for sending you these photographs, some of which you may wish to illustrate in THE CRAFTSMAN, as it was through its influence that our house was built and furnished."

The curtains throughout have been kept simple, falling to the sills in straight folds; the floor coverings are rugs in Oriental patterns and colors, and these harmonize well with the Craftsman furnishings. Taste for honest workmanship and appropriateness in design and ornament is demonstrated in the choice of Craftsman portières and table scarf.

SPACIOUS HALLWAY, SIMPLE, DIGNIFIED, AND HARMONIOUS IN TONE.

The porch in the rear is well protected and forms a most admirable feature of the house, offering an excellent outdoor sleeping apartment. The fact that the beautiful garden is in view of this porch shows that the home-builder had in mind all the possibilities of this charming balcony.

The kitchen and pantry walls have been treated in a most practical way—painted; so they are both economical and cleanly. The pantry is provided with large cupboards and a sink. These rooms are well lighted and ventilated. A spacious attic and commodious basement afford ample storerooms and other conveniences.

The manner in which the grounds of this dignified home have been treated is admirable. The lawn is kept unobstructed, with plants and shrubbery growing close against the foundation of the house, relieving the severity of the stone, and making the house and garden seem more closely related, as does also the vine-clad chimney. The beauty of the broad, smooth terrace is greatly enhanced by its background of stately elms, against which is set the rustic summer house, surrounded with a profusion of tall grasses and bushes. The garden wall, of the same stone as that used in the house, seems to establish that complete unity in effect which is so desirable, the relative proportions of the house and gardens forming a well-balanced whole.

Mr. Strassner finds his home very satisfying, and its particular plan in accord with his own ideals.

FIRE PROTECTION FOR THE HOME: BY AGNES ATHOL AND AGNES BLACKWELL RAINEY

WE have a popular and fallacious faith in the efficacy of the word "fireproof." A furnace is fireproof in the same sense exactly that a building is. Furniture, wood trim, draperies and people are not fireproof. What we really mean when we talk about a fireproof building is one which, because of its construction, material, appliances, will *retard* fire so that it may be more easily controlled, so that the occupants have a chance of escape, and the damage may be confined to one floor or room.

Each individual naturally feels that he may give play to his own taste and ideas of comfort in his home without interference or direction by the community at large. But there are certain common faults in the construction of the ordinary house. Without realizing the danger, and even while complying literally with all that the law requires, a man may design a house that is a veritable fire-trap; when fire breaks out, all his thought, labor and money have been thrown away for lack of certain slight and simple precautions in the fundamental plan.

The wife, the housekeeper, is so often made the final judge in the matter of arrangement that it becomes particularly necessary to appeal to her common sense above her love of the æsthetic and artistic, to induce her to demand what is best for the family. Furthermore, the woman in the home is in charge of its maintenance, and upon her watchfulness and care rests the responsibility for any disaster by fire.

Next to the faults brought about by too great initial economies in the building, such as poor material and insufficient metal protection in important places. the great mistakes are usually due to the effort to get a favorite effect, regardless of the risks involved in so doing. No one can for an instant deny that a broad, open, sweeping stairway, with imposing newel post and mahogany banisters in full view of the entrance hall is to be preferred from the artistic point of view to a little, straight, boxed stairwell. It is fortunate, however, that in the moderate-priced home where economy must be practiced in materials and safeguards, with attendant hazard, there is seldom room for this effect; for, according to the fire prevention engineer, to build one is the greatest possible mistake.

The first requisite in a safe house is that each floor may be cut off from all the other floors by a *door,* so that should a fire start it cannot sweep through the house before the firemen arrive. Consequently the stairway that can be *closed in* is as important to the house as the self-closing doors on an elevator shaft.

Every hollow shaft, such as a dumb-waiter shaft or laundry chute out of the kitchen, is a direct passageway for fire once generated in the region of greatest heat. Whoever feels that she must have these contrivances—it will be readily admitted that they are a convenience—should see that they are properly cut off at top and bottom by self-closing metal doors. If the kitchen range is provided with an ash chute, it should not only be metal lined and empty

under cover into the receiving barrel in the basement, but it should have a secure trap opening, lest fire starting in the cellar be forced by the updraft directly into the main part of the house.

A volume could be written on the evils of hollow or stud partitions in the interior walls of a house. A fire, starting on one floor behind the plaster, eats its way, insidiously feeding on dry lath and exposed floor beams, to every other part of the house. Such a fire may smolder for hours without giving evidence of itself, and suddenly burst out all over the house at once, scarcely permitting the occupants to escape, and leaving nothing for even the best equipped fire department to do.

Any novice, ignorant of the technical side of house construction, ought to be able to give certain definite fire prevention directions when his own house is being erected. It must be insisted upon that at each floor the hollow space behind the plastering shall be absolutely cut off from the floor below; that the space behind each room be walled off from the next one. Again, while it is almost impossible to determine such points after the house is completed, everyone who builds should make sure that the floor beams do not enter the brickwork of the chimney. No reputable builder would support them in that way, but unfortunately all construction is not honest, and it is cheaper to fit the ends of the beams into the brickwork than to furnish proper iron supports for them. Another part of chimney construction which is impossible to alter when once done wrong is the *thickness* of the chimney walls. Four-inch flues are exceedingly dangerous, as they may cause the adjoining woodwork to become overheated. In bad weather the brick is apt to crack, endangering the house. A chimney upon which this sort of economy has been practiced is unsatisfactory at any time because the draft is bad.

A smoky fireplace may be due to faulty flue construction, failure to give it a metal lining, or frequently because the fireplace itself is too high. There are definite specifications concerning the brickwork around a fireplace, and it would be well for anyone intending to build to inform himself about them, not only for safety against fire, but for ordinary comfort in his home. Wooden mantels are as unsafe as they are often ugly.

Under no circumstances should there be any wooden furring or lathing on a chimney-breast. Metal lath should be used. No joist or stud should be nearer the inside of a smoke flue than eight inches. It is a good plan to arrange the positions of joists or upright wall beams with reference to their use after the plaster goes on, as it is often difficult to find a place to put a nail for a heavy mirror or picture, and the minute you allow the plaster to become broken for this purpose, as it undoubtedly will be, you make an opening where fire can enter.

The disposition of rubbish by the housekeeper is always a problem which greatly concerns fire prevention. When a family is actually building a house, it should be possible to make far better provision for this task than is usually the case. One good way of concealing the garbage pail and at the same time segregating it, is to have made, when the cement walks are laid, a cement lined pit into which it fits, and provided, of course, with a tight cover. In many homes the furnace receives all food refuse that cannot be poured down the drainage; this is a desirable method of handling it. A wire trash burner is an excellent device for the ordinary accumulation of papers and dry rubbish every day. It is a cylindrical stand made of wire, on four wire legs, into which such waste is thrust. It can be placed anywhere in the backyard and its contents burned without scattering.

It is the custom of some builders to make a ventilated closet under a kitchen window for the garbage pail, but it is far better not to have this unpleasant utensil in the house at all. Such a place might, however, be provided for the covered metal pail in which all oily rags and cleaning cloths should be kept. The danger of fire by spontaneous combustion of oily cloths and mops cannot be too greatly emphasized.

The storeroom problem is to be considered by every builder. Fire prevention experts plead for the elimination of home storage of every description, and warn the housekeeper particularly against the attic and cellar. If space can be spared and storage must be managed, a ventilated and cement lined room on the ground floor is the best solution of the difficulty.

The obvious danger of fire starting in the cellar is not alone due to the location of the furnace there, and often the hot and unprotected laundry stove, but also because all the piping and wiring for gas, electricity and bells pass more or less exposed through

the cellar flooring. The cellar is dark and defects, piles of rubbish, rats and mice nests, and other accumulations pass unnoticed. The ignorant helpers—furnace men, gardeners and perhaps the maid of all work—make hurried trips to the basement, but they are seldom supervised or made to take precautions about matches, smoking, oily rags, ashes and cinders.

Every cellar that has not a metal-lined ceiling is a fire menace to the rest of the house. Automatic sprinklers, installed in the basement ceiling when other piping is done, will prove most valuable in checking a fire which may start from one of many causes in the cellar.

Throughout the house chemical extinguishers, thermostats and pails of water should be installed in advantageous positions, ready for the emergency that may occur. The usual failure to provide them can be explained on æsthetic grounds—a conspicuous red extinguisher or ten-quart pail undoubtedly detracts from the carefully studied effect of beautiful woodwork and harmoniously balanced spaces and color schemes.

Shelves or brackets for holding such invaluable apparatus, if planned when the house is building, can be incorporated with the general design so as not to destroy the appearance of the hallways. An angle on a landing may be utilized, or the necessary shelves built into a closet with a lockless door, at a strategic point on the upper landing. Such conveniences and arrangements are infinite in number, and depend largely upon the character of the dwelling and the wise enthusiasm of its occupants.

For draperies, awnings and other inflammable trimmings already in a house, there are some excellent fireproofing solutions which minimize the probability of fire by chance sparks. Commercial sodium tungstate and ammonium sulphate in combination produce the ideal mixture for fireproofing nearly all textiles employed in household decoration. Whitewash is invaluable as a fire-retarding agent, and is an old recognized aid to cleanliness in basement and attic.

In the important matter of actual fireproof building materials, brick, in the estimation of fire prevention authorities, stands first. In the making, brick is vitrified, whereas concrete, when heated and then wet, undergoes a chemical change which causes it to crumble. Wood, which was once the cheapest available building material, has become so expensive and its upkeep for painting, reshingling and weather wear so great, that it is almost as cheap to build a "fireproof" house in the first place. While, as has been pointed out, the contents of a building are inflammable, there is less likelihood of mysterious fires and those from outside sources starting up when the exterior of a house is as incombustible as possible. Those entirely of stone are good, and concrete has many points to recommend it.

In a rented house one puts up with conditions as they are found. But as long as there are very definite laws regarding what may and may not pass the fire department's requirements, anyone finding a violation of them in a rented house should not hesitate to force the landlord to rectify the matter. If the furnace comes within eighteen inches of the cellar ceiling it *must* be protected from overheating the next floor by sheets of metal on the overhead floor beams. If this is not done, your insurance policy, as well as that of the owner, is rightly invalidated. If the electric wiring is improperly installed, you can and should make your landlord have it fixed and passed upon.

The matter of fire safety is not an individual but a common problem; in it is involved not alone the prevention of material loss, but the far greater effort to make lives secure. The total fire cost in this country is five times as much *per capita* as in any country in Europe. The *per capita* losses of the six leading European countries in 1910 amounted to thirty-three cents, or about one-eighth of the *per capita* loss sustained in the United States.

The fire departments of other nations compare unfavorably with ours, and the United States has not been negligent in the matter of appropriation for sufficient water supplies. One cause for the astounding difference in loss is a climatic one; not only do our hot summers make everything as dry as tinder, but our cold winters necessitate artificial heat, and heating apparatus alone is responsible for a large number of fires. A still more fundamental difference lies, however, in the temperament of the American people and the conditions of life in this country. In our eagerness to get results in a new country we have not had the patience to build carefully. So plentiful was lumber that it was easier to build and burn and build again than to build sub-

stantially at first. Besides that, conditions have changed so rapidly that often buildings must be torn down in a few years, that their places may be taken by others more suited to changed conditions. Then, explain it as you will, the intensity of life is far greater in this country than in Europe, more living is crowded into the same space of time. You cannot accelerate processes without increasing hazard, whether it be in respect to a race or a machine. We have no time even to make sure that matches are out. The fire loss is only one indication of our wastefulness. We have wasted our forests, our soil, our mines, our water.

We are coming, however, to a time when we must stop this prodigality. The drain upon our resources is beginning to be manifest in the increased cost of living. In the case of fire loss, the matter can largely be controlled by intelligent prevention. If civic consciousness means anything at all, it means a united effort for the general good, and a united recognition of the common preventable loss. It means attention to safe building, to individual safeguarding and removal of fire-breeding materials, acquiescence in a strict municipal surveillance for protection and prevention.

It means that the stamping out of fire should be undertaken as enthusiastically, earnestly and continuously as the stamping out of disease. Fire, like disease, has its origin in many sources, but records show that these causes are often preventable and well known, and that they are chiefly the result of wilful heedlessness. In many States the importance of the subject of fire prevention has been recognized by having a Fire Prevention Day observed. In those States even the school children are taught respect for the danger of fire, and at the same time an inner civic sense of duty toward their fellows. On the day of annual celebration, every means is taken to keep the subject alive and interesting, to get work done that will benefit everybody, and to stir up public indignation against carelessness and indifference.

Provision for fire protection can never receive too much attention. In addition to securing the most efficient fire departments, citizens of every town and city and also country dwellers, should give personal attention to safety for themselves and the community by building and maintaining their houses in such manner as to prevent fire; this is better than being sure of expert services when the alarm must be given. It would seem to be a good plan to organize neighborhood clubs at which fire prevention could be discussed and possibly careless householders made to think of the many risks they take in allowing certain dangerous conditions as regards fire to obtain in their homes. But a moment's consideration of our gigantic loss by fire should certainly serve to awaken new interest in the saving of this awful waste, not alone of wealth, but of human life.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES IN COUNTRY FAIRS

IN the promotion of town and county fairs, and to insure their being of a sort that will give practical educational demonstrations and be an incentive to local interest and effort, the Extension Department of the College of Agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y., has offered to coöperate with as many of these fairs as is practicable. Educational exhibits with one or two specialists in charge will be sent to societies wanting them, and these instructors will explain the exhibits and discuss with visitors any questions that may arise. Each exhibit will require 10 to 14 feet frontage, with room for counters and wall space for exhibit material.

Some of the available exhibits are: dairy, relating to the care and handling of milk, dairy utensils, butter and cheese making, and milk testing; animal husbandry, including feeds, feeding for milk production, importance of breeding, and related matters; poultry, treating of feeds, feeding for egg production, poultry-house appliances, and egg testing and grading; plant pathology, taking up diseases injurious to fruits and farm crops, with methods of control; entomology, dealing with the economical insect pests of fruit and farm crops, and methods of combating them; soils, including drainage, lime, conservation of manure, crop rotations and soil management; forestry, comprised of photographs, wood specimens, samples of trees for planting, and methods of managing the farm woodlot; plant-breeding, showing charts, specimens of improved strains of seeds, and plans of improving farm crops; agricultural chemistry, dealing with commercial fertilizers and fertility questions; farm crops, showing specimens of types of cereals and other crops, and charts of production.

JAPANESE BRIDGE AND LANTERN IN AMERICAN GARDEN, ALSO INTERESTING SUGGESTION FOR A PORCH.

HOW THE JAPANESE CAN HELP YOU MAKE A LITTLE GARDEN

THE amateur gardener in America, that is to say, the average home-maker who undertakes the beautifying of his grounds, be they large or small, has seldom gone beyond the desire to produce a trim lawn, with possibly some shrubbery and a few conventional flower-beds, together with shade trees, *in front;* while the backyard has been allowed to become proverbial for its unattractive features, and even uncleanliness. But with the development of a more harmonious architecture, comes a more thoughtful attitude toward surroundings and their possibilities for beauty that will serve a purpose; an effect, not for the eye alone, but for the mind; for people are beginning to realize more fully the restfulness to be found in a secluded, quiet spot in a garden, to appreciate more highly the contact with nature to be had even in a very small space where it has been given the chance to be beautiful.

Perhaps the most glaring fault to be found with American gardens in general is their lack of privacy, their arrangement usually being such as to expose the entire grounds to full view, which renders retirement and that sense of being protected from intrusion quite impossible. In few American cities do we still find that delightfully interesting obstruction, the old garden wall, with vines clambering up its sides, and perhaps the bloom-laden boughs of a crape-myrtle straying over it, with glimpses of pomegranates showing above. Such, indeed, are yet to be seen in old quarters of New Orleans, that city of almost Oriental charm; the same gardens that were long ago the trysting place of Creole lovers, and later the inspiration of romance writers; but they, too, are disappearing. However, the wall, and even fences, may be dispensed with and the garden left to depend upon its own arrangement for privacy without the utter sacrifice of seclusion so often experienced.

The monotony of a perfectly smooth lawn is not satisfying, and to vary it with something that responds to our seeking after form, life, movement, without introducing any disturbing influence, we best may go direct to nature; borrow the beauty of the hills, rocks in their natural state, growing things that hug the ground but

PICTURESQUE JAPANESE ROCK ARRANGEMENT, WITH LANTERNS IN HARMONY.

cover the bareness not too regularly, some of the wild flowers that need only the care of the rain and sunshine. All this may exist on one small mound, limited, if necessary, to but a few feet of earth, but kept elemental.

For transforming a small and unattractive spot into a charming little garden full of mystery and hidden nooks, or converting a flat, open space into a fascinating landscape with knolls and rocks and rills and all their attendant beauty, the Japanese are unexcelled. They are gardeners *par excellence*, for with them, no bush or tree or even blade of grass, no step or stone, or bit of anything is put in a garden without due consideration of its relation to the whole; but the result is not set or studied, more often giving the appearance of their own wild and rugged landscapes.

There seem to be picturesque and decorative features of Japanese gardens, as well as something of their general layout whereby little sheltered places of retreat are contrived, from which any amateur gardener may get excellent suggestions, and adapt them to his needs, without slavishly copying and attempting to produce a thing Japanese.

The arched bridge and garden lantern of wood or stone, for instance, when well placed, give accent and just the needed contrast with growing things that lends greater interest to them. It is not necessary to have a natural stream in order to use such a bridge for effect; a narrow, irregular pool may easily be made, lined with cement and edged with field stones; and in this water lilies, lotus or iris may be planted. The Japanese stone lanterns may be found in the larger cities, and almost anyone can make a wooden one such as illustrated.

Stepping stones in twos and threes, zigzaged along a winding path or through the tiny lake or stream, are not without a pleasing effect, and where there is a little rise in the ground, steps of earth held in shape by rustic logs may be made to advantage. A rustic gateway, with maybe a thatched roof and seats beneath its shelter, set across the path in a good sized garden where low bushes, ground-pine and underbrush come close around its sides, giving it an excuse for being in seeming to create a way of entrance, will further enhance their value in picturesque effect and always offer you a welcome.

A little tea house is a most delightful feature of a perfectly planned

JAPANESE MAPLE AND DECORATIVE PINE ARE SHOWN IN THIS GARDEN, WITH WOODEN LANTERN.

garden, serving, too, for rest, and for *meditation,* a thing which we need to hark back to, having lost much poise in too constant and close contact with each other and the distracting influences of the mad rush of our cities, ignoring nature. Such a house should be simple, just a harmonious outline, with the beauty of the outdoors showing from all sides. The Japanese place this upon some knoll, or where it commands the best view, but at the same time set it so among screening boughs as to give seclusion.

The riotous color in our gardens, often without concern for the juxtaposition of warring colors, shows that we have not learned to surround ourselves with influences conducive to repose and restfulness. The low toned, quiet, even somber shades of the forest, greens, grays and soft browns, relieved here and there with the brightness of fresh growth or some more brilliant foliage, would add immeasurably to the beauty and purpose of a garden, and with the addition of such objects as suggested, connecting it more intimately with people, it becomes more adequate to the demands of body, soul and senses.

There are numerous native small trees, shrubs and plants suitable for developing a garden along these lines, that will carry into it the spirit and fragrance of the typical American woodland. When desirably arranged according to the height they will attain with their permanent growth, and the particular purpose which each is to serve, whether for its screening boughs, or ornamental effect of form and color, they will contribute all the charm here pictured and described.

Scrub-oaks, dogwoods and junipers would be well placed in a rocky setting out upon any little eminence; cedars and spruce of the smaller varieties may easily be kept within the limits for the ordinary garden, and if there is a stream or artificial pool, pussy-willows and rushes are the natural addition along the banks.

In shady nooks myrtle will thrive, and ivy and the ground-pine are more pleasing than grass in many places, lending color and softening bare severity without seeming the least formal. Rhododendrons are among the most attractive of our flowering shrubs, and would be enjoyed if planted about the tea house or occasional gateway, with camellias and hydrangeas, for taking turns in flowering season. Azaleas, bayberry and hawthorn are admirable for hedges or bushy clumps; while the wild-rose and woodbine trailing over a dead or fallen tree left for the purpose, or trained over a trellised arch, if not trimmed too closely, will give the charm of careless profusion.

A SCHOOLTEACHER'S FARM IN NEW JERSEY: BY MARY RANKIN CRANSTON

IN May, 1909, when Robert Wilmer, a teacher in the public schools, took his wife and four small children to live on a newly purchased farm, he realized a dream he had cherished for twelve years. A teacher for fifteen years, at present holding a position of the first rank in the schools of his home town, a place of 35,000 inhabitants, Mr. Wilmer has always been deeply interested in his work, even though he has been aware of the fact that his profession is not a money-making occupation. Naturally he desired to lay the foundation for future independence, to prepare for the time when he would become weary of routine work in the schoolroom. What better thing could he do than buy a farm which he might make a self-supporting home that would eventually develop into a profitable business?

In spite of having spent all his life in cities and towns, a love of the country was an inheritance, for his parents had been farmers originally, and Mr. Wilmer says he cannot remember a time when he did not look forward to the day he "might go to the country and really live." As the passing years brought him a wife and growing family, this inclination was gradually strengthened until it became a fixed purpose.

Six years ago the definite search for a farm was begun. As there was no need for haste, Mr. Wilmer took his time about it while he saved money to pay for the farm when he should find it. Being totally ignorant of rural life, he prepared himself for it by reading and study during odd moments in winter and by observation during the summer.

Vacations spent in Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania gave him a practical knowledge of farm conditions in those States. He found objections, however, to each of them. He then looked up farm property in his native State, New Jersey, to find, curiously enough, that his farm had been waiting for him all this time, just four miles from the school where he has taught for many years.

It is within the fifty mile radius of New York City, midway between a railway station and the trolley line, the convenience to rapid transit facilities enabling Mr. Wilmer to take up his residence in the country several years sooner than he anticipated or otherwise would have been able to do. Consequently, he still follows his profession of teaching while he develops his farm, directing his hired man during the school term, working with him in the fields during vacations and on Saturdays.

The farm consists of sixty-six acres, has a seven-room house much better than the average country dwelling, barns and the usual farm buildings, and cost $4,500. It is situated on both sides of a fine turnpike, a small brook runs through it, six acres alongside the latter being fine truck land, the balance sandy loam.

Mr. Wilmer found the land impoverished through faulty methods followed by the former owner, and covered with enough bushes, briars and weeds to make cleaning a tedious job which occupied most of the time during the first summer, 1909.

The only crops for that season were a little corn put in on shares with another farmer, and six tons of hay from nearly exhausted fields. A cow, horse and a vegetable garden were practically the only improvements made the first year, but much has been accomplished since then. In two and a half years the steady work of a hired man, supplemented by help from Mr. Wilmer during every moment he could spend in his beloved fields, has made a wonderful change in the place. The land has been systematically fed with animal and commercial fertilizer until it has become more productive, and yields better and larger crops each season. Intelligent purpose is bringing order where confusion reigned before. Mr. Wilmer is making an attractive home out of what was formerly a badly run down place. Two more horses, another cow, pigs and fifty chickens have been added to the stock, besides two home-bred calves that are now being raised.

At the time of purchase, the place had no fruit to speak of, so during the spring of 1910 Mr. Wilmer set out two hundred peach trees, twenty-four pear trees, and one hundred and seventy-five apple trees. Currants, gooseberries, raspberries, blackberries and fifty more peach trees were added in the spring of 1912, and an asparagus bed of 100 plants made, by way of experiment.

The crops for the summer of 1911 consisted of 525 bushels of corn, 125 bushels

of rye, 60 bushels of oats, 30 bushels of wheat, 7 tons of hay, 2 barrels of apples from a few old trees, and a barrel of pears from one old tree. The garden gave an abundance of vegetables; there were chickens, eggs and five pigs. Nothing was sold but two pigs; everything else was used at home. If all the pigs and the heavy crops had been sold, they would have brought in $893.50, a very nice sum to be earned by a perfectly green hand, even though enthusiastic, on land that had been starved out for many years.

The first years of any business venture are always the hardest, because it is the time when the greatest outlay is required. Mr. Wilmer does not yet attempt to make his farm self-supporting, but is wisely putting all he can into it in the way of stock, fertilizer and machinery, on the principle that it takes money to make money. Nevertheless, he does raise enough vegetables, eggs, chickens, hams and bacon to supply a family of seven, winter and summer, and he makes his stock earn its keep, for only a little bran is bought, all other feed being produced on the farm.

For some years to come Mr. Wilmer intends to go in for general farming, certainly until the soil is greatly enriched and the land in a first-class state of cultivation. By that time he will know what to specialize upon, and he thinks now that it will be truck, for his six acres of truck land can be made to produce enough to carry all the balance. That will not be attempted until Mr. Wilmer is ready to devote his whole time to the farm.

In answer to the question, "What do you get out of it?" Mr. Wilmer said, "Plenty of hard work, for one thing."

"Then you regret giving up city life for the country?"

"No indeed," was the emphatic reply; "my wife and I are more than glad we made the change, especially when we did, for now our children can grow up strong in body because they eat fresh, wholesome food; they have a chance to develop normally because they are free from the overstimulation of the city; they can learn to know and love the beautiful, simple things of life because they are not bound by the artificial standards current in the average city or town. Then, my wife loves the country too, and we have room enough here to turn around in, fresh air to breathe, time enough to think, and brains rested enough to think with. As for me, well, I just love the country more and more every day, and the work I do out in the open air is making me so strong and hearty that I believe I shall be here to enjoy life for many years more than I could have expected if I had remained in town."

THE VALUE OF BIRDS ON THE FARM

THE nesting boxes we see put up by farmers to encourage the friendliness of such birds as prove their aids, are far outnumbered by the familiar old scarecrow on every farm in every land, and various other devices, flut-

THE BABY ROBIN IS A VERY SMALL FIRST AID TO THE FARMER: COURTESY OF DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

tering strips of paper or cloth tied to stakes set up in the fields, to frighten away the little feathered crop-destroyers. This would seem to indicate that all do not realize the service rendered by many of our common birds, an acquaintance which they

YOUNG HOUSE WREN, WAITING FOR AN INSECT BREAKFAST: COURTESY OF DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

SOME BABY WOOD THRUSHES CONTENTED AND WELL-FED: COURTESY OF DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

would do well to cultivate if merely for the knowledge of them as an economic factor in farming.

An article on the subject by G. L. Libby, in *Town and Country Journal,* appeals to us as being so worth while that we quote in full:

"The value of birds on the farm lies in the service which they render in the destruction of weed seeds, rodents and insects.

A LITTLE ROBIN CALLING FOR A MEAL OF EVIL INSECTS: COPYRIGHT BY F. R. HINKINS & SON: COURTESY OF DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

"Someone has said that 'a weed is a plant out of place,' and if this be true, some plants seem to have a well-established habit of getting out of their proper sphere and into cultivated land. As a single plant of certain garden weeds may produce as many as 100,000 seeds in a season, if unchecked these would soon become a decided menace to crops.

"While the hoe and cultivator may help to keep down the weeds on the farm, they still continue to increase in waste land and along roadsides, and from there eventually spread to the cultivated lands. It is in just such places that birds are often most abundant, and so they play an important part in checking this increase. In fact, the seed-eating birds are among the most effective agents in the warfare against weeds, for they attack these pests in the critical seed period, and thus help to prevent their further spread. While a few seeds are simply scattered by birds, in nearly all cases they are destroyed. Dr. Judd, of the Biological Survey, says: 'No less than fifty different birds act as weed destroyers, and the noxious plants which they help to eradicate number more than three score species.'

"Among the weeds commonly destroyed by birds are tarweed, turkey mullein, alfilaria, pigweed, knotweed, thistle and chick-

A FAMILY OF YOUNG CHIPPING SPARROWS READY TO BE FED WITH WEED SEEDS: COURTESY OF DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

weed. Great numbers of seeds are often consumed by birds even in a single meal. The stomach of one sparrow contained 1,000 seeds of pigweed, while two other birds had taken 300 and 700 seeds of various kinds. Professor Beal, of the United States Department of Agriculture has estimated that the tree sparrows of Iowa will destroy during the year 875 tons of weed seeds.

"Among the seed destroyers our native sparrows are unrivaled, weed seeds forming more than half of their food for the year. The value of sparrows to the farmer is increased by the fact that during the summer, and especially in the nesting season, they also eat many injurious insects. The young birds are fed almost entirely on insect food, including such pests as caterpillars, weevils, grasshoppers, cutworms and ants.

"The one member of the sparrow family which seems to be alike despised by both birds and man is the imported English sparrow. While a few insects and weed seeds are eaten by these birds, the little good thus done cannot compare with the harm which they do, especially in driving out the useful insect- and seed-eating birds. The English sparrows also destroy fruit and grain, and are a decided pest wherever they are found. The distinguishing mark of the male English sparrow is the large black patch on the throat and breast.

"Among the other birds which hold a high place as weed destroyers are the goldfinches, or 'wild canaries,' as they are commonly called. They often destroy certain weeds not usually taken by other birds, be-

A CHIPPING SPARROW FEEDING HER BABIES WITH DESTRUCTIVE CUTWORMS: COURTESY OF DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

THE STOMACH OF ONE SPARROW, ON INVESTIGATION, CONTAINED ONE THOUSAND SEEDS OF PIGWEED: COURTESY OF DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

ing especially fond of thistle seeds. For this reason they are sometimes given the name 'thistle birds.'

"One of the game birds, the mourning dove, is especially worthy of mention as a useful seed-eating bird. While the dove sometimes takes grain, most of this seems to be waste grain, taken after harvesting is over. These birds are most abundant, however, in waste lands where weeds abound, turkey mullein forming one of their favorite foods, while tumble weed and mustard are also eaten extensively.

"The immense numbers of weed seeds destroyed by these birds is shown in the fact that the stomach of one dove contained 9,200 seeds of different weeds, while the stomachs of two other doves contained 6,400 and 7,500 respectively. If three doves, at one meal, can destroy 23,100 seeds and thus prevent the spread of that many noxious weeds, how much good could be accomplished by the doves on one farm, in one county, or throughout the State?

"In the United States alone the annual loss from weeds has been estimated at $400,000,000. In the face of these startling figures we can well realize the importance of protecting the useful seed-eating birds, one of nature's best means of checking such losses."

Our readers may remember in the October CRAFTSMAN some statistics which Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson gave us about our friend, the robin: We quote here:

"The United States Bureau of Biological Survey, which has long displayed a striking tendency to ascertain the truth regarding the feeding habits of birds, began a few years ago to study the robin's diet. During the course of investigations that followed, Mr. W. L. McAtee journeyed to Louisiana to kill a few of these birds and make a scientific study of the contents of their stomachs. The following is a sample of his many reports. Under date of February 20th, 1910, he says: 'I collected twelve robins yesterday and examined their gizzards—eight had eaten nothing but insects and three of the others had taken, respectively, ninety-five, eighty and sixty per cent. of insects and invertebrates.'"

The National Association of Audubon Societies is doing effective missionary work in behalf of this interesting bird.

THE GOLDFINCH IS A GOOD WEED DESTROYER AND ESPECIALLY FOND OF THISTLE SEEDS: COURTESY OF DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

METHODS OF FROST PROTECTION

A VERY seasonable bulletin has been published on the above subject by the Department of Meteorology of the Agricultural Experiment Station at Cornell University, and, although it deals primarily with frosts in New York State, much of the information is of general interest and application. The following extracts may be of assistance to those who wish to protect plants and fruit trees from the disastrous effects of frost:

"For the farmer who is prepared to make practical use of a frost warning, the forecasts issued by the Weather Bureau should receive first consideration because they may be obtained early in the day, before it is possible to obtain any reliable indications from local observations as to the probability of frost. But when the warnings issued by the Weather Bureau cannot be obtained and the farmer must rely on himself, there are no instrumental readings that will take the place of a careful observation of the condition of the sky, the direction and force of the wind, and the trend of temperature.

Methods of Frost Protection.

The object sought in all methods of frost protection is to hold the temperature of the air in contact with the plant above the point of danger. In the attempt to accomplish this certain principles are involved:

1. Prevention or retardation of the escape of heat from the earth by the use of an artificial covering. The use of smudges as a means of protection against frost is based on this principle.
2. Addition to the air of moisture in the form of vapor, with the view of obtaining the effect of liberation of latent heat as the moisture condenses. The use of damp fuel for smudges and the spraying of fires with water have this purpose in view.
3. Heating the air by small fires.

Artificial Covering.

It is a very old practice to protect plants from frost by covering them with newspapers, carpets, straw and the like. This is a most cleanly and efficient method, but unfortunately, because of the labor and expense involved, it is applicable in practice only to small areas, such as flower beds and gardens. However, by a small investment in tarred building paper the practice may be extended profitably to considerable areas. When the paper is cut into convenient lengths and two or three strips are fastened or pasted together so as to make a strip eight or ten feet wide, which can be rolled and unrolled easily, this method may be used for the protection of a fairly large area. It affords a very convenient and efficient protection for strawberries, garden truck or small fruits. Paper of this kind can be purchased for one or two cents per square foot, and should last several years.

Smudging.

Smudging, particularly when damp fuel is used, combines the first and second principles mentioned above—the prevention of the escape of heat from the ground and the addition of moisture to the air. In practice smudging has not proved a very efficient method of protection. It is used chiefly at present to shield the blossoms from the sun during the morning hours following a frost, thus preventing too rapid thawing. Spraying the frozen fruit or blossoms with water is practiced, also with the same purpose in view. It is not so much the freezing that causes injury, as too rapid thawing. It is said that blossoms may be frozen solid for hours without injury if thawed very slowly.

Heating the Air.

The most practical, efficient and economical method yet devised for protection of large areas is the direct addition of heat by means of numerous small fires properly distributed over the area to be protected.

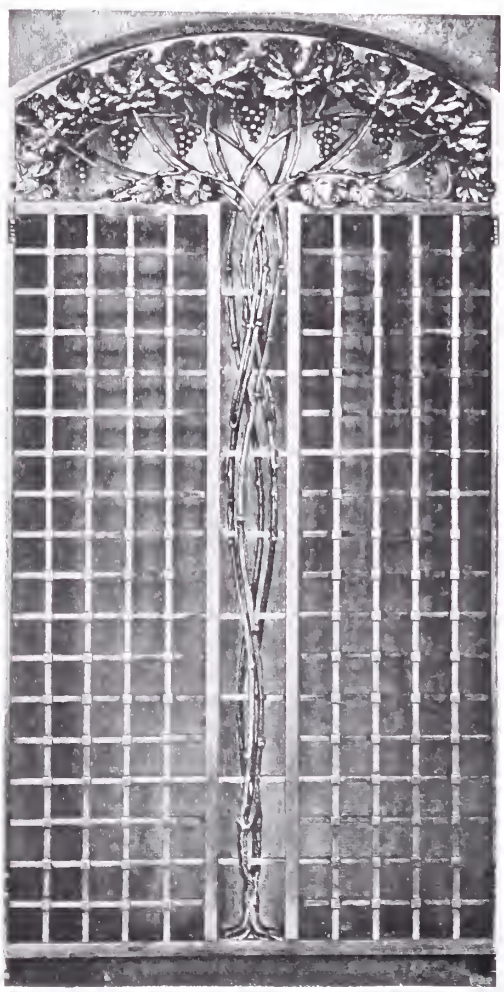
For the farmer who desires to protect the farm orchard, this method is offered as neither difficult nor expensive. However, it does require foresight and careful preparation. The fuel to be used must be on the ground and ready for instant use. Moreover, it must be dry, so that fires may be started quickly when the temperature approaches the point of danger. A small investment in an alarm thermometer will obviate the inconvenience of remaining up at night to watch for the time when the fires must be started. These thermometers are constructed to ring an alarm bell when the temperature approaches the danger point. The alarm thermometer should be located in the coldest part of the orchard and set to ring the bell when the temperature is still a few degrees above the point of danger, so as to give time to get the fires started.

Wood, coal and oil are the fuels in use, and the choice must depend on local price and supply.

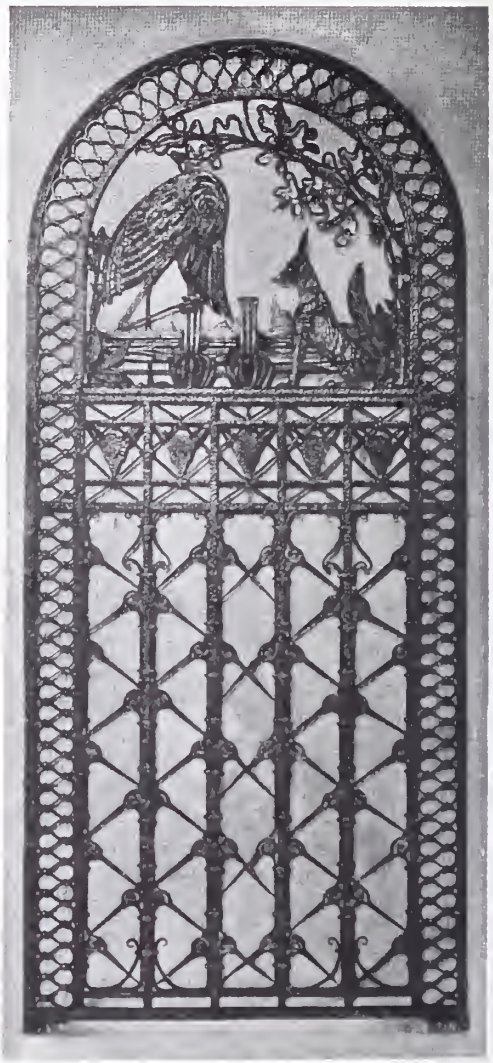
THE DECADENCE OF THE PRACTICAL ARTS IN FRANCE

The pictures used in this article are reproduced from *Art et Décoration.*

IT would seem from a recent article in a Paris art journal, *Art et Décoration,* that the arts and crafts movement in France is suffering from the same condition of stagnation that obtains in England and America. This French writer feels that the difficulty in France is, and surely his argument obtains in America, that the present interest in interior decoration is unrelated to architectural progress. In other words, that the decorative idea is entirely a superficial one, and that the Frenchmen of today are designing their wallpapers and rugs and draperies and lamps and window fabrics without the slightest interest in, or at least the slightest relation to, the sorts of houses they are to fill. In fact, architecture at present in France is a dead issue. The architects are imitating old ideas, from either Greek or Period inspiration, or occasionally putting out something along Secession lines, equally artificial and unimportant.



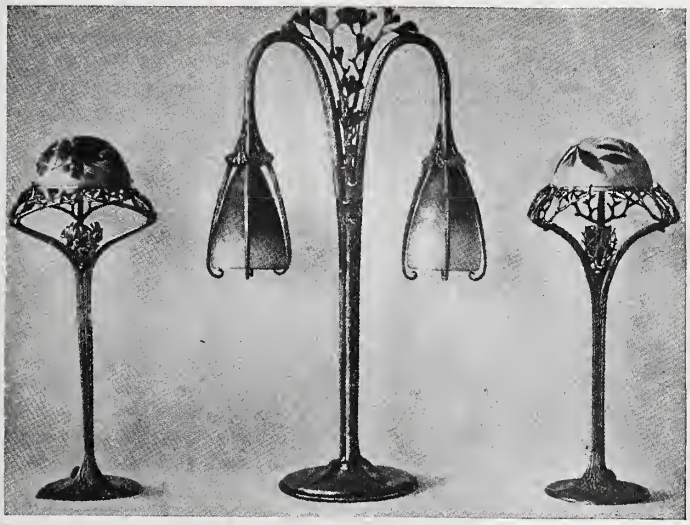
FRENCH WROUGHT-IRON WINDOW: GRAPE DESIGN.



FRENCH WROUGHT-IRON WINDOW: WITH "FOX AND STORK" DESIGN.

But poor as these three artificial styles of architecture are, the furnishings that are made do not relate even to them. Each man is doing what pleases him, or rather what pleases his sense of novelty. The writer whom we have already quoted feels that bad as German and Austrian architecture is from the standard of real art, it at least is sincere and to that extent far in advance of the present situation in France;

for the Germans, Austrians and Hungarians of today are heartily interested in Secession Art. They believe in it and they want it. The fantastic spirit of it is in their architecture, in their household fittings, in their paintings, in their sculpture. It really is encroaching upon their drama, as we feel in the work of that new stage director who is little short of a genius, Max Reinhardt. If Reinhardt were not touched by Secession Art we should feel him almost the greatest creator of stage beauty of the century. Although here in America we feel that the eccentric whimsicality known as Secession Art impulse has passed over with us and has been short-lived because it was without root in real conditions, Germany clings to it, and as it has in a way rejuvenated the art interest of the whole nation, and has dominated every phase of life, we must accord it a certain position in the art history of modern Europe. We hope, as France evidently does, that Germany will recover from it and refuse this orchid growth as a final expression, however interesting and stimulating it may have been.



FRENCH LAMPS IN WROUGHT IRON.

And it is just possible that in Paris, the fact that the artists are working along lines of their own initiative, refusing an architecture that would suggest birth in Art Nouveau ideas, refusing the binding of the arts and crafts movement to Art Nouveau inspiration, may at least leave the field free for whatever big or honest art impulse may spring into existence. It is hard to say just what is best for a nation,—such a fallow time as France is having or the growth of such an earnest unimportant movement as the Secession Art condition in Germany.

NEW STYLE DESIGN FOR FRENCH FABRICS.

In this present article we are presenting illustrations which were shown in Paris in the Summer Salon of 1912, feeling that whatever is done the world over along craft lines must be of interest to our readers, and also because the writer of the article which included these illustrations was so frankly critical of conditions as they exist today in his native land. It is such criticism which will stir up eventually the real craftsmen to the production of work suited to their lives, and may possibly stimulate their imagination toward a more vital interest in the actual beauties so well trained an art is capable of revealing.

Of course, in any criticism of art conditions in Paris today René Lalique is exempt. He is the great craftsman of France and one of the greatest she has ever had. His art is wholly individual, and even though it has been ranked with the Art Nouveau movement, it in no way should be incorporated in it, although undoubtedly it has inspired many of the Art Nouveau men toward a finer development of their art.

We feel in all the work we are presenting in this article the sort of elegance that France will probably never get away from. There are good lines and appreciation of the ultra refinement of art, but with the exception of the wrought-iron work, the

NEW DESIGN FOR FRENCH FRIEZE.

designs might have come from Vienna and the workmanship from Munich, and the inspiration from Hungary. And so we cannot take it very seriously. The wrought-iron work perhaps holds a suggestion of originality. The designs are essentially simple, the composition, although touched by Art Nouveau, is nevertheless appropriate for its position. In one instance a most well-balanced conventional use of the grape leaf and stem is seen, in the other a charming illustration of the old fable of The Fox and the Stork.

It would seem so simple a thing for the Frenchmen who really want to contribute something to art and to crafts, to give their attention heart and soul to the designing of a national architecture and useful and beautiful fittings for homes and public buildings,—the carvings on the exterior of the houses, such as we reproduced in an article some months ago, interesting iron grills for the doors, doorways, arches and windows, simple practical furniture in good lines and colors for the house fittings, and fabrics suited to the furnishings, with designs possibly taken from old French tapestries or ceramics. And there you have the beginning of a modern art and craft movement which would be of interest to the whole world and of practical value and comfort to the nation.

When Hungary decided that she wanted some beautiful fabrics for her country houses, the designs were taken from old china and printed on inexpensive cottons. And these simple patterns are now world famous; so famous, in fact, that shops for the sale of them have been established in Paris, and materials in imitation of them have been made in silk for the French modistes. Poiret turns to Austria for most of the interesting materials that go into the wonderful gowns which he is making for beautiful women the world over.

It would seem as if the time had come for France to forget her little whims and momentary pleasures in designing and executing her ceramics and fabrics, and if she intends to hold her world-wide prestige, to give her undivided thought to the absolute necessity which faces her now; beginning at the beginning, making houses that are essential to the welfare of a modern race of French people, fitting and furnishing them for comfort, pleasure and beauty, she will in time develop inevitably an art movement and craft movement which will give her perhaps her old place, instead of one which at present she holds, if at all, by right of tradition only.

BRINGING THE WOODS TO TOWN: BY LEE McCRAE

A FAMOUS artist, visiting our city one spring, exclaimed, "Of all the beautiful things you have in this mountainous section, none is more beautiful than the dogwood tree in full bloom! Why do you not plant it in your lawns? It is shapely, dainty in its foliage, and in bloom it is simply magnificent—yes, magnificent!" he reiterated.

Since then I have been investigating. The pine and the dogwood, like the American Indian, do not like civilization—asphalt, pipes and drainage. But both can be transplanted and grown with care. I find the dogwood in several lawns, while one man—a philanthropist is he!—has placed them along the parking of his property. He gives shade *and* beauty to all the passersby.

Two other dwellers in the woods that can be coaxed to live under town conditions are the mountain laurel and rhododendron. Although vast inroads have been made on Nature's garden, these beautiful shrubs often grow on steep mountainsides and in the silent woods in thick patches that would be all the better for a little thinning. If the transplanting is carefully done the plants will thrive, and precaution should also be taken not to injure in any way the shrubs left growing in their natural environment.

GERMAN INTERIOR, WITH FURNITURE SUGGESTING ENGLISH COTTAGE TYPE.

SOME DIGRESSIONS IN GERMAN FURNITURE

The pictures used in this article are reproduced from *Innen Dekoration.*

IT is not often that German architecture, in our opinion, merits unqualified praise. We are ardent admirers of Germany's varied expression in music, science and civic achievements, but it has seemed to us that on the whole German architects, in their endeavor either to express individuality or to meet a need as they saw it, have worked too hard. The result is that the record of their effort has seemed labored and strained rather than spontaneous, and lacking in the spirit of comfort so essential to the right home atmosphere.

The sterling qualities of conscientious and patient work that have formed so fundamental a part of Germany's intellectual and civic achievement have seemed rather a handicap in the matter of her home-building and furnishing, for these should be matters of growth rather than forced effort. The needs of a nation, the demands of climate, the qualities of temperament peculiar to a people, and the manner of their daily lives,—all these things should influence the building of homes.

The present tendency in German interior decoration seems to be to break away from the obsession of *Art Nouveau,* and to gather suggestion from either French "period" or English "cottage" styles. In the two views of the dining room in a German country house, shown here, definite English "cottage" influence may be felt in the plain sturdy lines of the beams and other woodwork, the built-in cabinets and the simple strong chairs. The one thing that is essentially German in the room is the tile stove. These ungainly stoves are not always as ugly as pictures of them in black and white would have us believe, for the tile is usually of some vivid tone, and the sense of color they bring into a room is as grateful as the heat they give. The tiles are porous and store up the heat and diffuse it even hours after the fire is out, so that a very little fuel will suffice to keep a large room at a comfortable temperature. These qualities endear the clumsy old stoves to German hearts and keep them from being supplanted by more modern forms of heating.

A rather unwieldy piece of furniture is shown in the picture of the combination serving table and cabinet, which seems to

SECOND VIEW OF GERMAN DINING ROOM, SHOWING EXTREME SIMPLICITY OF SIDEBOARD.

have been touched by both "period" and peasant influences. The combination seems a bit eccentric, for either of these suggestions worked out to a logical conclusion would surely have resulted in a piece of furniture both useful and beautiful.

Returning to the suggestion of the English "cottage" style, shown in the general lines of this German interior and its furnishings, it is particularly pleasant to see the simplicity of the sideboard, so harmonious, in its proportions and outline, with the architectural features of the room, its substantial beams, paneled walls and square windows. The open shelves and square-paned upper doors of the sideboard, its plain drawers and lower doors with their unobtrusive hardware, are all very satisfying. The dining table is also admirable in build, and the small side table especially good, both kept simple. The chairs are in conformity with these, and appear to have been chosen for their suitability to the room as well as their own excellence both in make and design. A strictly Craftsman note is struck in the lighting fixtures, wholly simple, and in keeping with the ceiling from which they hang.

NEW GERMAN FURNITURE: A COMBINATION OF PERIOD AND PEASANT STYLES.

"HOLMWOOD," COUNTRY HOUSE IN KNEBWORT H, ENGLAND: EDWIN LUTYENS, ARCHITECT: ONE OF THE VERY BEST EXAMPLES OF SIMPLE MODERN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE TO BE FOUND IN THE BRITISH ISLES: THE WINDOWS ARE EXCEPTIONALLY WELL PLACED AND THE ROOF LINES BOTH PRACTICAL AND GRACEFUL.

Courtesy of Innen Dekoration.

LIVING HALL IN "HEATHCOTE," JEKLY, YORKSHIRE: EDWIN LUYTENS, ARCHITECT: THE FURNISHING OF THIS ROOM SHOWS THE ENGLISH AFFECTION FOR THE BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY OF THE PERIOD STYLE: IT IS INTERESTING TO NOTE HOW ADMIRABLY THIS FURNITURE IS SUITED TO THE INTERIOR OF THIS DEFINITELY MODERN HOUSE.

OUR PARCELS POST SYSTEM

THE people of the United States have at last achieved the privilege of a Parcels Post, through Act of Congress, passed during the final days of its session, and to become effective January, nineteen hundred and thirteen. The law which inaugurates this new system of forwarding packages at a nominal rate will doubtless be welcomed by a larger majority of our people than any other which this able body of men have accomplished, for it is one from which the individual enjoys immediate and adequate benefits; one which will mean greatly increased convenience to the rural districts in particular.

The maximum weight for a Parcels' Post package has been established at eleven pounds, and neither its length nor circumference must exceed six feet. A new plan of regulating the rate according to the distance carried will be tried in this department of the post office; the cost will range from five cents per pound for any distance within one hundred miles, increasing one cent each time the zone extends from one hundred to three hundred, to six hundred, to twelve hundred, to two thousand, to twenty-eight and thirty-six hundred miles, to twelve cents for all distances greater than the last named. For each additional pound of a parcel to be forwarded within the first zone, three cents will be charged; four cents in the second, five in the third, six in the fourth, seven in the fifth, nine in the sixth, ten in the seventh, and twelve cents for each pound to all points at greater distances than thirty-six hundred miles.

This makes our rate considerably higher than that of either Germany or France, for in the former a pound package may be forwarded six hundred miles for twelve cents, and in the latter sixteen cents is charged for the same service. When the limited extent of these two countries is compared with the vast distances in the United States, it seems a more practical plan to adopt this new system.

At any rate, it is but an experiment, and if found expedient for the greater convenience of the public or from an economical standpoint, to make any change, the Postmaster General has the right when sanctioned by the Interstate Commerce Commission, to revise the conditions of the law as regards classification, weight and size limit, zones and rates. This makes it possible to look forward to constantly increasing efficiency in the Parcels Post Department, for the wheels of the law will not be so slow in moving where it allows the executive wider opportunity to promote its progress; and at the same time it is needful that the man placed in the office of Postmaster General be chosen with care greater in proportion to his increased power.

THE NEW INTERIOR DECORATING METHODS

IT has long been a problem to the home owner of moderate means to combine the artistic with the durable in wall decoration. Parts of walls in certain rooms become dilapidated before the greater part of the decoration shows any sign of wear and soil. The walls that ring with children's merriment tell also tales of grimy fingers and display hieroglyphics from stray pencils. Every season the people who make things come a little nearer than they were before to the fresh, vital home problems which they are trying to solve in their distant factories. A certain maker of interior decorating materials has come very close indeed to this difficulty of the man or woman who plans to decorate or redecorate the home in an artistic and economical way.

The solution is this: Two kinds of decorating materials are used in combination. They match perfectly in color, and offer a wide variety to choose from in creating different color schemes for different rooms, all blending harmoniously. The first material is a tinting making a soft-toned wall superior in color and quality to kalsomine and is used for side walls and ceilings in general. A stencil pattern is often employed with excellent results in one, two or more colors, put over the plain tinting and either blending or contrasting with it. The second material is a flat wall paint producing the same soft tone on the walls. It matches exactly the first material, but its advantage lies in the fact that it is washable and the wall to which it is applied may be cleaned with soap and water and sponge or cloth.

One can readily see that the second material used in hallways, along the stairs, in the nursery, the lower part of bathroom walls where water is splashed and below the plate or chair rail in the dining room, enables mother or maid to erase all traces of soil. It is also desirable for closets and cupboards which should be kept immaculately clean, free from spots and spillings.

ALS IK KAN

THANKSGIVING AND POLITICS

WHATEVER the motives that, almost on the eve of a Presidential election, sent a Senatorial committee on an exploring expedition into the domain of campaign funds past and present, the public is a gainer by the result. For it has been given a few clear-cut and significant facts in the place of a mass of vague, persistent and distorted rumors. And these facts may serve as milestones to mark the distance we have already traveled toward a finer self-respect in public affairs, as well as to remind us that the journey is not yet ended. Looking backward and forward from the point already reached, it is difficult to repress an exultant conviction that this nation's feet are set on the upward slopes of a gradual spiritual evolution from which there will be no turning back.

Ever since Judge Parker, just before the election of 1904, accused the Republican managers of accumulating a huge campaign fund by levying a species of blackmail against the big corporations, certain anti-Roosevelt papers have reverted to the charge on all opportune occasions, building up around it an imposing and bewildering edifice of rumor and suspicion. But now, under the investigating committee's searchlight, this misty structure has faded and vanished In its place stand a few sharply outlined facts—facts which constitute an indictment, it is true, but an indictment of methods, not of men.

Thus with the light for the first time turned on the cost of electing Presidents, we learn that the Republican campaign fund in 1896 was $3,500,000; in 1900, $3,000,000 and, in 1904, $2,088,000. As it is with the 1904 fund that rumor has most persistently busied itself, we will pause at that. A treasurer of the Republican National Committee testified that 73½ per cent. of the money used in the Roosevelt campaign that year was contributed from the coffers of corporations. J. P. Morgan gave $150,000; H. C. Frick, $100,000; John D. Archbold, $100,000 and George J. Gould, $100,000. Mr. Morgan testified that any campaign contributions made by his company were made "for the good of the country," and with no expectation of any special consideration in return. "And we never got any return, either, from anybody," he added. The matter was even more sweepingly dealt with when Colonel Roosevelt himself took the stand. "I asked no man to contribute to the campaign fund when I was elected President of the United States, and I wish to reiterate that Mr. Bliss and Mr. Cortelyou both assured me that no promise had been made as a return for any contribution. Neither they nor anyone else having authority asked me to act or refrain from acting in any matter while I was President because any contribution had been made or withheld." And when one of the members of the investigating committee asked him whether, as a practical man, he would not naturally think that "some of the people might be expecting favors," he answered with emphasis: "As a practical man of high ideals, who has always endeavored to put his high ideals into practice, I think that any man who would believe that he would get any consideration from making any contributions to me was either a crook or a fool."

But even when we have frankly accepted Colonel Roosevelt's point of view and conceded Mr. Morgan's sincerity in declaring that he expected nothing in return for his money, there remains something disturbing to the self-respect of the average citizen in the thought that our Presidential campaigns have been financed by a few immensely rich men. For after all, choosing a President is your business and mine no less than Mr. Morgan's or Mr. Archbold's, and if there are unavoidable expenses connected with it we have no excuse for shirking our individual responsibility in the matter. No matter how exalted and disinterested may be the motive that prompts a millionaire to assume the upkeep of our Governmental machinery, the act tends to pauperize the electorate. No point of view can make healthy the conditions under which nearly three-quarters of the victorious party's campaign fund is contributed by the great corporations which dominate and overshadow the industrial situation in this country. Such things are not compatible with our boasted spirit of independence, our claim to a Government controlled and cared for by the people.

Some of the more progressive Western States have already awakened to this fact in advance of the rest of the country, and have passed laws safeguarding their State elections from the possibility of incurring

disproportionate financial obligation to the few. Recognizing the obvious fact that the nomination and election of State officers is a part of the public business of the State, and should not depend upon the charity of the rich, the legislature appropriates from the public funds the money necessary for this purpose. Thus the burden is distributed evenly among all the tax-payers. Some such solution must ultimately be applied in our national elections.

In the meantime, however, we have gone far since 1904, and our rate of progress is constantly increasing. That is why this discussion of past abuses and abuses yet to be remedied is not inappropriate or discordant, even at this thanksgiving season. In 1904 it was a matter of course that corporations should give heavily to campaign funds. Now, it is illegal for a corporation to contribute, although, of course, the corporation magnates may still give as lavishly as they please as individuals. In 1904 campaign managers believed that the right to maintain secrecy regarding the sources and amounts of contributions was "as sacred as the right of a man to cast a secret ballot in the election." Now we have campaign fund publicity laws which, while still capable of improvement, nevertheless finally and completely dispose of that contention. The old, unseemly and scandal-breeding method of financing campaigns, the method that could not endure the light, is a thing of the past.

But if the work of the Senate's campaign fund investigating committee has served to reassure us on the subject of campaign funds, it has at the same time unconsciously invited our attention to certain defects in our methods of investigating questions of public moment. These defects are inherent in the idea of temporary and irresponsible investigating committees composed of active politicians who are under constant temptation to delve for political capital when what the country really wants is just the facts. The investigation we have been discussing, for instance, can scarcely escape the suspicion of a partisan instigation at least.. Is there no way in which this most necessary function of turning on the light can be placed beyond the reach or suspicion of petty or partisan motives? To THE CRAFTSMAN it seems that there should be a permanent, responsible and non-partisan Court of Inquiry whose duty it would be to conduct all investigations in which facts relating to the public policy and welfare are involved, and to publish their findings and recommendations. There are many directions now in which progress is faltering because of the difficulty of obtaining a clear and comprehensive view of the facts with which it must deal. By means of the Interstate Commerce Commission we have taken the railroads out of politics, and public opinion is demanding that we do the same with the tariff. It cannot be long before the investigation committee will follow suit.

BOOK REVIEWS

LIFTED MASKS: STORIES BY SUSAN GLASPELL

ONE of the stories in this book is a *big* one—in fact about the biggest short story the reviewer has read for a long while. It's called "The Man of Flesh and Blood," and it's as real and human as the title. Like most great things, the tale is very simple—with the kind of simplicity that is won by struggle, by piercing through the superficial and the complex into the heart and soul of humanity, into the very core of life. We don't often recommend the books we review as strongly as this; but in the present instance we want to say: "Go out and buy it—if only for the sake of that one brief, splendid story!"

As to the other stories, while they are not so big as "The Man of Flesh and Blood," some of them come pretty close to it. They may be pure fiction or they may be based on fact; but whatever their origin or inspiration you feel that they are *real*. The plots and episodes possess that curious mixture of the dramatic and the commonplace which actual life is so rich in. They are unique without being improbable. They are full of sentiment, yet not sentimental, and some of the incidents give you a tight feeling about the throat that makes you forget the masterful technique of their author in your realization of her warm, encompassing sympathy.

Most of the tales deal with ordinary people and ordinary things. For instance, there's a story about an elevator boy called "Freckles" who contrived to help the passage of a certain reform bill in a manner that makes you chuckle with malicious glee. There's another about a young girl who was "out of a job," and a little old woman who was going blind, that makes

you feel as if they both belong to you. There's the love story (woven around the making of a dictionary) of a girl and a man whom she wanted to help in his struggle against his own weakness—a story that makes you long to "mold things nearer to the heart's desire." Then there's a passage between a German-American and his college-bred son which sets forth the struggle between old ideals and new ambitions with a sense of tragedy that is almost heart-breaking. And the hero of still another tale —"The Anarchist: His Dog"—is a small boy with a morning paper route, who defends his disreputable but belovèd mongrel with a fierceness that is as tender as it is amusing.

A book like this wakes one to a keener sight of the wonderful possibilities of existence, and fills one with a sense of comradeship for all humanity—not merely humanity in the abstract, but in all its throbbing, aching, struggling reality. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 257 pages. Price $1.00 net.)

FRESH AIR AND HOW TO USE IT: BY THOMAS S. CARRINGTON, M.D.

THE healthfulness and pleasure of outdoor living and sleeping have come to be so widely recognized during the past few years, among medical and architectural circles and homemakers generally, that an authoritative work on this subject will find a ready welcome. Illustrated with many photographs, floor plans and diagrams, and handled in a brief but comprehensive way, this book presents just that practical working knowledge which is needed by those who wish to provide open-air accommodation in their homes. Among the phases of the subject which are treated are those of ventilation, window tents, roof bungalows, wall houses and iron frame porches for city use, temporary fresh-air porches for the country, permanent sleeping porches and loggias for country homes, methods of protecting and screening porches, tents and tent houses, open-air bungalows and cottages, the planning of new houses with open-air apartments, roof playgrounds for children, as well as clothing, bedding and furniture for the various kinds of fresh-air living and sleeping. (Published by The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, New York. 241 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price $1.00.)

WOOD AND FOREST: BY WILLIAM NOYES

THIS book, which was prepared as a companion volume to "Handwork in Wood," by the same author, is the result of an attempt "to collect and arrange in available form useful information, hitherto widely scattered, about our common woods, their sources, growth, properties and uses." As such it will certainly be welcomed by woodworkers, cabinetmakers and all who may be interested in the nature and use of this friendly and adaptable material.

The contents include, in addition to a general bibliographical list, chapters on the structure and properties of wood, the principal species of American woods, the distribution and composition of the North American forests, the forest organism, the natural enemies of the forest and also its exhaustion and use. As each section is systematically arranged, the facts concisely put and a generous supply of photographs, maps and sketches used for illustration, the volume should prove an invaluable reference work for every technical library and woodworker's table. (Published by The Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Ill. 309 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price, postpaid, $3.00.)

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE INSECT WORLD: BY J. H. FABRE: TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY BERNARD MIALL

EVEN the most confirmed insect-hater, having once opened this unusual book and read a few sentences of its fascinating contents, must be compelled to lay aside those prejudices which have hitherto closed his eyes to the marvels of the insect world, and admit a new interest and wonder at the dramatic picture that is unveiled for his delectation. For here, between the covers of an attractive and well illustrated book, the man whom Maurice Maeterlinck has called "the insects' Homer" has bared for the lay reader's contemplation the joys and struggles, the loves and hatreds of insect life.

In language that has a literary and human quality which not every scientist can command, this great French entomologist unfolds before our widening gaze "the most extraordinary tragic fairy play that

it is possible for the human imagination, not to create or to conceive, but to admit and acclimatize within itself." No fiction could be stranger than the truths it reveals. Beneath the searchlight of this man's keen observation a new world opens to our vision. With the turning of each page we discover fresh horrors, beauties and delights. Assuredly, the realms of both entomology and literature owe to this industrious author a debt of gratitude for his enrichment of their store. Such books as this show science in her true light—which is one of intensest interest and romance. (Published by The Century Co., New York. 328 pages. Illustrated. Price $3.00 net. Postage extra.)

LAME AND LOVELY: BY FRANK CRANE

THESE "Essays on Religion for Modern Minds," as they are defined, are significant not only as an expression of personal convictions and ideals but perhaps even more as a reflection of the *Zeitgeist*—the trend toward democracy of thought and action which is coloring so strongly our national and individual life. Written in Mr. Crane's usual vigorous style, epigrammatic, with a flavor of kindly cynicism and that touch of whimsical humor which comes with an understanding of the mingled shortcomings and aspirations of human nature, the essays open up new lines of thought and throw the light of common sense on many old ones. The dominant note of the message is progress—the outgrowing of old prejudices and superstitions and the grasping of new hopes and wider responsibilities. As the author puts it: "The flavor of the religion of the past is incense. The flavor of modern religious life is soap." (Published by Forbes & Company, Chicago. 215 pages. Price $1.00.)

LOVE IN A MASK: BY HONORE DE BALZAC

THIS short but startling tale by the great French novelist has just been brought to light, published and translated after its long neglect upon the bookshelves of the Duchesse de Dino. For it was originally presented to her by the author in his own handwriting, as a token of grateful friendship, under the title "L'Amour Masque." The story, which is developed under romantic guise, is in reality as serious as it is unusual in theme, portraying a woman of sufficient strength of character and ingenuity to break through conventions to attain a selfish and yet at the same time a noble and womanly end. But in the long run it is the conventions which triumph—not by virtue of their social prestige, but through the principles of human loyalty and family love on which they are based. (Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. 136 pages. Price $1.00 net.)

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CLAY: BY A. B. SEARLE

A GREAT deal of useful and interesting information is condensed in this little book, the size of which makes it convenient as a handy reference or pocket volume. The subject is treated in a scientific and practical way, with a number of illustrations. Among the phases discussed are the chemical and physical properties of clays, clays and associated rocks, the origins of clays, the modes of accumulation of clays, some clays of commercial importance, and clay-substance, theoretical and actual. (Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 167 pages. Illustrated. Price 40 cents net.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF A COURT PAINTER: BY H. JONES THADDEUS

A DELIGHTFUL collection of reminiscences and anecdotes is crowded into the pages of this pleasantly written autobiography, which is as attractive in make-up as it is in contents. The artist-author's amusing and picturesque experiences in different cities of Europe and Australia hold a wide and varied interest for student and general reader alike. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. 322 pages. Illustrated. Price $3.50 net.)

THE VENETIAN SCHOOL OF PAINTING: BY EVELYN MARCH PHILLIPPS

THIS critical review of Venetian art is detailed and comprehensive, and will no doubt prove a useful reference book for the artist, student and traveler. Typical illustrations from the work of various painters of the Venetian school add to the attraction of the volume. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 331 pages. Illustrated. Price $2.25 net.)

AN UNSUSPECTED LITERARY ANCESTOR

A FEW weeks ago a stranger called at our office and said he had something rather curious to show us. He pulled out a little old volume—leather-covered, brown and worn—and opened it at the title page. There, to our amazement, opposite a quaint, mildewed engraving of the signing of the Magna Charta, we read these words: "THE CRAFTSMAN — by Caleb D'Anvers, of Gray's-Inn, Esq." And underneath was the inscription: "London, Printed for R. Francklin, in Russell-Street, Convent-Garden, MDCCXXXI."

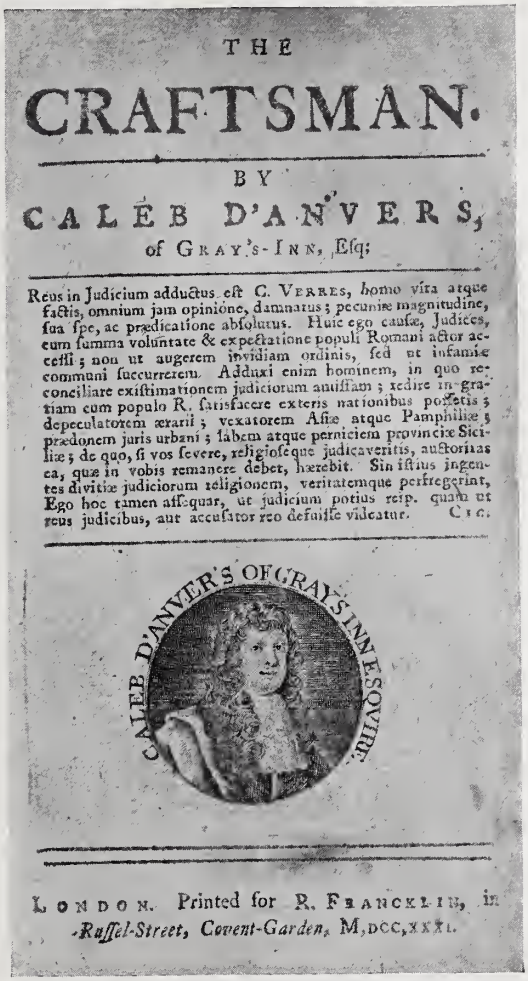
Seventeen hundred and thirty-one—a hundred and eighty-one years ago!

"This," explained our visitor, who had introduced himself as Mr. Max E. Schmidt, of Convent, New Jersey, "is the first of a set of fourteen bound volumes in which was reprinted a series of old English papers. The first of these papers was published December 5, 1726, and the last is dated April 17, 1736. I happened to pass your door the other day, and seeing that copper sign of yours I remembered my fourteen little volumes at home and decided to bring one in to show you."

Needless to say, our surprise was only equaled by our pleasure. After imagining our magazine to be the first of its title, and more or less original in its point of view, here we were suddenly confronted with an unsuspected literary ancestor. It was like meeting a comrade, shaking hands with one of the old pioneers!

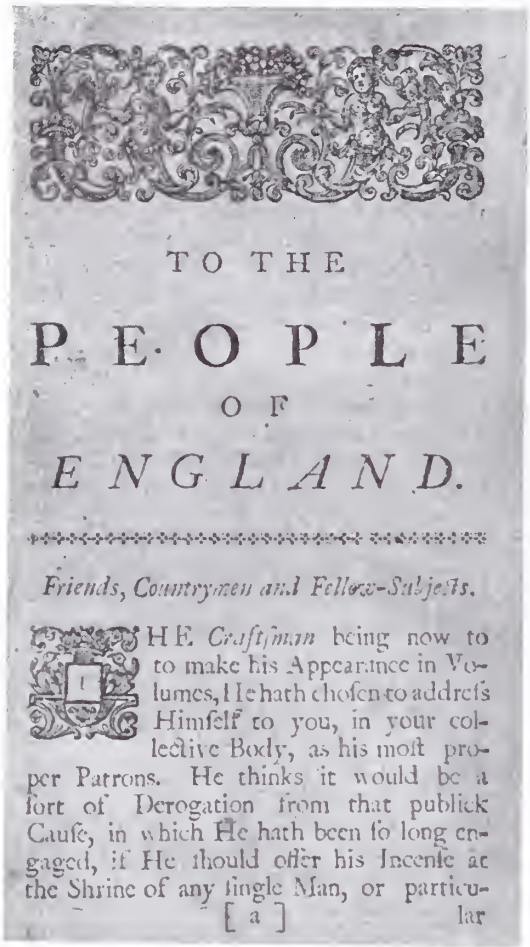
Noting the genuine interest which the discovery had given us, Mr. Schmidt was kind enough to leave the book in our hands so that we might look through it more at leisure. This we did, with more interest, amusement and admiration than can be readily expressed.

The "dedication" of the volume captured our sympathy at once. "To the People of England," it was headed. *The people*—these, to Caleb D'Anvers' democratic mind, were his "most proper patrons." *The Craftsman*, he goes on, "thinks it would be a sort of Derogation from that publick Cause, in which He hath been so long engaged, if He should offer his Incense at the Shrine of any single Man, or particular Body of Men, however great They may be, either by their own real Merit, or the adventitious Circumstances of Wealth and Power."


THE
CRAFTSMAN.
BY
CALEB D'ANVERS,
of GRAY'S-INN, Esq;
Reus in Judicium adductus est C. VERRES, homo vita atque factis, omnium jam opinione, damnatus; pecuniæ magnitudine, spe, ac prædicatione absolutus. Huic ego causæ, Judices, cum summa voluntate & expectatione populi Romani actor accessi; non ut augerem invidiam ordinis, sed ut infamiæ communi succurrerem. Adduxi enim hominem, in quo reconciliare existimationem judiciorum auctam; redire in gratiam cum populo R. satisfacere exteris nationibus potuistis; depeculatorem ærarii; vexatorem Asiæ atque Pamphiliæ; prædonem juris urbani; labem atque perniciem provinciæ Siciliæ; de quo, si vos severe, religioseque judicaveritis, auctoritas ea, quæ in vobis remanere debet, hærebit. Sin istius ingentes divitiæ judiciorum religionem, veritatemque perfregerint, Ego hoc tamen assequar, ut judicium potius reip. quam ut reus judicibus, aut accusator reo defuisse videatur. CIC.
CALEB D'ANVER'S OF GRAY'S INN ESQVIRE.
LONDON. Printed for R. FRANCKLIN, in Ruſſel-Street, Covent-Garden, M,DCC,XXXI.

TITLE PAGE OF OLD ENGLISH MAGAZINE "THE CRAFTSMAN."

The author of these papers, as he describes himself in a short autobiographical notice, was "the second Son of Abraham D'Anvers, Esq., a Gentleman of an ancient Family and no inconsiderable Estate in the North of England." After his courses at Westminster School and Christ Church College, he studied for the bar; but as he puts it, "having before taken a Disgust to the Chicanry of that Business, and the prevailing Practice of the Courts, I resolved to live a retired Life, and indulge my natural Inclination to the politer Arts." Then, with a subtle sarcasm which might apply even today, he observes: "As I quitted the long Robe early it gave me an Opportunity of furnishing myself with some Degree of Knowledge in most Arts and Professions.



TO THE

PEOPLE

OF

ENGLAND.

Friends, Countrymen and Fellow-Subjects.

THE *Craftſman* being now to to make his Appearance in Volumes, He hath choſen to addreſs Himſelf to you, in your collective Body, as his moſt proper Patrons. He thinks it would be a ſort of Derogation from that publick Cauſe, in which He hath been ſo long engaged, if He ſhould offer his Incenſe at the Shrine of any ſingle Man, or particu-

[a] lar

FIRST PAGE OF THE FIRST VOLUME OF OLD ENGLISH MAGAZINE.

I have had Leisure, for these many Years, to make my Observations on Men and Things."

And he proceeds to set forth these observations with no little candor and force. He discusses Liberty of the Press, and cites Bible writers, Greeks, Romans and his own countrymen as the apostles of literary and rhetorical freedom.

He voices his contempt for the hypocrisy and corruption of the "professions" in terms that would fit the twentieth century without much alteration.

He writes of political and industrial conditions and affairs of national and international importance as keenly and wittily as he condemns or praises certain celebrities of his day. To one gentleman, for instance, he accords this flattering and unusual label: *"a Treasurer with clean and empty Hands!"*

Party prejudice he also scores in no uncertain language, and exposes the superficiality of mere names. "We cool by Degrees," he writes, "as we grow old, in our affection for empty Names and idle Distinctions; being taught by Experience that One as well as the Other is all Vanity and Vexation of Spirit."

He urges the need for coalition, which he defines as "the cordial Union and Cooperation of Persons of all Denominations in the true Interest and Service of their Country, without any Attachment to *vain Names*—which can serve only to keep alive our destructive Animosities and promote the sinister Views of ambitious Men, at the Expence of our private Happiness and the publick good. As This is the only *Coalition* which can either be desired or justified, so I hope my Countrymen will no longer suffer themselves to be imposed on by artful *Demogogues* and ill designing Patrons of *Faction;* especially since Experience has, I think, sufficiently taught them the *Mischief* and *Folly* of such Conduct. Instead of dividing ourselves into opposite Parties, and branding one another with odious Distinctions, let us Chearfully concur in the common Cause, and make the Interest of Great-Britain the only Rule of all our Actions. Let us not, for the future, run blind-fold into any Proposals, however romantick and unreasonable, because they are offered by *one* Set of Men; nor madly shut our Ears to any Objections, however just and well-grounded, because they are started by *another.* This will be the surest and only Method of restoring *Peace* and *Commerce;* or reviving our drooping *Manufactures;* or lessening our *Debts,* and reducing our *Taxes;* at the same Time that it will most effectually secure us from foreign *Violence* and protect us against *domestick Corruption.*"

What could be more apropos today than this earnest plea for coöperation which comes to us thus by pure chance—an echo from the beginning of the eighteenth century?

The papers of this early "Craftsman" are not wholly serious, however. Their wisdom is frequently allied with wit. One chapter, for example, gives us the point of view of the embryo "Suffragist" of 1727, and the phrasing is so apt, the sense so logical, that we cannot resist the temptation to quote some of it here.

The paper is headed with the following appropriate quotation:

"How hard is the Condition of our Sex?
In all the dear, delightful Days of Youth,
A rigid FATHER dictates to our Wills,
And deals out Pleasure with a scanty Hand.
To his the Tyrant HUSBAND'S Reign succeeds.
Proud with Opinion of superior Reason,
He holds domestick Business and Devotion.
All we are capable of knowing, and shuts us,
Like cloyster'd Idiots, from the World's Acquaintance." ROWE.

Then Mr. D'Anvers publishes a letter received from "a loyal Female Correspondent, in Defence of the most amiable Part of the Creation," observing that he cannot refuse such a request from a member of that sex which he has always so admired. As he quotes:

"Old as I am, for Ladies Sport unfit,
The Power of Beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflam'd my Love, and still inspires my Wit."

Here is the letter:

"To Caleb D'Anvers, Esq;
Venerable Sir,

"I have, for a long Time, been a silent Observer of the insolent Superiority which your Sex has assumed over ours; and of the many pretended Advantages which they boast of on their Side. They look upon us, for the most Part, as trifling Amusements and pretty Playthings to toy away an Hour with; to divert the Spleen or soften the Fatigues of ordinary Business. They allow us at best to be good domestick Drudges, only fit to manage the Affairs of a Family; and excuse themselves to their sneering Companions for mating with such poor simple Creatures, by saying with a supercilious Air, that we are *necessary Evils.*

"Nay, some of the old self-sufficient Philosophers of your Sex (for I will not allow that there are no Female Philosophers) have carried the Point so far as to maintain that *Women have no Souls*—Poor Wretches! I laugh at their Folly, as much as I despise their Arrogance; and as wise as they might think themselves, I could easily expose the Absurdity of excluding us from all the Concerns of the *Commonwealth.*

"Indeed, too many, even among us, through Custom, Education and early Impressions given them in their Childhood, look upon themselves in the same Light. They have been bred up in this Opinion; and being contented, either through Indolence or want of Thought, with the humble Station which is allotted them, jog on in their low Sphere without any Ambition and really imagine themselves an inferior Sort of Beings to Mankind, possessed with meaner Capacities and more confined Understandings. But I, Sire, having strictly examined this Affair, am resolved to let you and all the World know (if you dare to publish this Letter) that we not only *have Souls,* but Souls large and comprehensive, as capable of Improvement and of performing great Actions as any of you all.

"Were it only the pretty *Tupée* Sparks and fine Dressers of the Age, who caressed themselves with this Notion, I should not think it worth my while to animadvert upon them; for even the weakest of our Sex (as they delight to call us) is more than a Match for the wisest of them. We lead them by the Nose and make what *Dupes* and *Bubbles* of them we please, at the same Time that they despise us. But what provokes me thus, is to find that several of the best Writers of your Sex have the same despicable opinion of us; one of whom says, that *the utmost of a Woman's Character is contained in a domestick Life.* I deny This with both my Hands, and will prove it to be false; but cannot, by the Way, help observing that, provided it were true, it does not become Gentlemen of so much Honour and good Nature (as They love to be thought) to be always insulting their Inferiors with Boasts of their Preheminence; and continually shewing their Wit upon us silly Women, who are in all respects so much beneath them. Methinks this constant Endeavor to detract from us, looks like a tacit Confession that They do not in their Hearts believe there is so wide a Difference between us as they pretend.

"You say that in Philosophy, Mathematicks and all Points of abstruse Learning, the Advantage is manifestly on your Side. I grant it; but it does not follow that you have better Capacities than we to attain these Arts, provided ours were equally cultivated and improved. We are not brought up to *Literature;* and yet some of us, by our own Application, have made a considerable Figure in it; whereas how many of those vast Numbers of your Sex who are kept seven or eight Years at

School, and as many at the University, and have no Pains nor Expence spared for the Embellishment of your Minds—how many of you, I say, are there who, after all This, know nothing farther than the bare Names of particular Sciences and the Titles of a few common Books?

"To upbraid us therefore with your Superiority in *Learning* is just as reasonable as if one of us should pretend to be a greater Genius than *Sir Isaac Newton,* because she understands *Lace* and *Silks* better.

"In domestick Affairs, I think you grant us the Precedence. You allow that we are very good *Pastry-Cooks;* that we are perfectly acquainted with the Mechanism of a *Pudding,* or the Structure of a *Pye;* that we can make *Jellies* or *whipt Cream,* and manage a *set Dinner* with great Order and Dexterity. Why even This, as trifling as it may seem, is more than half the Men in *England* can do. But is This all the Business of a good *female Oeconomist?* No; how many Women could I mention who have, by their wise Conduct and domestick Policy, retriev'd the distress'd Affairs of their spendthrift Husbands; snatch'd them from the very Gates of Prison, and rescued them from the last Extremities of Hunger and Infamy? Does not This shew some Wisdom? Does it not bear some Resemblance to redeeming the Miscarriages of a weak Government, and settling the Disorders of a convuls'd State?

"Yet such is the Ingratitude of Mankind; and so jealous are you lest we should come in Competition with you for Conduct and good Sense; that whenever any Woman, for the Sake of her Husband and Family, takes upon herself the Administration of Affairs, she is immediately branded by her Neighbours with the Character of a *She-Tyrant;* and the good Man is call'd *Henpeck'd;* as if a Woman could not be prudent and discreet without being a Termagant and a Vixon. From hence comes that witty Saying, *the grey Mare is the better Horse;* and that approbrious Imputation of *wearing the Breeches;* which can imply no more than that a *wise Woman* is obliged to supply the Place of a *foolish Husband.*"

I have hitherto spoken of Women only in a *private Character.* The principal Objection is to be answered still; which is, that they are unequal to *publick Business,* and incapable of managing the great Concerns of *Government* and *War.*

Whereupon the lady says she will not cite "Exploits of *Camilla, Thalestris,* and divers *Amazonian Ladies,* whom we read of," because "perhaps you will reject them as fabulous." Neither, she says, "will I mention other Heroines of remote Antiquity, however well attested, either of our own or foreign Countries; because it will be inconsistent with the Conciseness of a Letter, and I have instances nearer at Hand, sufficient for my present Purpose." The examples she mentions are Queen Elizabeth of "ever glorious memory"; Queen Anne "in whose auspicious Reign the British Arms and Name were carried to so great an height"; the "present Empress of Russia" of "noble Magnanimity and princely Wisdom," and finally great Princess of her own day and nation."

Thus spoke, in England, in 1727, a forerunner of one of our most significant modern movements—a pleader for "Justice to the whole Body of Womankind." So was the "shadow of a coming event" cast beforehand upon the page of history.

A CRAFTSMAN CALENDAR FOR 1913

IN response to many requests we are getting out our first Craftsman Calendar. In it we shall reproduce six of our most popular cover designs, and no expense will be spared to make it as beautiful and as typically "Craftsman" as possible.

The calendar will be printed in rich colors on a heavy brown antique paper, and each leaf will carry a quotation expressing Gustav Stickley's point of view about life, work and art.

The pages will be 10 by 15 inches, loose-leaved, and tied with leaf-green raffia.

The calendar may be obtained in combination with a subscription to the magazine at $3.00, or with our special offer of the magazine, house-plans and "More Craftsman Homes" at $3.75, or separately for 50 cents. For a holiday gift it will be especially appropriate, and we feel sure that every Craftsman friend and reader will give it a welcome place on desk or wall.

Courtesy of Revelle.
(See page 266.)

GROUP OF SWEETMEAT SELLERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVALS AT GUADALUPE, RESTING IN FRONT OF ONE OF THE OLD CATHEDRALS.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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BELLS OF HISTORY AND ROMANCE: WITH PICTURES FROM FRANK A. MILLER'S VAST COLLECTION OF BELLS AT RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA: BY ELOISE ROORBACH

HEN the dawn creeps up from the darkly slumbering ocean this Christmas morn and speeds brightly around the world, circling it with a golden girdle of light, myriads of bells in many lands will awake and from steeple to steeple ring out the glad tidings that "The Messiah is King." Each bell, catching the exultant peal of its neighbor, will vibrantly carry along the good news until the world-wide girdle of light will be hung with melody. This joyous pealing of bells on Christmas morn has come to be one of the most beloved features of this sacred festival, one in importance with the decking of our homes and churches with garlands of green, bright berries or flowers. Not a heart in New York but will throb with emotion when the sweet, familiar Christmas hymn is pealed forth by the chimes of Old Trinity, when the ten bells of St. Thomas float their anthems over the city housetops, when the carillon of Grace Church brings to remembrance the holy day. Little children all over America will be listening, bright-eyed and eager, for the glad ringing of Christmas bells—bells which follow the soft, melodious jingling of Kriss Kringle's sleighbells! Little children of England will be listening for the voice of their old friend "Great Tom" of Lincoln, "Peter of York," "Big Ben" of Westminster to announce the arrival of their day of days.

Bells, so dear to the hearts of Christian mankind because of their association with religious festivals, also from time immemorial have played a conspicuous part in pagan ceremonies. They have rung in historical events, enriched literature, colored romances, inspired architects, struck terror to the superstitious or given consolation. They have rejoiced with the rejoicing, mourned with the grieving, chanted with the praying of all nations. They have opened markets, announced guests, roused for danger, summoned to war, welcomed the victor. They have pealed merrily for rustic weddings, joyfully announced the birth of royal heirs, and tolled with muffled tone the

passing soul along his way. They have tinkled from the ankles of pagan dancing girls and from the sacrificial robes of Levitical high priests. They have sorrowfully mourned "The King is dead," then loyally shouted "Long live the King." In seventeen hundred and seventy-six they recorded our nation's independence.

According to repute bells have often spoken to listening, expectant mankind. *Tobias*, said Dickens in his "Christmas Chimes," heard them speak. When he was in trouble they said to him "Toby Veck, Toby Veck, keep a good heart Toby;" and "Toby Veck, Toby Veck, job coming soon, Toby." Charles Warren Stoddard in his "Bells of San Gabriel" bears testimony:

"And every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel, rang Gabriel!"

Longfellow declares, "I heard a heart of iron beating in the belfry tower." Victor Hugo says that their pealing is an "opera of steeples." They have also been called "the artillery of priests."

How melodiously they sing in our poems, "Keeping time, time, time in a sort of Runic rhyme," "What a world of happiness their harmony foretells." How they ring through Schiller's "Song of the Bells," Longfellow's "Bells of San Blas," Bret Hart's "Angelus." Elaborate ceremonies have attended their christening; names of royal families, church dignitaries, saints, the Virgin Mary, even those of the Trinity have been bestowed upon them. Christian and pagan emblems have been engraved, embossed and inlaid with skilled, devoted fingers.

THERE seems little doubt that the first bells (which were also the first musical instruments) were but clapping rattles, disks of wood, bone or stone, requiring little craft to make and less to sound. The idea of bells may easily have come from the rattling of dried seeds in dried pods, or primitive man may have accidentally struck a piece of resilient stone with his club and noted its pleasing sound. The first hollowed bells fitted with tongues that struck the inner rim were square or rectangular in shape, thin plates of metal riveted together.

Bell casting came much later, and then developed the science of campanology. Bell founding flourished in many monasteries of the twelfth century, and several families of that time attained fame equal to the great violin makers. The Purdues of Salisbury cast the famous bell called "Peter of Exeter." About the time of Henry the Eighth the Rudhalls of Gloucester won high honors for their bell casting. The art of bell founding is not understood very well even at this late day, and much uncertainty still attends the casting of every large bell.

The tone of a bell depends very much upon the composition of metals of which it is made, and also upon the shape and the relation of the proportions of height, diameter and thickness. After casting, the tone can be improved somewhat—made flatter by turning a little off the inside by the sound bow, or sharper by cutting a little from the edge to reduce the diameter of the mouth—but this is uncertain work and sometimes ruins a bell. The toning requires as delicate treatment and wise handling as is necessary for violins. When in perfect tune a bell sounds a chord of five notes. The clapper striking against the bell gives the fundamental note, and notes one-third and one-fifth above this can be heard, also the octave above and the one below the fundamental note (which is called the hum note).

To Riverside, California, belongs the honor of housing the largest and finest historic collection of bells, as far as we know, in the world—a collection which can tell an almost uninterrupted story of the bell from the first crude flake of stone to the perfectly shaped, tuned, decorated, inscribed and signed example of the present day bell founder. The archeological value of such an assemblage of bells is only equaled by its value to the world of arts and crafts. There both historian and artist can lose themselves in the joys of research or in the mere delight of gazing upon the graceful forms, curious inscriptions, delicately wrought carvings, rich and varied colorings. This collection is the property of Mr. Frank A. Miller, and has been patiently gathered by him, with the discriminating help of his daughter and her husband, De Witt Hutchings, from the treasure houses of the world, from its highways and byways, from its celebrated and its obscure corners.

To reach the garden where the bells are hanging, a narrow, steep, window-tower stairway must be climbed. Where should old bells be resting, brooding of the past, but in a tower garden under the bright blue sky of day and the star-lighted sky of night, near that Camino Real, monumented by Fray Junípero Serra with the twenty-one Missions from out whose towers pealed the clarion message of bells dedicated to holiness, bells which ushered in a new civilization!

Mr. Miller's collection of almost three hundred bells hangs in one of the courts of the Inn of the Bells. Two of the high walls of this hanging court are set with richly colored panels, ancient tiles, intricately carved marbles, escutcheons and coats of arms embedded after the manner of those in the staircase of the Bargelo Palace, Florence. Around the other two sides is an arched parapet, in each arch of which is hanging some wonderful old bell. One corner of this wall has been extended to form a campanile, a reproduction of the one at the Mission of San Antonio de Palatingwa surmounted by an image of St. Anthony

of Padua. Clear from the ground a vigorous vine has sprung, twining its tendrils around these old bells, and each morning it lifts afresh, ethereally delicate chalices of blue, fragrant symbols of the Holy Grail. From pagan to Christian bell, this green vine has traveled, entwining itself in and out among the arches, running along the tiled walls, creeping even to the feet of Saint Anthony, until the bells of all nations and all faiths have been united—Nature's ever living prophecy of the days when enmity will cease, when the many shall be one!

IN this peaceful Garden of Bells are altar chimes from Rome hanging next to those from the temples of India, China and Japan; bells of Buddhist begging pilgrims, and those which rang the Angelus in sunny Spain; bells used by pilgrims when climbing the slopes of Fujiyama; bells from Scotland; bells that take one back to the days of warring Christian and Moslem, to the days when the name of Richard the Lion Hearted was still a fresh memory with the Saracens. There are bells taken from the necks of goats browsing on the Acropolis at Athens; Swiss cowbells, old sheep bells from Zermatt, and one that once hung from the neck of a sacred bullock in Ahmedabad; a camel bell from Peshawar, and a donkey bell from Cairo, a bell that tinkled to the stately tread of My Lord the Sacred Elephant of India; a castle Toesin from Wurtemberg dated seventeen hundred and forty-six; a house bell from Russia cast before the reign of Peter the Great, and a "Potlatch" rattle used in the dances of Alaska Indians; also castanets of the eighteenth century used by dancing fakirs of India. There are gongs whose hoarse, discordant notes once echoed through fantastic temples of the Far East; house gongs from Tokio which announced the coming of guests; a very old prayer gong with tip of yak horn for a wand, from Thibet the "backbone of the world," and a war gong from Borneo; one five hundred years old from China with inscriptions in old characters of the Ming Dynasty. A wonderful gong from Japan, once used in a sacred *cha-no-yu*, is beautifully ornamented with decorative characters and imperial chrysanthemums; the wooden sounding mallet has an inscription meaning "Single Heart." Such gongs were used in the Daimyo or feudal days from sixteen hundred and three to eighteen hundred and sixty-seven. There is another tea ceremony gong made in the shape of the sacred foot of Buddha, ornamented with sacred lotus, a fine specimen of seventeenth century craft.

A conspicuous gong is from Pekin, China; it is a flat, circular sheet of bronze covered on both sides with extracts from the sacred writings of Confucius, from his work entitled "Change." The worshipers read the words on this disk as from a book, occasionally striking it with

From a Photograph by Avery Edwin Field.

THE CAMPANILE GATEWAY OF THE "INN OF THE BELLS" AT RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA.

From Photographs by Avery Edwin Field.

A CORNER OF THE BELL PERGOLA, FROM WHICH ARE SWINGING BELLS OF ALL ERAS AND COUNTRIES.

BELL PERGOLA IN OUTER COURT OF THE INN, AND RESTING PLACE TO VIEW THE BELLS.

From Photographs by Avery Edwin Field.

A LINE OF THE MOST FAMOUS BELLS IN THE WORLD FROM EUROPE AND THE FAR EAST.

ARCHED PARAPET CARRYING OLD DATED BELLS FROM SPAIN, GERMANY AND SCOTLAND.

From a Photograph by Avery Edwin Field.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURT OF THE BELLS AT MISSION INN, SHOWING THE BELL TOWER, ARCHED PARAPET, AND IN THE FOREGROUND A COPY OF "BIG BEN."

a wand to attract the attention of the great teacher. This is about one hundred and fifty years old. Another large gong of especially rich and beautiful tone was once suspended from a tall pole overlooking the crowded districts of Tokio and used to sound fire warnings. Still another sweet-toned bronze gong is from a Chinese temple; its handle is formed of double dragons, and on its face is the phoenix, symbol of power and vigorous life, and the mystical ginseng plant,typifying virility and potency. A gong of hammered brass made by the Morros of the Island of Mindanao (one of the Philippines), in its early life rested upon the ground, hidden in the depths of a tropical jungle, and was beaten upon with heavy sticks in the celebration of strange savage festivities. Not far from this is a Mukden gong in the form of the eight-petaled lotus flower, and two hundred and fifty years ago summoned the faithful to worship in the temple. Its inscription in ancient Chinese characters translated reads, "Given to the holy God." It was made in sixteen hundred and sixty, the thirty-ninth era of Chinese history, the golden age from a standpoint of arts and crafts. There is a large Dora gong from a Buddhist temple at Hakodate with the signature of its maker, Myochin, upon it; and a strange three-footed one of the eighteenth century from Kamakura beautifully ornamented with lotus buds. And one that was once thrust through the belt of a begging pilgrim as he walked the streets of Yokohama praying to God and man.

THE curator of the Inn, Francis S. Borton, with a patience possessed only by the antiquarian, pointed out beauties which otherwise might have been overlooked. He began with a bell which was simply a piece of phonolite ("clink stone") suspended by a cord, which when beaten upon the raised boss with a small wooden mallet gives a clear metallic ring. Such a bell was in use as early as six hundred B. C. Mr. Borton drew attention to a beautifully molded bronze bell ornamented with a raised design of lotuses and music-loving dragons, and around the upper part were the snails of Buddha. A curved dragon formed the ears of this valuable bell. The *cha-no-yu*, or tea ceremony, in which this bell was used developed into a cult during the Shogunate of Ashikaga Yoshimasa in the fifteenth century.

The most valuable bell in Mr. Miller's collection is bronze, large and sweet-toned; it has the distinction of being the oldest dated Christian bell in the world today, bearing a Latin inscription around the edge which translated reads, "Quintana and Salvador made me in the year of our Lord twelve hundred and forty-seven." Near the top of the bell is its name, Maria Jacobi, signifying "Mary" (mother)

"of James" (the lesser). It bears the Greek monogram "I. H. S. X. P. S," and is forty-six inches in circumference and twenty inches in height.

Noteworthy among others is a large green-bronze bell dated seventeen hundred and four, bearing the inscription, "To the honor and glory of God and the Virgin Mary of All Saints: Salvator and Francis Anthony of Montserrat, donors." Around the shoulders and barrel is a very elaborate, lacelike tracery of vines and medallions with inscriptions and figures of saints. Below are the names of donors and dedicatory inscriptions to saints. It is an unusually fine example of bell craft.

A large iron bell, resting under the shadow of the campanile of St. Anthony, is from the church of St. Francis at Molokai. For many years this broken bell summoned those unfortunate creatures imprisoned on that fatal island, "alive in death," to listen to the beloved voice of Father Damien as he comforted and blessed the souls he gave his life to help. It is surely fitting that this bell should find a permanent resting place in this collection at Mission Inn under the shadow of the cross on Mt. Rubidoux, reared in memory of another immortal son of St. Francis—Fray Junípero Serra.

Of interest to metal workers is a very rare iron Angelus bell from Zaragoza, with Gothic lettering of the fourteenth century. The letters of the inscription were evidently all made separately and then stuck on the core of the bell mold, as evidenced by their great unevenness. There is a curious mass bell from Stuttgart whose four bells in one denote the four gospels. In the fourth arch of the parapet is a beautiful bronze bell from the old German military citadel of Spandau, ornamented in bold relief with an eagle grasping fasces in its talons. The ears of the bell are formed by a group of lions couchant. The words *Ton Gis* guarantee the purity of metal and tone.

There is a Lama's bell from Jantzi, Thibet, called "Dilbuh." The tip of the handle is in the shape of a *dorgee* (from which Darjeeling gets its name); the eagle claw is to destroy evil; the head is of Dolma, goddess of mercy; about the shoulders of the bell runs a Sanskrit prayer, meaning, "In thee, O Buddha, do we put our trust."

And so each of the three hundred bells that are swinging from pergola and arch in the Garden of the Bells, at the Inn of the Bells, might be enumerated, each history recorded, each bit of ancient, patiently wrought decoration described. Sweet-toned, discordant, strident, cracked and muffled voices please or startle the listener as he touches these bells with wand of wood, bone or metal. Chapters of earth's history, of its arts and sciences are here recorded as in the pages of a mighty book, in hieroglyphics strange and beautiful.

WORK—AND A CHRISTMAS SONG: BY ELOISE ROORBACH

HEARTSICK, homesick, discouraged and weary, I sat at a desk in a grimy New York office building, searching my heart, soul, memory, imagination, for words, fragrant as flowers, with which to clothe thoughts of gardens, homes, Christmas-tide. How was I to write beautifully of gardens—never seeing one! How write tenderly of glowing hearth fires—having no home fire of my own! How write lovingly of Christmas-tide, of its joys, gifts, reunion with friends, family and loved ones—being far from family, friends and loved ones!

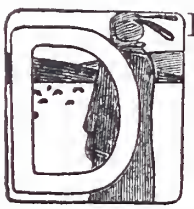
Suddenly a song, soft and faint, floated through the frostbound, grimy window. It came from above, as if some singer from another world was passing overhead. Gradually the aerial song grew more distinct, resolving itself into an old familiar hymn of my childhood—

Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for a bed.

The murmuring voice of the invisible singer would stop, begin again, linger occasionally over a bar with a caressing tenderness, very softly as if singing to a sleepy child, stilling the clamor of my heart, sweetening the poison of my mind, staying my complaint.

A shadow flitted across the room, then down dropped into sight a man suspended by a rope, sitting upon a swinging seat, paintbrush in hand. My heavenly singer was a workman garbed in overalls, a paint-splashed hat upon his close-cropped head. No wings sustained him as he sang—a slight, treacherous rope dangled him along the face of the great building. His face was bright and he worked with fervor, leaning far from his narrow seat, holding fast to the rope with one hand as with the other he deftly and quickly wielded the brush. Unconscious of danger, undaunted by the cold, his face aglow with some happy thought, he contentedly worked while the bitter wind swayed him from side to side. With strong, sure hand he lowered himself out of sight—but what a gift had he unknowingly left! What a sermon unwittingly preached between the pauses of his song! What a benediction carelessly conferred! This priceless gift was a knowledge of the joy of work. His Christmas sermon had taught the dignity of work, the privilege, the honor, of being allowed to fill a place, however small, in a great city's need. His Christmas benediction had shrived me of bitterness, weariness, loneliness, homesickness. My pencil no longer dragged, but sped along joyously with cheerful, loving Christmas "copy."

THE WINTER FESTIVALS OF MEXICO: A CHRISTMAS THAT COMBINES AZTEC AND CHRISTIAN LEGENDS: BY WILHELMINE WEBER



ECEMBER in Mexico is rich in fantastic religious festivals founded by the Aztec Indians on Christian legends but strangely pagan in their manifestation. The festival of Our Lady of Guadalupe, which falls on December twelfth, is far more impressive than the Passion Play at Ober Ammergau or the famous Pilgrimage of Lourdes. The legend of the Lady of Guadalupe is a strange mixture of two beliefs—the old creed of the Aztecs, and the newer creed of the incoming Spaniards. It would seem that the Virgin wished to reconcile the Spaniard and the Indian by giving them a common saint. Certainly it is difficult to say, in the celebration of the Virgin of Guadalupe, where one religion ends and the other begins. Upon this sacred hill, so the story goes, there was once upon a time an Aztec temple, dedicated to the Mother of All Gods. This ancient shrine was ruthlessly destroyed by the Conquerors, the Spaniards, who had their priests build a chapel to take the place of the old temple. Then began the sad business of "converting" the Aztec to the new religion. The priests must have laughed at the poor native Juan Diego, when he came to them with a tale of the vision of the Virgin which had appeared to him on the sacred hill, commanding him to build a church on the very place where the vision was glowing before him. The terrified native told the story to the Bishop, who refused to believe him. Again and again the vision appeared to Juan Diego, and finally, when the Bishop demanded proof, the Virgin caused fresh flowers to spring up from the ground, and Juan Diego wonderingly took his gaudy *tilma* from his shoulders, and filled it with the flowers to take to the Bishop. When the Bishop opened the *tilma* a miracle had taken place: there, on the mantle, was the vision of the Virgin. To this day you can see the sacred *tilma* hanging above the altar of the Cathedral of Guadalupe. The Virgin of the humble Juan Diego is the beloved lady of both Spaniard and Aztec now, and cures their ills and heals their sorrows, and gives them excuse for an amazing pilgrimage to her shrine.

In early December Guadalupe is the Mecca of all Mexico. It is only a few miles from Mexico City and may be reached by trolley, but the pilgrim prefers to come on foot, and to crawl a bit of the way. The little town is rich in Aztec lore and legends, and there is something fantastic in the association of Christian and Aztec customs in the celebration of the great day. All Mexicans observe it, but it is

RETURNING FROM MASS CHRISTMAS MORNING: THE SERVICE BEING REGARDED AS A PREPARATION FOR A FESTIVAL DAY IN THE MARKETPLACE AND A DANCE AT NIGHT IN THE SHADOW OF THE CATHEDRAL.

BEGGARS ON THE STEPS OF THE CATHEDRAL AT THE TIME OF THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL GIVE A GENUINE ORIENTAL TOUCH WHICH IS SECONDED BY THE MARVELOUS COLORS WORN BY THE NATIVE WOMEN IN THEIR GRACEFUL COSTUMES.

THERE IS SOMETHING FANTASTIC IN THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL OF GUADALUPE IN THE ASSOCIATION OF CHRISTIAN AND AZTEC CUSTOMS. THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A NATIVE CHRISTIAN WATCHING A GROUP OF NATIVE CHILDREN PERFORMING AN OLD AZTEC DANCE.

DURING THE NINE DAYS' CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL AT GUADALUPE THE CHURCHYARD BECOMES THE CENTER OF INTEREST AND EVENTUALLY DEVELOPS INTO A POPULAR MARKETPLACE.

NATIVE CHILDREN IN GUADALUPE DANCING SOME OF THE FIGURES WHICH BELONG TO THE OLD AZTEC FESTIVALS, THEIR COSTUMES A COMBINATION OF NATIVE AND MODERN, WITH A TOUCH OF AZTEC QUALITY IN THE FLOWERS WOVEN THROUGH THEIR BRAIDS AND THE BUNCHES OF FEATHERS CARRIED IN THEIR HANDS.

NATIVE CHILDREN DANCING THE MODERN WALTZ NEAR THE GROUP WHICH IS DOING THE AZTEC FIGURES. THESE CHILDREN DO NOT WEAR THE FLOWERS WOVEN IN THEIR HAIR, NOR DO THEY CARRY THE FEATHERED WANDS WHICH GIVE THE VERY DEFINITE BARBARIC TOUCH TO THE ANCIENT DANCES. OFTEN GROUPS OF CHILDREN WILL BE SEEN DANCING AZTEC FIGURES AND THE WALTZ SIDE BY SIDE QUITE UNCONSCIOUS OF THE BIZARRE INTEREST THEIR CONTRIBUTION ADDS TO THE WINTER FESTIVAL.

primarily the day of the Aztec. He becomes a religious fanatic and a joyous pagan by turns—quick turns. One moment he is on his knees before the Virgin, and the next he is dancing, some dance perhaps three thousand years old, in the streets outside. He crawls on hands and knees to the chapel—and gambles all night long when he gets there!

Thousands of Aztecs make pilgrimages to Guadalupe from far-away counties, traveling on foot with their families, babies and all, in little companies. We saw them passing through the city for days before the Twelfth, and on the eve of the great day we went to the holy town to see the assembled pilgrims.

FIRST we turned toward the Cathedral, but the doors were closed and dark, and every inch of the enclosed churchyard was covered with cocoonlike figures, thousands of weary sleeping pilgrims wrapped in gay *zarapes*, and all along the streets and walks of the Plaza there were snug rows of sleeping humanity.

We climbed the hill back of the Cathedral, which is crowned by the little Chapel of Guadalupe, the most sacred spot in this West-world Mecca. Up the steep stone-paved streets we pressed, past clustering low houses and dim bits of gardens. It seemed unreal and Mediæval that on the morrow thousands of devout pilgrims would crawl up the cruel ascent on their knees.

On the summit of the hill gleamed the ivory-white façade of the Chapel, and the bit of level terrace fronting it was filled with Indian pilgrims, some awake and animated, others recumbent and blanketed. Away in the distance the level line of city lights glowed softly, and as far as the eye could see were stretches of desolate barren plain, dark and mysterious in the tropical starlight. Below, the towers of the great Cathedral were outlined in yellow flame with thousands of tiny oil lamps.

On the terrace were groups of pilgrims assisting in dressing the men who were to dance. These Indians, mostly descendants of Aztecs and of the primitive peoples who were here two or three thousand years before Cortez came, still retain many ancient customs, and the religious dances are picturesque survivals of an America old beyond belief. In their grotesque dancing costumes, these men assumed an aspect of barbaric and splendid dignity. The hill might have been an ancient *tocalli* and the dance a rite to a remote Aztec god. There were emerald, yellow and vermilion feathered headdresses; short spangled satin skirts of faded rose color or coral red; stockings of brilliant hues; gold and silver beaded ornaments—all in vivid contrast with the simple cotton garments, blankets and som-

breros of the surrounding pilgrims. The brown faces seemed curiously Oriental.

Suddenly a group of musicians struck up a rude wild chant, played on queer pipes, with an undertone of muffled drumming. The dancers drew near the pipers, the pilgrims following them. Then other musicians arrived with strange many-stringed instruments, and alternated with the pipers in curious chants. Occasionally there were outbursts of song, hymns to the Virgin.

During the nine days' Christmas festival, which begins on the eve of December sixteenth, and ends with a supreme celebration on Christmas Eve, the heart of the city is a fantastic market-place. The greatest activity centers about the Alameda, a public park. We watched a procession of baskets more gigantic than the greatest of Dutch hogsheads, jog down the street. Close scrutiny disclosed bent backs, and very active legs under the huge baskets. Threading lazily among the active baskets were bundles of long poles and bulky masses of many colored weavings. Further down the street they halted, and the baskets were gently lowered to the cobblestones. The legs and poles and gay weavings came up and joined the baskets, and then began the making of the booths which line the streets of the Alameda during the *fiesta*.

The poles were stuck into the ground, hung with the blankets and weavings, and suddenly there was evolved a market-place wonderful as any in Araby. The great baskets were shifted about and ripped open at the top, and from soft beds of bits of colored paper were lifted wonders in clay, dry and unbaked, brown and glazed; covered with iridescent luster; painted a marvelous ivory color and decorated as only the followers of the Talavera potteries can decorate; fashioned into a thousand half-Indian, half-Spanish toys; thumbed into gods and rude water jars; delicately tooled into lifelike groups of familiar street vendors, farmers and shepherds, and motifs from the native life in home and church; clay formed into every conceivable object of amusement, beauty or utility. These fascinating objects were arranged on rough boards which formed the front of the booths, or *puestos*. Some were offering Christmas dried fruits—fresh figs, dates and quinces made into flattened red-brown sheets; raisins and syrupy preserved bananas; others displaying baskets of reed and willow, *dulces*, candies of vivid, poisonous looking colors and a small pill-like confection, useful in filling the Posada favors. Tiny white *puestos* had tempting offerings of little cakes of *ajonjoli* seed made in an ornate mold or the great greasy blistery cakes from Guanajuato. There were *puestos* with handicrafts of the natives of Oaxaca, carved wooden combs, highly glazed green pottery, peculiar thin red peppers, sau-

sages, flat plate-like cheeses and piles of red worms which can be made into a delicious sauce; and Guadalajara, Morella and Texacoco *puestos* offering pots peculiar to their *pais*.

Among the baskets and poles walked the stately señoras and their pale daughters in frivolous Paris gowns. Multitudes of children, *criadas*, basket bearers and *cargadores* called and laughed. Everyone was shrieking, bartering and buying in shrill confusion.

THEN, as if this were not enough color and fantasy, we were suddenly aware of the *pinata*. The *pinata* is bought and broken every night for nine nights before Christmas. Everyone, from the wife of the president to the humblest peasant, must have a *pinata*. There must be thousands and thousands ready to sell every evening. The *pinata* is a strange figure which suggests a huge doll; sometimes a stupid-faced clown in costume, sometimes a bold member of the Rurales in bizarre tissue-paper costume. He is usually fat around the middle. The reason for this is the presence of a large, thin clay *olla*, a jar shaped something like an egg, stuffed full of tiny favors and candies, so thin that it can be broken by a stroke.

Soft-voiced girls with blue *rebozos* about their shoulders entreated us to buy flowers from their piled-up baskets—fragrant canal flowers, that had come straight from the floating gardens of the Viga Canal. All sorts of *tortas* and *fruitas* were urged upon us. Behind the display of wares in every booth, the family squatted around the tiny clay *brasero*, waiting for the steaming *olla* to give up the hot *chiles* and *frijoles*. The *mamacita* was intent on *moles*, *adobos* and warmed over *tortillas* from her native *pais*.

On each of these nine nights the Fiesta of the Posada is celebrated in tens of thousands of Mexican homes. Each clan of merrymakers is divided into two groups, the Cruel-hearted Inn-keepers, and the Holy Pilgrims, among them Maria and Jose. The Pilgrims carry lighted candles, and walk slowly along the corridors singing Mediæval songs, half chant, half wail. The leader of the Pilgrims knocks at a door and in mournful tones begs for lodging for the night. The Cruel Inn-keepers respond in heavy male voices, in a jerky, wicked measure, telling the Pilgrims to be gone; none will admit them. The singing continues, the soft plaintive requests of the Pilgrims begging shelter at least for the fatigued Maria; the Inn-keepers responding in gruff, heavy voices. There is an endless marching up and down the corridors with lighted candles, until suddenly there is a stir, and everyone hurries to the main patio where the festive *pinata* of the family is hung—a paper bull-fighter, a *padre* or a dancing girl.

The *pinata* is suspended by a long rope from a rafter stretched

across the patio, and the merrymakers are blindfolded one at a time and given a stick with which they strike and try to break the clay *olla* concealed in the *pinata*. Everyone has red cheeks and shining eyes, and the *regalos* and *dulces* are playfully fought for. The fiddlers have been tuning up meanwhile for the *Jota* and *Jarabe*, old religious dances of the Aztecs, and everyone is mad for the dance. Whenever a dancer becomes thirsty, he saunters into the *comedor*, where *refrescos* are served by the servants. A ruby-red, very sweet drink made of fruit is conspicuously evident, but shamefully neglected, for everyone drinks *vinos*, cognacs and liquors.

Until nine *pinatas* have been broken, and nine appealing visits to the Cruel Inn-keepers have been made, the feast goes on. On the last night of all, in the last tavern, are found Maria and José and the tinseled, flower-bedecked *Sagrado Niño Jesus* in a raw green paper, moss-lined crib. Now the Pilgrims and even the Cruel Inn-keepers sing a loud hosanna through a whole red-covered book of naïve and innocent chants, strange, half-barbaric, half-Mediæval. The hosanna is followed by more dancing of the *Jota* and *Jarabe*, and more cognac and liquors, and endless *cigarros*, and finally all the groups go forth to the Cathedral for the splendid Christmas Mass, the midnight Mass of the Cocks.

No presents are exchanged on Christmas Day, that being reserved for the New Year festival; but fascinating dishes are eaten on the Great Day, notably the *Ensalada de la Noche Buena*, a salad of many native fruits and vegetables, not to mention the gaudily colored candies that decorate the top of it, to conform with some old tradition. We sit in our patio enjoying the fragrance of heliotrope and roses, feasting our eyes on the brilliant bougainvillea, while we eat our Christmas dinner. Outside, the streets are almost deserted, the feasts have been exhausted, and it is almost dull—but the Happy Valley could never be dull!

A HAND ON HIS SHOULDER: A STORY: BY CLARENCE EARLE FISHER

HE new Governor's honor system had reached Slim Haley. For six months now it had been given a thorough trial as one by one the convicts were taken from the cavernous interior of the prison and placed on probation in agreeable outdoor work, without guards. The Governor and his admirers were enjoying a period of satisfaction. His enemies were shaking their heads sagely and predicting all manner of impending social dangers. Most of the men inside were cognizant of the Governor's amazing innovations, and wondered daily who would be next. No "lifer" had thus far been included among the favored ones. The short-termers were first. There was much conjecture among the long-termers and the "lifers" as to how far the new policy would be extended. There was also a rumor among the men that the Governor had said that he would assist personally in a man-hunt for the first who broke the rule.

Slim Haley alone was ignorant of the new movement, due perhaps to a certain taciturnity that kept him aloof from the other prisoners.

"Number one thousand three hundred and fifty-six, report to the warden," said a guard.

Slim turned deliberately from his toil in the foundry room, and stared in manifest amazement.

"What 'cher give'n me?" he demanded. "Say, ain't I doin' all right? Ain't I doin' all right?" he reiterated. "What's up, eh?"

"No back sassin'," snarled the guard. "Git yer glad rags on."

"Glad rags, eh?" Slim chuckled at the irony of it. "Th' ones I brung with me ten year ago, huh?"

A faint gleam of hope lingered in his sunken grey eyes. Maybe some good angel had interceded in his behalf. Maybe a pardon! But the hope-flicker died away. No use wishing or hoping, or even praying.

An hour later Slim appeared before the warden.

"The Governor wants to see you," the warden said curtly.

Then Slim did try valiantly to smooth his close-cropped gray hair into a semblance of respectability. The Governor wanted to see him! The prison was a mile from the Governor's office. During the brief journey his mind went quickly back over the ten years. He was in the courtroom and the judge was pronouncing sentence. Life imprisonment! "The jury has found you guilty," the judge was saying, "although the evidence has been mainly circumstantial. See to it that you behave yourself." Black despair would have settled upon most men under such a penalty. Not so with Slim. He had heard

many sentences in his forty years, and since the first had never quailed. True, this was the first for life, but a "lifer" has many years before him, and prison walls are not so secure after all, as many prison records will show. Slim grinned in remembrance of the records in certain prisons where his own Bertillion measurements were written boldly after the "name" of an escaped inmate.

The crime for which he was now serving sentence was a most atrocious one. Slim still grimly asserted that he was not guilty, yet he could never explain all of his movements on the night of the murder. He had taken the finding of the jury philosophically, remarking to the attorney who had defended him:

" 'Taint no use to grumble and whine. They gits men like me, guilty er not. Th' cops has to run in some one to hold their jobs. Its better inside someways. They treat ye half like a man anyhow. Outside yer nothin' but a rat, jest a ornery rat, scurryin' from the cops all the time."

So Slim made no tearful plea for clemency. He trusted to luck and the future. Ten years had passed now, and luck was still against him. Maybe Fortune had turned his way at last!

He faced the Governor a little sheepishly, as a man naturally does after so many years of confinement. The Governor was young, sharp-eyed, evidently a man of quick determination.

"Number one thousand five hundred and fifty-six, what is your name?" he asked Slim, abruptly.

Slim had not expected this as a preliminary question. He opened his mouth awkwardly and then choked a bit. "Slim Haley, I t'ink it was, Gov'ner, when I went up fer dis trick."

The Governor appreciated the humor in Slim's answer. He smiled, and the smile gave Slim the self-assurance that he had lost for the moment.

"Mr. Haley," the Governor began. Again Slim's mouth opened in surprise. "*Mr.* Haley!" He had never been addressed before in his whole life as a gentleman. What sort of a stripling was this beardless executive to be calling "lifers" Mister! Had the voters elected a nincompoop for their Governor!

"Mr. Haley," the Governor continued, "I've a notion that you would like to work outside a bit. Now, the landscape gardener over at the asylum for the blind needs an assistant. The present policy is to supply such needs from our prison. This gives some of the boys a bit of fresh air. Here is my proposition: The State can't afford to place a guard over one man. I want you to do this work faithfully and I want your promise that you will not break the trust I am placing in you. Can I trust you?"

"Gov'ner," Slim's voice wavered and tears welled in his eyes. "I ain't never been given a chanct before. You're white—"

"Never mind that!" exclaimed the Governor, hastily. "Remember, I can be harsh if necessary. See to it that you do not betray this trust."

FOR many weeks the park surrounding the asylum for the blind was the prettiest of the State's public grounds. Summer was passing. Out near the big geranium bed a man was industriously potting plants. Ten earthen pots were already filled with the vigorous green geraniums with their clusters of brilliant red blossoms. A pile of ugly, empty pots lay heaped upon the green grass beside the bed. The man arose and rested for a moment on the edge of the wheelbarrow. A warm, ravishing wind, full of Indian-summer allurement, was blowing up from the south. A soft haze mantled the wavering eastern hills. The woods and fields invited. The sun was just over the edge of the mountain range to the west, and the serrated horizon flamed a warm orange.

The trowel dropped from Slim's hands and his lips suddenly moved.

"Ten pots—ten years—an' all that pile of ugly empties left. An' the rest of them years will be just thataway—ugly, empty years! If they could be filled with flowers like these pots it might be worth it. But they won't!" he ended savagely. "They won't be nothin' bright to fill 'em with."

He glanced longingly toward the hills. "Th' big city's thataway," he muttered, "toward the valley. They ain't no other big town between here and th' hills. I can make forty mile tonight—rest tomorrer—forty th' next day—"

He arose slowly, arranged the filled pots on the barrow, and made off toward the hot-house. There he carefully laid aside his rough overalls, helped himself to the suit which the gardener had left hanging behind the door, put on a stiff-brimmed hat and left the building, making his way confidently down the avenue to the busy streets.

Within an hour, unmolested and unnoticed, he was outside the city limits, and with long strides was making toward the mountain range, now boldly silhouetted against a perfectly clear sky.

All night he walked. Not once did he swerve from the path which he had chosen until the grayness of dawn. Then he slipped into a thicket, made a rough bed of boughs and flung himself down to sleep soundly. He awakened with a start to find the sun half-down, and was cognizant of a terrible hunger. He waited until the

sun was almost set, and then trudged on toward a cabin which appeared in the clearing.

When he reached the cabin, he went to the door and knocked. A powerfully built, hairy-faced man answered his summons.

"I am hungry," Slim announced briefly. "What can you give me for two bits?"

"Where ye from?" the rancher asked suspiciously.

"Sacramento," the traveler answered.

A woman's face appeared at the door. She peered sharply at the man and then drew her husband aside for a hurried whispering. Slim caught a few random words—"telephone—gray hair—sunken cheeks—"

Realizing for the first time that he had failed to take into account modes of man-hunting that had come since he knew the old tricks of the road, he did not wait for further questioning, but turned, walked quickly to the fence and vaulted the rough boards. The farmer, his suspicions confirmed, was shouting to his wife:

"Git the shotgun, Susan! Git the shotgun!"

Before Susan could locate the weapon, Slim was running far down the road. He dodged into a thicket and lay panting for several moments.

As he sat resting from his exertion, he began to realize that he must be more cautious. His hunger was intense; and yet there was little opportunity now of satisfying the craving for food. He arose and continued his way deeper into the fir woods. He came across an abandoned camp, evidently deserted but a few hours ago. He found half a loaf of dried bread and a small piece of moldy bacon, which he devoured eagerly. Then he laid down to rest and to think. As he recalled the brutish farmer and his inquisitive wife, his anger rose. He began to feel the old hatred for his fellowmen which had obsessed him since childhood. As far back as he could recollect men and women had found something peculiar about him, had whispered and nodded and frowned and laughed at him. Policemen had never taken his word for anything, had sneered at him. Judges had ignored his protestations of innocence, had refused to consider anything which he had said. Guards in the prison had no kind words for him. Even at this very moment a squirrel was chattering angrily from a limb overhead, because he had been robbed of the loaf and the meat. Poisonous thoughts rankled in Slim's mind.

After he was thoroughly rested Slim determined to push onward. It was night again. A chill rain filtered through the fir boughs; a cold, raw fog enveloped everything. He followed the abandoned loggers' road until it merged again with the main highway, and intuitive-

ly chose the branch which led toward the mountains. Not a sound broke the great solitude of the deserted roadway save the slosh, slosh of water in his shoes. They were worn and broken at the seams, and the water ran into them in streams, softening his already tender feet.

A faint light gleamed dully through the fog. Slim made directly for the light, and found that it came from the window of a woodchopper's cabin. He peered through the window. A woman and a little child, a girl of seven or eight years, sat by the rough table. Slim knocked at the door. After some delay the door was opened a mere crack, and the woman asked:

"Who is there?"

Slim shoved his foot into the door crack and said:

"I am cold. I want coffee. I want to warm myself."

"Go away!" the woman cried, terrified.

"I won't hurt you," the man encouraged. "Let me have coffee. I am tired."

He pushed with all his might against the door, and the woman fell back from it. As the door gave way, Slim tumbled into the room, sprawling headlong upon the bare floor. The woman cowered in the corner. The little girl was crying. Slim saw the woman held a gun, but was too terror-stricken to use it.

"Shoot if ye want," he laughed, "but wait till I've had th' coffee. I'm awful cold."

The woman made no effort to do his bidding. He walked over to her and took the gun from her nerveless hands. "Lay it here," he said, "and get me somethin' to eat. I want coffee—hot."

Somewhat reassured, the woman moved toward the stove and began to prepare something to eat. Slim watched her through half-closed eyes. The child clung to her dress whimpering. Slim watched the child for some time. He had not been so near a child in many years. At length he rose and examined the gun. It was new, and in the corner hung a filled cartridge belt. "I may need this," he said half to himself, "I will take it along."

The woman kept her eye on the uncouth, weary-looking man. Suddenly she turned and said to him, calmly:

"Be you the man that broke away from the prison?"

Slim was startled by the abruptness of the question. He stared at the woman for a moment and then seemed to find something humorous in the query. He laughed.

"What do you know about thet feller?" he asked.

"They say a man broke from the prison, a 'lifer,' an' they's huntin' fer him all over the State. My husband's huntin'. You look like the man."

"I am him," Slim affirmed. Then noting that the child began to cry and that the woman trembled, he added hastily: "But ye needn't be afraid, lady. I will go as soon's I git th' coffee. I don't want to hurt no one—. But *they'd* better be careful," he added, with bitterness.

As he devoured the food he heard the woman mumbling:

"Ye oughtn't to'a done it. The Gov'ner's a good man."

After he had finished the coffee and the eggs, Slim laid the money which he had found in the pocket of the borrowed coat, upon the table, gathered up the rifle and walked to the door. He halted a moment and turning to the woman said:

"Tell 'em I'm him, lady, but they'd better stay to home with th' women folks. All I want is to be left alone. If it hadn't been fer them empty— Ugh!"

FOR two days Slim eluded his pursuers. He had made, as near as he could figure it, close to a hundred miles and was in the foothills. Another day and he would be safe in the mountains. He would probably see no more cabins until over the range. He determined to change his plans. Thus far he had traveled only at night. Now he would travel by daylight. Once he had stopped at a house and finding no one at home, had helped himself to provisions, taking bread and cheese, and some salt and coffee. With the gun he had killed a few squirrels and a pheasant. He decided to rest for a night, and had arranged a little camping spot. He had built a fire and was preparing to cook a squirrel and make a can of coffee. The smoke of his campfire ascended straight toward the sky, and Slim lay down upon the fir boughs which he had cut for a bed, and watched the curling smoke meditatively. He fell into a doze and awakened with a start a moment later. Some prowling animal, he thought, attracted by the smell of the cooking flesh, had snapped a twig. Yet something made him leap to his feet and reach for the rifle which he had left leaning against a tree a few feet away.

Before he could grasp the rifle, a man's figure appeared beyond the smoke of the campfire, and he heard a brief command.

"Don't touch that!"

Slim could see the man but dimly through the smoke. Presuming that the other had the better of the argument, he stopped abruptly.

"Are you her husband?" he asked cautiously.

There was no answer immediately, and Slim felt a sickening fear lay hold of him. Suddenly the voice of the other rang out:

"Why did you lie to me?"

"Gov'ner!" Slim gasped. "Gov'ner—I—"

He did not finish. He saw that the Governor was unarmed, and that he was making no attempt to cover him with a weapon of any sort. "My God!" he cried, bewilderedly. "You come here all alone fer me? You follered me an' took chances! Why I might 'a killed ye! You come clean here an'— How'd ye git here?" he demanded, a cold sweat beading his face.

"By automobile. You left a fine trail. Your campfire gave you away," the Governor explained. Then his voice was hard and cold again. "Why did you run away?"

"Honest, Gov'ner," Slim was saying earnestly, "I didn't mean to break my word. It was them ugly, empty pots—an' th' wind whisperin' to me to come—an' the hills and the mountains— Ugh! Ten years in them walls an' no mountains ner nothin'—"

Slim was aware of a movement on the part of the Governor. He knew that he was coming nearer to him, that he was beside him, that his hand was upon his shoulder; that it was not the firm, cold, unfeeling hand, or rough grasp of the officer! It was the hand of fellowship, of friendship, and for the first time in his life, Slim felt something like emotion. His heart seemed to beat spasmodically. Tears came into his eyes. His slight, worn frame shook convulsively.

"I'll go back, Gov'ner," he said quietly, "without no trouble."

WISDOM

I KNOW what the wild stars say now,
And what the seven still planets say,
And why the oak trees mourn and bow
Along the water edge all day.

I know the words of the sea-song,
And what the wheeling birds would find
That wail and circle all night long
Through the eight crossways of the wind.

Oh, I am lonely! Dim the crowd
And desolate the friended way.
I know now what winds cry aloud
And what the seven still planets say.

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

SCANDINAVIAN ART AND ITS NATIONAL SIGNIFICANCE: BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of this article was born in Sweden and has the personal acquaintance of many of the leading painters of the north. Although American as a man and artist he gives a first hand view of the Scandinavian painters and the nationalism of their work. Mr. Reuterdahl served on the advisory committee which assisted the president of the American Scandinavian Society in formulating the first plans of the American exhibition of Scandinavian art which is given under the auspices of this society. The exhibition opens in New York, December fifteenth, and will be shown in many of our principal cities.

OOK toward the North! See the light over the horizon. Look again, how it is rising, flaming high like the Aurora. It is the light from home—it is calling you. The blue mantle over the earth is the snow turning bluer under the refleetions from the dome above, and the golden sheen over the distance makes the blue more intense. Silent, somber and in dark purples stand the wooded hills above each other, receding; the bigness of it all wipes out detail, the rocks are like massive monuments against the snow, and the trees lose their outlines, melting into eaeh other under the yellow light of dawn.

"There is spring in the air—or is it the surge of your blood! The breeze is from the North, but gentle because from home. Longing, I am pining to see the red of the farm houses, the white birehes, the dark forest and its still pools—and for the yearning of the North itself—Come Home!" Thus pleaded Richard Bergh, the Swedish painter, in his intense appeal to his fellow artists—sunning themselves on the banks of the Seine or imbibing the false romanticism of New Italy.

In the early eighties, the Scandinavian painters saw the light of impressionism and cut loose from the bituminous darkness of the Munieh and Dusseldorf schools. These were years of stress and the smashing of old idols. To Paris they flocked to learn the new order of things. They established a eolony of opposition,—painters, authors and poets, all trying to see things their own way. Strindberg, then the young firebrand, assaulted the bureaucracy at home and wrote sonnets of spring on the studio walls of the quarter. In the summertime in Grez, a village in the Fontainebleau forest, they painted under real sunlight, found the shadows purple, and strove for breadth of technique. But somehow they were influenced by Bastien Lepage and his pale colors hung like a film over their palettes and toned down their native lust for color. Exiles in mind, these husky northerners were painting French peasants in faded grays.

But a new era was eoming and a declaration of artistic independence was made. Poor, but filled with red-blood enthusiasm, this band of free thinkers returned to their own land of snow to

A PEASANT GIRL OF MORA IN HER WINTER DRESS: FROM A PAINTING BY ANDERS ZORN.

In the Collection of Karl Piltz, Esq., Stockholm.

"IN THE JUNGLE": MODELED BY THE SWEDISH SCULPTOR, C. MILLES.

PORTRAIT OF THE POET HANS JAEGER,
FROM A PAINTING BY HENRIK LUND.

"THE OLD CASTLE," FROM A PAINTING BY PRINCE EUGEN OF SWEDEN.

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
SKOWHEGAN

batter down the academic stay-at-homes. Larsson, Zorn and Nordstrom and, among the Norwegians, Christian Krogh were to the old painters so many lunatics beyond the reasoning of man. Nevertheless the young men continued to look around their own country, and their fresh eyes found a new world of beauty in character, form and color. Awakened, they saw for themselves, and went forth in their new ways grasping for an expression which would reflect the true nature of the land and the real spirit of the people.

THE art of the north shows countries of violent contrasts, of powerful colors, of strong light and inky darkness; the lines are severe, the mountains dark and heavily silhouetted against the pale summer night. And this underlies particularly the art of the two Swedes, Liljefors and Nordstrom. As Hedberg says: "Two giant painters of the east and west coasts reaching hands across, dreaming of the big land, northward of the mountain ridges, the midnight sun and the white winter." With fired imagination the northern man has developed a peculiar sense of patriotism in paint that seem to exist nowhere else. He is a fanatic, no longer a world-drifter,—his own land is too beautiful, his own people too wondrous and the common things in their every-day life glow to him in Homeric light. Of a primitive race he worships the lowly, the toilers of the soil, the seafarers; for him the city crowd—they are only to buy pictures or sit for portraits.

The intense individuality of the northern art is but a direct outcome, racially and nationally, of the strong insularity and ingrowing patriotism of the Scandinavians. Their traditions are so old, so gripping and so simple—the sagas of the Vikings stir even the most jaded. The countries, except perhaps little Denmark, are so wrought by nature that unconsciously the small, the futile and puerile fade away and only rugged sincerity and vital expression can face tradition of nature or time. Then, too, the remarkable homogeneity of the Scandinavians as a race contributes its quota of strength and depth to all their expressions, literary, artistic, musical. Be the artist from whatever section he may, he is sure that his countrymen as a whole will understand what he is trying to say and know if his message is sincere. The bond of blood is so deep that whatever foreign element is introduced, it is at once fused with the whole—even as Grieg, half Scotch, became wholly Norwegian.

It is that common pulse, that rhythmic throb, that glow of Sweden for the Swedes, Norway for the Norwegians which make their arts as easy to recognize as is the Northman by his geographic habitat or physical trait. And in spite of, or rather because of this

homogeneity their painters have been free to cut loose from the stereotyped and sing their own lays to any melody they chose.

That love for the open, the tradition of the homestead has driven the northern painters out of the cities to settle among subjects which inspired their brush. Their homes are fashioned like those of the locality, not foreign villas, but fitting the soil. Like Winslow Homer they live the life they paint, but not as recluses, curiosities to the neighbors. Nor is theirs a life apart, as with us.

The Norwegian is as proud of Werenskiold and Munthe as of Nansen. The Swede smiles over his own Carl Larsson and buys another picture book of the Larsson kiddies. Zorn celebrated his fiftieth birthday congratulated by Prince Eugen, who as representative of the throne arrived by special train offering the greetings of the King; the select men of the village suspended meeting and in a body paid their respects, and the peasants came in a torchlight parade—all just to honor a painter. It may not be within the scope of this article to surmise in all probability that Winslow Homer, America's great painter, crossed his half-century mark stimulated by his own society, a bottle of beer and a ham sandwich. And honor does not come alone to these men, *their pictures are bought.* At a recent exhibition in Stockholm paintings to the value of sixty-five thousand crowns were sold the first week—this in a town of the size of Cincinnati.

The writer suggested some years ago an exhibition of Swedish art in New York and the plans were laid before Karl Wahlin, art critic, the Huneker of Sweden. The reply read that the day should never come when Swedish painters would have to go abroad for support. This view, insular and even narrow, illustrated the position of the northern painter, who having a market in his native land is encouraged by his own people to do what he feels, and three meals a day plus a smoke are great factors in a man's development.

OF that bizarre muser and soul stirring painter, Edvard Munch, the Ibsen of Norwegian paint, the Christiania Museum has more than ten canvases—and the painter still in the flesh. No one can say that these visions of sickness, these passionate wild longings, high notes in paint, are there to please the mob; they were purchased by the State because of their importance to the nation's art. And the tender color and Whistlerian tones in the portraits and interiors of Hammershoi, the Dane, are not often found outside his native land. Eight of the ten examples shown in the current exhibition are from the Bramsen collection, from one man's home.

Again Anders Zorn, truly a living impressionist of the life which moves—the play of light, shadows on mere flesh, movement, singing crowds, gestures, frowns and laughs are all his, done in a few tones and with a handful of colors. Fêted and medaled, jaded by conquest and success, he turned to his ancient birthplace and heeded the call of the soil. It was not enough for him to paint his own people, he had to live their life and make himself useful to their purpose. He revived their old traditions and made them go back to the customs and dress of their forebears—a return to brilliant hues and homemade ornaments—the natural outlet for the color sense of these primitives. Zorn rejuvenated the old forgotten lays and folklore; he built dancing pavilions in the open, and away from store-clothes civilization the old life of the peasant came back. Home among his own, Zorn is painting the Venuses of Dalecarlia, fresh chubby girls, splashing at the river's edge or half hidden behind foliage, nature's children who find no shame in posing nude for one of their own kin. Sculptor as well is Zorn, and his quivering little bronze Faun and Nymph gives that joy of life which belongs to a hefty race where neurasthenia is not even a term. His statue of Gustavus Vasa, the liberator and Sweden's first king, has the other side of the northern character, steadfastness and daring, the Viking spirit.

Even for one of northern blood it becomes difficult to absolutely characterize the difference of tendencies in Swedish and Norwegian art. The Norwegian may be more uncouth, more rugged. It is easier to place the Dane; his art is like his country, pleasant, with easy going, rolling lines, flat stretches. The domesticity of the Dane, his fondness for the good things in life, his jollity, all crop out in the national art. It does not tear your emotion, you do not argue about it as you do over Ibsen and Strindberg—you are just pleased. The vein of the national temperament, the droll whimsicality, as in Hans Christian Andersen, is to the fore in modern Danish art—of course expressed in the technique of the day and like all good art dealing with its own time. Germans stay at the cafés, but the Danes at home, and so Viggo Johansen visualizes the family ties and the unity of the hearth. His pictures, somewhat akin to those of Simon, are marvels of fresh paint, lamplight effects, mother and children around the fire or the Saturday bath. And with Johansen, Julius Paulsen's glimmering canvases give the cheery and tenderer side of the Dane. But the physicologist, the apostle of *Weltschmertz* in this joyous land is Einar Nielson, who, like Munch the Norwegian, deals with pain and infinite sorrow: while Willumsen personifies the bright gaiety of Copenhagen, its sun, the Strand life. Architecture, ceramics,

sculpture are all one to his amazing talents, and his paintings of sunlight, archaic and Greek in design, Cezannelike in color are almost the last word in modernity—excluding of course, the young Matisses, who, growing on every international bush, are still men without a country.

NOW the northern painter is honest, with him technique is only the means, and like Van Golgh, he looks for the soul of the thing. His pent-up emotions, the intoxication of patriotic painter-pride over the beauty of the fatherland fires him and without knowing how or why he has given out that indescribable something which is more than paint surface. And when simple toilers make a shrine to the memory of a dead artist it is not because of his painting but because of that which lies behind it. In the islands of Lofoden, up the coast of Norway and above the Arctic Circle, lived Gunnar Berg. He painted the fishers and their storm and stress, and the gull-laden rocks. Berg died, but his studio stands there today filled with warm rich canvases, painter-joys, a set palette, fat paint tubes—just as if he had gone outside for a smoke—a mausoleum from horny-handed fishermen.

No artist is closer to the Swedish people than Carl Larsson. Almost a genius—this man has no counterpart anywhere. And supreme is his nationalism, so genuinely Swedish (their sunny side) the long summer night, hospitality, good-cheer, the flowing bowl—all are behind his brush. And all is meat to this remarkable man, great murals, water colors, oils, drawings, humor and verse. When Larsson laughs, Sweden laughs with him. Those pleasing water colors of his simple hand-made country home bubble over with charm and the impulsive humor of this never-grown-up. The peasant was becoming modernized in his common store clothes and home fittings, and Larsson's water colors came as a tract against what we would call "the folding-bed-renaissance," a protest against gaudy and overburdened architecture and a plea for the simple life and dress, a revival of the national arts and crafts.

Modern life is mostly gray in clothes and thought, everything anæmically dull and equal, Puritanically cold and "high brow," so that the color joy of the primitive comes like a blow. To the Northerner, color is vital and necessary to lighten the darkness of winter which makes day into long night; that is why the houses are red, the clothes brilliant and the colors of the household utensils virile. These things brighten the northern temperament, heavy with the sun below the horizon. The old peasant love for strong color is still a racial characteristic, and if on the decline still underlies the inspira-

SEA EAGLES: FROM A PAINTING BY BRUNO LILJEFORS.

FOXES. FROM A PAINTING BY BRUNO LILJEFORS.

tion of the Scandinavian painter. Take that able Swede, Wilhelmson, figure painter with a color sense akin to our own Lawson, but fuller. He paints the worker, but not posed studio figures, out of flesh and blood under God's own sky. There is an Oriental, almost "ruglike" quality in his big picture of the fisherfolks rowing to church—yellow sunlight, green boats. The sad, almost too heavy faces of the devout people going to worship, reflect in the water in oily streaks and the shawl of the woman in the foreground makes an arabesquelike pattern which dominates the picture. Wilhelmson deals in big things; his underlying love and respect for labor fills his canvases; he presents the north sincerely, but without sadness.

In the north they call Liljefors the discoverer of nature. He found something in the heart of his country which no one had found before,—the magic poetry of the silent forest, the melodies of the wilderness and the deep meaning of animal life. As Whistler made night out of paint, so Liljefors created a national Swedish landscape. The deep wood where the shrill hoot of the owl breaks the eerie surge of the bending firs; the edging rocks, lashed by the open sea with the sea eagle as king—when night hangs over the snow-laden pines, with the clouds racing each other, ragged; the foxes making for shelter against the elements—these are the salient characteristics of this poet-painter.

THE coming exhibition of Swedish art in America will have several pictures by Prince Eugen, the brother of the present king, a sincere student, hard-working, not a prince who paints, but a prince of a painter. He roams around the country with his paint-box over his shoulder, freezes in the snow, and blue nosed with cold comes home with a bully sketch.

Pelle Molin, painter-poet, half Lapp, half gypsy, exotic in mind, wrote of his own rockbound lair: "I visualize my mountain home —gray houses, bunched so as not to be alone when the winter sweeps over the country. The glimmering windows are like the shining eyes of the wolf-flock, but under the light of the summer night my village lies like a herd of goats waiting for the sunrise,"—the extremes of the north where men grow hard fighting the battles of life. But under the rugged surface there is ever that strain of *Sehnsucht*, of yearning in the people and in the nature so wonderfully translated in Hesselbom's poetic canvas, "Our Country."

In Norway nature stands rugged, barren rocks swept by ocean tempests, glaciers and mountain peaks—straightforward, uncoddled—the people the same. Pugnacious and proud is the Norwegian,

caring not at all for the opinion of those "above." He calls his monarch Mr. King. And his statements in paint are bald, truthful. When Christian Krogh wrote his novel and painted his picture, "Albertine," the old story of the city streets, he became a marked man and barely escaped jail. That same fearless and direct personality underlies the work of Werenskiold whose sterling canvases of peasant life and portraits of the literary giants of Norway have given him a national and continental renown. In his footsteps follow Lund and Karsten, the former a sturdy big-hearted painter, the latter an analytical technician of high plane. The portraits of Lund carry conviction instantaneous in expression, and have that freedom of speech belonging to the descendants of Harold, Fair of Hair.

It is curious that in delineation of rugged Norwegian nature a Swedish woman, Mrs. Anna Boberg, wife of the celebrated architect, has so well succeeded and in such a manly way to penetrate the atmosphere of Northern Norway; the mountains, shimmering under the midnight sun, in winter snow-white against inky water dotted with red fishing boats.

Before me lies a little volume, "Sweden as Seen by its Artists," by Carl Laurin, filled with splendid color reproductions,—a whole-souled tribute to the brush of these men. My emotions rise as I translate its last paragraphs, brimful of appreciation of our painters and poets:

"Stockholm sleeps—In the church of the knights the chimes peal over city and water; one thinks of the great who sleep in the vaults beneath—of all those who have written and worked down in the city—and the thought goes afar, south and north, to the north under the midnight sun and with thanks we remember those who in song and paint have shown us the precious beauty of our Fatherland."

When the time comes that the people of the United States rise to such deep sense of appreciation of their poets and painters—then we shall have a truly national art, no longer an echo of abroad. These northern nations of Europe not only materially support their artists, but look upon them as national assets, figures of importance in their spiritual development. The land here is as beautiful as any, even more; our people interesting and paintable, the wonders of our great cities stirring and immense. In the fusing of races there have arisen big American painters, Winslow Homer, the greatest national figure; and among the younger living there are men whose art belongs here exclusively,—Bellows and Luks, the most American of all. But even a century of painters cannot establish an art national in spirit without the encouraging support of the people.

And this shall be America's great lesson from the north.

SWEDEN—A NATION OF CRAFTSMEN: BY HENRY GODDARD LEACH

EFNADSLUST they call it in Sweden, the "Joy of Life," the love of work for the working, the whole-souled mirth of healthful play. Not that the word itself slips from lip to lip at the breakfast tables of Stockholm; it is a definition sacred to poets, they who solve the great equations and reduce the unknown quantities of life to their simplest terms. *Lefnadslust* is that which every Swedish peasant breathes, that which even the mechanic in the city is beginning to experience, in that vigorous Northern land where craftsmanship is no longer the pastime of a few but the buoyant expression of a nation.

Those who are so fortunate as to visit this season the exhibit of Swedish Industrial Art imported by the Swedish Club of Chicago, will appreciate the external results of this national awakening in Sweden. They will see beaten silver chased with the sun-wheels and dragon motives of pagan antiquity; they will see the gossamer lace of the peasant women of Vadstena, the hand-carved tables, the white linen woven on the farm, the tapestries and gay woolen stuffs of Dalecarlia. They will see also machine-made articles which reveal, in beauty of line and color, the competition and inspiration of handicraft. What they cannot see, however, are the rosy cheeks, the clear and confident eyes; nor can they hear the laughter and song of the craftsmen.

But he who writes has both seen and heard. He has returned at evening with hale old grandfather from the furrow, and sat beside him at his bench, in one corner of the great, low-raftered living-room, while he carved a bowl out of birch; he has bent over grandmother with her needle; heard son Erik hammering his kettle; watched wife Karen at her loom, while fourteen-year-old Oscar played the fiddle; and what is more, he has danced with granddaughter, flaxen haired Ebba, through the multi-colored midsummer night, amid a thousand whirling figures of flushed youth, singing folk-songs of wooing, as old and as young again as the pagan past.

THE Swedish peasant is not as other peasants. He has an advantage, almost unfair, in his ancestry. In Viking days a freeholder, free he has remained, each farmer his own squire, never cowed and subdued by feudalism into the dejected pose of the Man with the Hoe. Throughout the Middle Ages and down to modern times the farmsteads of Sweden were alive with hand industry, each family growing its own dye and wool, and producing clothing in the gorgeous patterns peculiar to each separate parish.

There came a break, however, in this proud tradition. The nineteenth century brought, with other blessings, the machine. It became cheaper to send flax and wool to the cities to be made into inferior stuffs and black clothes uniform for all. City folk laughed at the old-fashioned, fantastic peasant dress. The spinning wheel stopped whirring. The hammer lay idle on the anvil. The young people, many of them, went to the city to work in the factory, while still more crossed the sea to America with its promise of gold. Those who remained at home on the farm became discouraged, shiftless, and easy victims of disease; for the color had gone out of their lives just as it had gone out of their clothes. As for the old tapestries, it is said that some of the most beautiful patterns are lost forever.

Tradition was broken; but here the arts and crafts movement stepped in. The year eighteen hundred and seventy marked the beginning of the crusade,—six years before American industry received its artistic shock at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. Why mention names? The movement was national. Into the museums of Stockholm a Swedish Mæcenas, Arthur Hazelius, foreseeing the total extinction of household industries, hurried specimens of what remained of the old home arts. Here the foreign guest may study them today. At the same time, in eighteen hundred and seventy-four, some public spirited citizens founded at Naas a school of sloyd,—the name *sloejd* as well as the conception is Swedish,—to direct teachers of manual training who should go out to cultivate in the youth of Sweden and other lands a respect for manual toil, a dexterity of hand, and an appreciation for grace of line and form.

Not content with school sloyd, the crusade aimed directly at the home. In eighteen hundred and seventy-four a group of intelligent women in Stockholm founded the first Swedish society for the rejuvenation of home textiles, naming it The Friends of Handiwork. Their leader, Baroness Adlersparre, appealed to the æsthetic by showing how handiwork developed an artistic sense and added charm to home life; to the practical, by claiming that Swedish peasant women could in this way gain subsistence without leaving the farm.

The Friends of Handiwork met with no easy task. Teachers had first to be trained and sent out through the country districts urging the women to return again to their forsaken looms. They carried with them from farm to farm patterns and models. When they found a grandmother who remembered the pattern of a forgotten lace, they promptly commissioned her as schoolmistress and gathered about her a group of willing pupils. A market also they had to find, and for this purpose they established a network of provincial depots with a central shop in the capital.

TWO DESIGNS FOR PANELS IN
A TAPESTRY BY ANDERS ZORN.

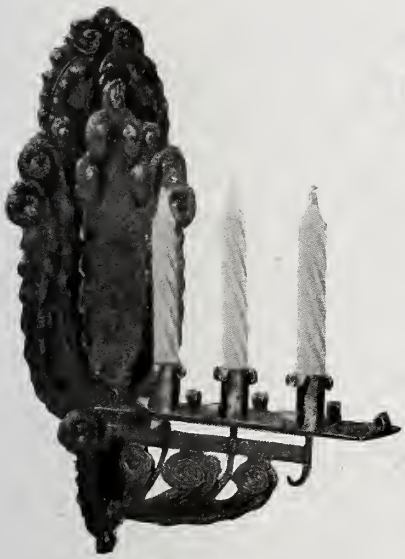
TWO VIEWS IN THE GREAT LIVING ROOM IN THE HOME OF ANDERS ZORN, MORA: FURNISHED THROUGHOUT WITH THE WORK OF SWEDISH CRAFTSMEN.

A SWEDISH PEASANT WOMAN, PICTURESQUE AND CONTENT, KNITTING BY HER HEARTHSTONE.

THE WIFE OF CARL LARSSON, THE SWEDISH PAINTER, BUSY IN HER LINEN ROOM WHICH IS FURNISHED IN TYPICAL SWEDISH STYLE, THE WORK OF HER HUSBAND WHO IS CRAFTSMAN AS WELL AS PAINTER.

A BIT OF RARE SWEDISH TAPESTRY, ILLUSTRATING FOLK SONG: DESIGNED BY MARTHA PRALTERSTROM.

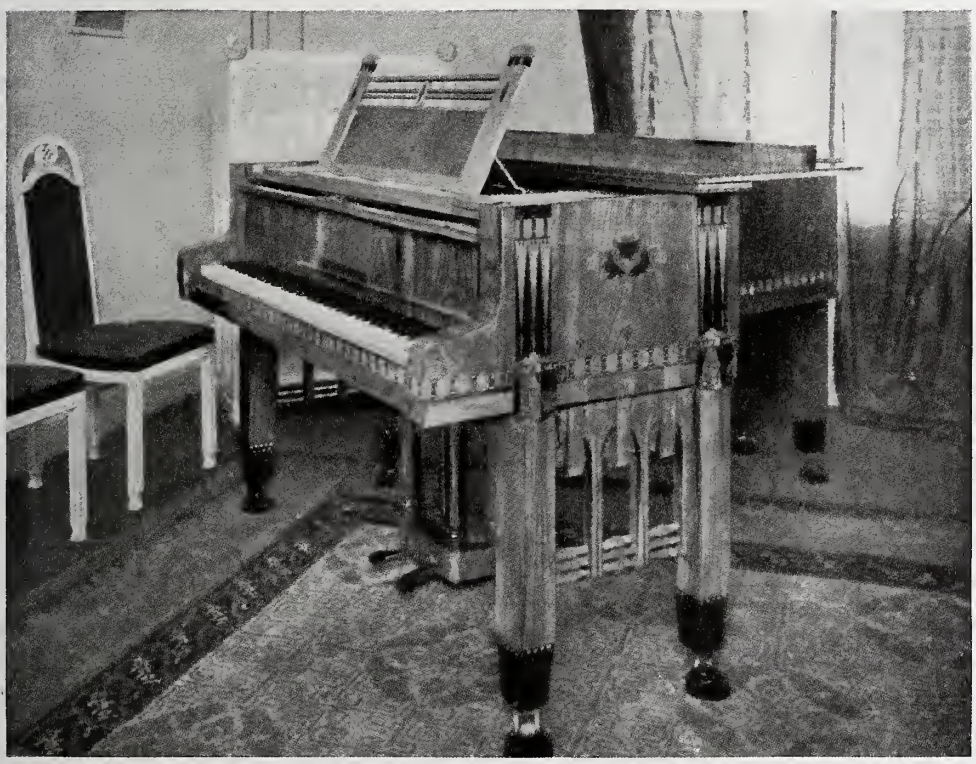
OLD SWEDISH HAUTE LISSE TAPESTRY: PEASANT WORK FROM SKANE.



SWEDISH DESIGN FOR SCONCE.

MODERN SWEDISH LAMP.

SWEDISH DESIGN FOR FIRE DOGS.



A SWEDISH PIANO, THE CASE DESIGNED AND CARVED IN THE HOME OF AND BY THE OWNER.

YOUNG WOMEN OF SELMA LAGERLOF'S PROVINCE IN SWEDEN,—WOOL CARDERS AND TYPICAL PEASANT WOMEN OF THAT REGION, VIGOROUS, HAPPY AND GOOD-LOOKING.

LACE MAKERS OF MOCKFJERD IN THEIR BEAUTIFUL BRIGHT COLORED NATIVE DRESS, FAMOUS AS WORKERS, WIVES AND BEAUTIES.

Other societies followed, which extended the revival of handicraft into the fields of metal, wood and clay. In eighteen hundred and ninety-nine the artist prince, Eugen, and a group of friends, established the Home Sloyd Union, which has been the means of bringing a new interest into the homes of artisans similar to that felt upon the farms. In the salesroom of the Union at Stockholm, articles can be purchased to supply every practical need of the home.

THE crusade for handicrafts has been successful in Sweden as in no other land. Incidentally, it has added millions of dollars annually to the economic prosperity of the nation. Into one formerly poverty stricken farming village the revival of homemade basketry is bringing thirty thousand dollars a year; in another, lace making adds an equal amount; in a third parish, the old men, too old for toil in the fields, earn twenty thousand dollars a year by carving furniture. Home crafts have saved many a farm from desolation and made it possible for the peasant population, in the face of industrial competition, to remain in possession of their ancestral estates. Emigration to America has materially abated, and many emigrants are returning to their old homes. Far from infringing upon machine industries, arts and crafts have, on the other hand, compelled the factory to produce more beautiful and durable objects.

But more important than external economic prosperity is the exuberance of life and health which their beautiful toil brings to the workmen in Sweden. If you doubt it, go into the north, to Dalecarlia; visit the parish of Mockfjerd in summer, and see a group of glad-eyed women gathered under the birch trees about a table decked with pillows and bobbins and piles of delicate lace. Their clothing,—kerchief and bodice and apron,—embroidered with a gay flower pattern, in keeping with the perpetual springtime of their moods. Or stop by the roadside in Vermland and watch a gay family party, grandmother and grandchildren, breaking and scutching flax amid story-telling and fun and frolic. If you are playful you will receive a baptism of soft white chaff showered on you by nimble hands.

Another evidence of the return of youth to the nation is the revival of national dress. One Swedish princess requires peasant costume of all her ladies-in-waiting at her summer court. The artist Zorn, when at home, goes about in the blue knickerbockers and white leather apron that are traditional to the men of Mora. It is not merely a fad for the few. There are villages in Dalecarlia where, on the sabbath, every man, woman and child goes to church in a costume into which mother or wife has woven her own intimate expres-

sion of the beautiful, and which symbolises for the wearer the joy of worship.

A gorgeous spectacle they present on the road home from church. Each parish has its own fashion,—the cockade of Rättvik, the striped apron of Leksand, the red braid in the hair of the Mora girl,—while the connoisseur recognizes at once the more subtle badges which distinguish maid from mother, and wife from widow. The effect is unlike anything in Europe,—more varied than the gala costume of Brittany, more decorative than the dress of the Bavarian peasant,—almost Asiatic in its richness. Yet the total disregard for modern fashions and Parisian modes does not impress one as retrograde or ridiculous even in up-to-date Sweden, where the telephone service is the best and clearest in the world. The knickerbockers of the men are more comfortable than trousers, and cannot the farmer's daughter ring the telephone and ride her bicycle to market in a scarlet bodice and a dainty white embroidered kerchief?

THERE is a girl in Mora named Margot, a Swedish type, whose flaxen hair nature, by special favor, has ripened into gold. Like many of the girls in Mora, she has sat for Zorn, the artist, and her beauty has gone abroad to delight thousands to whom Sweden is nothing but a geographical name. Margot gave the American visitor a stool opposite herself in the *spis*,—the hearth in the corner,—and they sat facing each other, sharing the evening meal of sago pudding and strawberries, while her aged mother knitted and knitted incessantly, smiling approval on the foreigner who could enter into the spirit of a Swedish farm. The American asked the story of the old fairy-tale tapestry which hung on the wall, of the rows of shining kettles suspended from the cross-beams, of the arm-chair with dragon's claws which grandpa had carved. Her own costume also Margot explained; why the fronting of her woolen skirt was green; how Anders Zorn, the artist, insisted that the girls of Mora observe the custom of braiding a red ribbon in their hair.

"And now," she added, "I have just finished making my new winter cloak."

"Would that I could see it," cried the American.

"Shall I?" she asked, with a laugh, and an inquiring look at her mother. The nod must have meant approval, for Margot ran lightly from the room, and quickly returned transformed into a queen of winter, a Freyja of the north. Her close fitting cloak was of that heavy woolen fabric which the northern peoples call *vadmal*, stained scarlet and lined with soft, lamb's fleece, peeping out white around the edges. A red and white turban half concealed her curls. Picture

this glorious Swedish girl as Zorn has seen her, with sparkling eyes, in her warm red habit in midwinter, speeding on skis over the white snow fields!

The American saw also the "linen press" with its fresh, new table cloths, its rugs and hangings. They were not for the farm; they were to be sent up to Stockholm with grandfather's pots and grandmother's lace, where their sale should add materially to the modest income from cows and crops.

Every summer Margot drives the herds up to the mountain and lives in the little chalet, boiling the winter's supply of cheese. Even here the artists follow her, not Zorn alone, but also his friends, and a sculptor from Denmark and a "lady painter" from Finland over the sea, not so much on account of the accidental glory of her hair as to snatch and preserve the radiance of life that she has won from her toil.

Margot's proudest treasure, after her winter costume, is an etching of herself by Zorn. A cloud swept across her face for an instant when the thoughtless American told her that he had seen it before in New York and Paris.

Zorn himself is an artisan as well as an artist. At home in Mora he is not only a painter, but a master wood-carver and a master blacksmith, while his wife goes from farm to farm, teaching the women new patterns in needlework and weaving.

Carl Larsson, the painter of the home, is another of the master craftsmen. His "House in the Sun" was built, furnished and decorated largely by the very hands of this Viking giant and untiring worker. His wife and children, familiar in picture books in practically every Swedish home, are in reality happier even than they are painted. "Larssons' " is a paradise of activity and contentment.

The arts and crafts movement has been in no small degree responsible for the renaissance of the fine arts which meets every visitor to the public buildings and galleries of Sweden today. Still more has it contributed to the happiness of a united people, who are learning more and more each year to combine play and beauty with toil and utility in a sane and joyous expression of life.

PICTURESQUE BRIDGES OF THE CONOCOCHEAGUE RIVER: BY HELEN ASHE HAYS

UCH has been said and written in praise of bridges, and even though we do not stop to analyze their charm, we are not the less affected by it. Bridges stand for security, for neighborliness, traffic and intercourse; and in many cases they possess a high degree of architectural interest. Many also have the "line of beauty," and adding immeasurably to their picturesque quality is their "double," the unsubstantial image which trembles in the water, and by which, repeated as in a mirror, the arch is made into a circle—a glorified hoop of light.

The surroundings, too, are apt to be more or less attractive, for water brings fruitfulness, and about a bridge is usually a growth of vines and underbrush, and groups of water-loving trees. Or, if the land is flat and fertile, harvest fields come down to the water's edge. This fruitfulness along the waterside no doubt gave rise to the old German legend, that in years of prosperity the spirit of Charlemagne would cross over the Rhine on a bridge of gold, to bless the vineyards and harvest fields.

Every language has its proverbs on bridges. The feeling of safety they inspire is expressed in this canny Scotch saying:

"Praise the bridge which carries you over;
Praise the ford as you find it."

There is a terse Latin proverb of danger:

"Between the bridge and the stream!
Between the sword and the throat!"

And doubtless this familiar saying inspired St. Augustine's expression, "The Lord's mercy may be found between the bridge and the stream."

In some countries there is great difficulty in bridging streams. They are the dry lands, where rivers shrink in summer and the water meanders like a silver thread through a wide waste of sand, sometimes disappearing altogether to reappear far down the river bed. Over these sandy bottoms no bridge is needed for months, but when the rains come, such arroyos are filled with roaring floods, wild wastes of water, swirling from bank to bank, menacing everything with destruction. It takes structures of Roman build to bridge them safely. It is in the temperate countries, with narrow streams, that the rural bridge is found at its best. The water flows peacefully between deep banks, and stone arches thrown across afford safe passage to the traveler. Such are the old bridges given in this series of pictures, which carry country roads across the Conococheague, a stream in western Maryland, flowing under the slopes of the North

THE BRIDGE WHICH CARRIES THE NATIONAL ROAD ACROSS THE CONOCOCHEAGUE.

THE CONOCOCHEAGUE BRIDGE NEAR WILLIAMSPORT.

THE BRIDGE AT MERCERSBURGH, HIGH UP THE STREAM.
THE MOST BEAUTIFULLY PLACED BRIDGE OF ALL, AT

Mountain, and emptying its waters into the Potomac. It is a prosperous, agricultural country, a limestone region, and this native stone has been used to build these bridges, which brings them intimately into the landscape.

WHERE the Conococheague joins the Potomac, is the town of Williamsport. Just above the village, a beautiful grey bridge of four arches carries the old road over the stream. It stands high out of the water, and is set in a picturesque neighborhood. Above it are the ruins of an old stone mill; below, an aqueduct carries the Chesapeake and Ohio canal across its mouth. Williamsport was one of the first sites proposed for the national Capital, a suggestion which provoked much sarcasm. "Where is this Conocojee?" the politicians of the day inquired, and the uncouth word became a party cry. Williamsport for many years seemed willing to live on the glory of that lost possibility, and on the traffic brought to it by the canal; but now a large tannery has given life and some turbulence to the town. It is a village where one finds ancient stone houses, small and thick-walled, set below the level of the street, and these give it an air of stability and antiquity.

At the foot of the hill, the waters of the canal slide silently by. Canal boats, with fascinating motion, glide between the narrow banks. Snubbing posts mark the course, and the immemorial mule kicks and squeals his way along the tow-path. Sometimes the family pig sticks his face out of the little window at the end of the boat, and grins familiarly at the passer-by. To see canal boats go through locks is something that can never pall through use or custom. There is something in the rise and fall of the water, the rushing tide, the dripping gates, the even motion of the boat, effortless as the progress of a swan, and in the mere mechanical maneuver, which never loses its interest and charm. The boat glides down the canal, as stately as the barges of Venice. The lock-keeper saunters out from a gossip with his cronies, and all the idlers stand about to watch the boat go through the lock. The rope dips, the mules are released, the boatmen take their ease, the water swells, pours and rushes; the great, clumsy gates with their levers and bars swing into place, shut and open. The boat drops to its new level, the mule shakes his ears, kicks, squeals a protest, and takes up his ambling pace along the tow-path. The show is over for the time; but soon again the clear sound of a horn, away up the long ribbon of the canal, in the blue distance of the mountain, tells that another slow, mysterious barge is gliding down, and calls the keeper to take it quietly and comfortably through the lock.

BEAUTIFUL BRIDGES OF THE CONOCOCHEAGUE

BUT we have strayed from our bridges. Let us take a glance at the most famous one which carried a branch of the National Road across the Conococheague—the Western Pike, as it is now called. This was the road from Baltimore to Cumberland, where it joined the National Road. It was the first great thoroughfare from east to west, and connected the seaboard with the country beyond the Alleghenies. Today we hear a great deal of the lure of the road, and its appeal to adventurous spirits; but in its heyday, there never was a road with more of that appeal to the wandering spirit of mankind than this Western Pike. It took men through almost unbroken forests to the great prairies of the West. When it was made, the streams of the country were crossed by wooden bridges, but after the makers of the Great Road had built these fine stone arches, the men of Washington County built up and down the streams, on both sides of the valley, the stone bridges which are now such a beautiful feature of the country.

This pioneer bridge has five arches. Dusty fields on one side come down to a pebbly beach, but hills rise from the western bank, and the road goes up to the old town of Clearspring. A log church stood near the bridge a century and a half ago. The tract on which it rested was called "The Mountain of Wales," and the road was then called the "Washington Road." When it was made into a turnpike, an immense amount of traffic went over it. Now the automobile takes the place of the family coach, the motor omnibus replaces the stage.

But of all the bridges of the Conococheague, the one at Broadfording is the favorite. It is near a tract which was named "High Germany," and here again an old church, on the hilltop nearby, overlooked the "meanderings of the Conococheague." Steep, wooded hills come down to the stream, shutting out the world with their green curtains. Under arching boughs one comes down the declivity to the quiet stretch of water. There is not a house in sight, or any hint of humanity except the bridge. Its gentle rise and perfect curves make it a thing of delight, and the reflection of its arches forms perfect circles. Beyond it rise the "Pine Hills," noted for their flowers—dogwood, redbud and azaleas in spring, violet and purple asters under the red autumn foliage of oaks and maples.

Next, up the stream, is the bridge near Mercersburgh, another beautiful structure. Each has its own charm, its peculiar associations. They lend much to the interest of drives through this part of western Maryland, and set a standard, both adequate and beautiful, for the crossing of streams by country roads.

THE GREAT VALUE OF BIRD SANCTUARIES: BY T. GILBERT PEARSON

TANDING on the levee of the lower Mississippi River, the eye of the traveler wanders in all directions over a vast expanse of wild salt marsh which sweeps eastward along the Gulf Coast line toward the swamps of Mississippi, and westward to the timber lands and prairies of Texas. Through these interminable sea meadows there meander numerous creeks and narrow tide channels extending many miles inland until the higher lands are reached. The grasses of this boundless marsh, as well as the watery sod beneath, teem with many forms of insect and crustacean life, and the surface of the creeks is continually rippled by a million schools of little fish. This abundance of small forms of life seems to have been designed by Nature to supply food for the wild birds which here abound. If the time be summer, rails and gallinules call from the tangles; and the great lordly grackles, with the sunshine glistening from their purple wings, pound ponderously overhead. Seaside finches dart in and out of the cover, or cling swaying to a stalwart rush while they voice their joy of life in the marsh. Herons of many species feed along the creek shores or slowly wing their way northward to their nests in the swamps.

Winter lays its finger but lightly on this country of the far Southland, and the waters are never frozen, so the bird life is abundant the year around,—the population simply changing with the seasons. With the first suggestion of the cold nights of autumn, the ducks and geese which have passed the summer on the lakes or tundras of the far north begin to arrive. With them also come the hunters, men from the higher lands who often bring in their boats outfits for camping. All winter long they remain, and hardly ever is the air free from the roar of their guns. The mallard, black duck, pintail, widgeon, teal, canvas back and wild geese are all savory food for mankind, and the markets of the world bid high for them at so much per head. It has been stated that during the winter of nineteen hundred and nine and nineteen hundred and ten the hunters of Louisiana gathered four million game birds. These figures, being official, are probably much below the number actually killed.

Living in the midst of this prodigality of bird life, Mr. E. I. McIlhenny, who is a bird lover by profession and a successful business man incidentally, saw the possibilities of a great game preserve the like of which had never been established in the Southern States. On his own lands, perhaps ten miles north of Vermilion Bay, he prohibited shooting and by artificial means established a colony of herons in the small trees surrounding a pond near his house. These birds

increased so rapidly under protection that in a few years fully twenty thousand herons were nesting here, and he now finds it necessary to haul annually from a distance many wagon loads of twigs to provide the birds materials for nests. Here today exists perhaps the largest colony of snowy egrets in the United States. In nineteen hundred and ten, coöperating with Mr. Charles W. Ward, he purchased a tract of eighteen thousand acres of adjoining marsh land and presented it to the State of Louisiana as a perpetual refuge for wild birds. Just off Vermilion Bay and closely adjoining this reservation, lies Marsh Island, seventy-five thousand acres in extent. Of all the lower coast region, this has perhaps been the most ideal spot for the market hunter to ply his trade. Literally tens of thousands of wild fowl have been killed here annually by the men who shoot for the money their guns will bring them. Last spring Mr. McIlhenny and Mr. Ward came to New York filled with the idea of having some one buy this island in order that it might be preserved as a game refuge. It seemed to many a rather large undertaking to raise the necessary funds for such a purchase. How well they succeeded is told in the press dispatches sent out from New York on September twenty-nine, nineteen hundred and twelve, stating that Mrs. Russell Sage had, by an expenditure of about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, purchased Marsh Island, and that for all time to come the plume hunter and market shooter would be banished from its confines. The full extent of the value of the efforts by these Louisiana gentlemen and Mrs. Sage to preserve the wild water fowl of America can best be told by the appreciative Americans in the years to come.

ANOTHER private effort at bird protection on a large scale was undertaken two years ago by Mr. Henry Ford of Detroit, Michigan. Mr. Ford owns a farm of two thousand one hundred acres, not many miles from the city. His estate is a land of hills, glens, fields, open groves and forests. In other words, it is a typical upland farm of the Middle West, and normally the character of bird life which inhabits it is similar to that found generally throughout the State. Meadow larks, doves and finches of many forms frequent the fields. Thrushes, thrashers, orioles and warblers haunt the thickets; while chickadees, nuthatches and woodpeckers patrol the boles and limbs of the trees making their daily round in quest of insects or their eggs and larvæ. Now Mr. Ford is another man who loves birds and likes to have them about him; then, too, he appreciates the fact that the bird inhabitants of the land are of great value to agriculture and forestry because of the numbers of injurious insects which they destroy, and the vast quantities of noxious weed seeds they consume.

THE GREAT VALUE OF BIRD SANCTUARIES

The number of birds to be found in any given locality is dependent on the food supply, water, suitable nesting sites and adequate safety from their natural enemies. Mr. Ford determined to increase these favorable conditions on his farm. He went about this in the same thorough business-like manner which has made him so successful in the world of affairs. His first move was to employ the services of Mr. Jefferson Butler, hitherto the Secretary of the Michigan State Audubon Society and a man on familiar terms with the wild birds of his State. Mr. Butler for some time devoted his attention to making a thorough ornithological survey of the Ford farm. This has resulted up to date in the identification of one hundred and six forms of wild birds.

Boxes of a character suitable for nesting were made or purchased and fastened to trees or poles at frequent intervals throughout the woodlands. Shrubs or trees which produce fruit of a character esteemed by birds were encouraged to grow. For the winter birds feeding stations were established, tempting provisions being placed on elevated platforms each of which had a cover to protect it from the rain and snow. To be more exact, it may be stated that in the autumn of nineteen hundred and eleven ten thousand fruit bearing shrubs were planted. During the winter sixteen feeding stations were kept constantly supplied with bird food, consisting of cracked corn, wheat, hemp, European and American millet, sunflower seed and buckwheat. Besides this interesting menu two hundred pounds of suet were used. Some of this, in its natural form, was tied to the limbs of trees but most of it was made into cakes filled with hemp seed.

PATCHES of sunflowers were planted this year in various open places. These not only added beauty to the landscape but were highly appreciated as a food supply for the birds. Long before the ligules of the yellow involucre had faded, the inquisitive nuthatch had discovered and showed to the goldfinch the world of goodies in each sunflower head. Food was provided to suit the taste of every member of the one hundred and six varieties of birds as far as this was possible. Some covies of bobwhite made their home on the Ford farm and for these, patches of buckwheat were grown and left to go to seed. There is no reason why a seed-eating bird should go hungry on the Ford farm. Water for drinking and bathing purposes was abundantly supplied at most seasons by Rouge River and a large creek which winds about among the hills. Last winter, when the severe weather covered the fields and streams with an icy blanket, snow was ingeniously melted to supply a drink even on the coldest day. In one of the receptacles a song sparrow was seen to enjoy a bath on a freezing morning in January.

The difference in the Ford and McIlhenny plans of operation is as wide as the conditions of territory and bird life with which they are dealing. The one seeks to protect birds by bringing about a condition which will prohibit their slaughter, the other having but little to fear from this source goes a pace farther and aims to attract birds to his farm sanctuary by making it a bird paradise. Both have the same noble aim, namely, the protection and increase of our native American birds. Both plans are highly practicable and will doubtless be equally resultful of success.

THE propagation of game birds and animals for shooting purposes has long been an established custom, particularly in various countries of Europe. In England today there are many farms on which as many as eight or ten thousand pheasants or wild ducks are raised annually for profit, and there are more than twenty thousand professional gamekeepers. Game preserves maintained for shooting purposes in the United States have become comparatively common only in recent years. During the past two decades they have rapidly increased in number and today there are many hundreds, if not thousands, maintained by clubs or individuals throughout the country. A small per cent. of these provide hatcheries, but the owners of by far the larger majority depend entirely upon conserving the native stock by protecting the birds from their natural enemies and especially from the inroads of the shooting public.

The general term "game preserve" as almost universally applied refers to a boundary of land whereon birds or game animals are "preserved" for the private shooting of the owners and their guests. The McIlhenny and Ford preserves, however, like the Government Bird Reserves and those owned and guarded by the Audubon Societies, have been established and maintained for the purpose of preserving bird life for the public weal, and it is not intended that the birds which frequent the protected areas shall ever be shot or otherwise disturbed.

A few of the State Governments have been showing a disposition of late to adopt the same broad idea of bird protection. For example, in the State forests of Pennsylvania various areas amounting in the aggregate to many thousands of acres are now patroled by guards, whose chief duties consist of ridding the neighborhood of all predatory birds and animals which destroy song- and game-birds. By means of poison and guns immense numbers of hawks and weasels especially, are brought to bag. We have the authority of Dr. Joseph Kalbfus, executive officer of the State Game Commission, for the statement that many birds have increased in numbers under this system. The State Game Protective authorities of Indiana for a few years past have

been encouraging the farmers to discontinue shooting on their lands, by furnishing them with game birds for propagation after the owners of a number of contiguous farms have signed agreements to permit no shooting on their lands.

THE most extensive efforts yet put forward in this country in the matter of establishing bird sanctuaries have been those inaugurated by the Federal Government under various acts of Congress. In addition to the fifty-five bird reserves, which include many vastly important breeding territories of water birds, there are several national parks wherein the wild feathered life receive absolute protection from hunters at all seasons of the year. The most important of these parks are Yellowstone, Wyoming; the National Zoological and Rock Creek Parks, District of Columbia; Sequoia, Yosemite and General Grant Parks in California; Mount Ranier, Washington; Crater Lake, Oregon; Wind Cave, South Dakota; and Glacier, Montana. These ten parks occupy a total area of four million, three hundred and twenty thousand, four hundred and ninety acres.

We might go even farther and mention the Federal protected Battle Grounds of Chickamauga, Antietam, Shiloh, Gettysburg and Vicksburg, on which birds are protected at all times.

More important for bird preservation than all the Federal and State reserves and all the game farms of the country is the ever increasing number of American lawns and gardens where the owner never permits any bird or its nest to be disturbed by the hand of man. Throughout our country every year thousands of thoughtful and appreciative men and women are exerting their influence on behalf of the birds. The feeding place in one yard, the drinking fountain in another and a little group of bird boxes on poles, scattered about the lawns and in rear gardens all do their part toward the great cause of conserving America's wild bird life. Any one who has a farm or a small estate, or even a little garden patch, can by these simple methods not only enjoy the privilege of having wild birds for his neighbors, but may also have the satisfaction of knowing that he is helping to increase one of our most interesting and valuable natural assets.

The National Association of Audubon Societies, with headquarters at nineteen hundred and seventy-four Broadway, has for free distribution to all interested parties leaflets giving practical directions for feeding birds in winter and providing nesting places for them in summer. No one who seriously undertakes this joyous work of attracting birds about his home is likely to lose interest in the subject, and the results will well repay the small effort involved.

ADVENTURES IN PHOTOGRAPHY

ODERN photography has recently been called the art medium of democracy, and to a great extent this is true. As a matter of fact, in spite of the current belief to the contrary, all art in its inception belongs to democracy rather than aristocracy. It is only after it has been born in the hearts of the people, that art may eventually become the precious and elaborate possession of the aristocracy. And that is only because it has grown valuable and must naturally pass through the wider money channels of commerce. The history of all art, music, painting, sculpture, shows it as cradled in the primitive and usually humble walks of life, and only recognized as valuable in the drawing room or museum after time or fame has idealized it.

Although the creations of the camera have in recent years acquired a definite value and a definite place in the more elaborate world, still because the envelope of this art is a mechanical production it has become the widely recognized, widely used art of the people. It is within the reach of practically everyone who would claim the joy of using it. Owning a camera does not mean possessing a large income, neither does it mean far journeys to old worlds to study the technique of using it. The technique of the camera is the artistic preception of the man or woman who employs it, and the material for the subjects are the people in the streets, the people in the shops, the people in the city parks or the country lanes, and the parks and the country lanes, too, furnish nourishment for this modern and intelligent art. Happily for the mass of people who have found much interest in it, it involves no expense for an elaborate system of training and no famous master is necessary; for if you study your camera, if you are interested in your subjects, if you are sincere with yourself, the little instrument itself becomes a teacher of the widest range of interest and experience. The minute you begin to use the camera you begin to think, to eliminate, to select, to compose, and so the very employment of the art of photography becomes a source of your own artistic development.

We feel that in the four photographs which we have selected to use as illustrations for this article we are proving our point. Each one of these photographs reproduces a subject which in itself might have escaped the eye untrained by the camera; yet each one presents its subject idealized, or at least dramatized by the individuality of the artist who took the picture, for every human being sees life from a different perspective. All visions of nature, or of human beings, come to us drenched with our own outlook, hallowed or warped by our own personality.

Our illustrations were selected from an exhibition given to illus-

"THE GIANT PALMS," FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN.

"TWILIGHT ACROSS THE HUDSON,"
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL STRUSS.

"SPRING," FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE H. SEELEY.

"AT THE WINDOW," FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARENCE H. WHITE.

trate the progress of the art of photography in America, held recently in the Montross Art Galleries in New York. The rooms in which the photographs were most artistically hung, were decorated and arranged by Max Weber and the result was the most interesting presentation of a collection of photographs that it has been our good fortune to see. This collection was as a matter of fact, really a rare and convincing one—one hundred and forty-eight photographs were shown, the work of thirty-four American artists. Some of the artists we have known long; others were new to us. Among the latter we especially wish to call attention to Karl Struss, whose photograph, "The East River," we are showing this month.

THE other three pictures which we reproduce are by Alvin Langdon Coburn, George H. Seeley and Clarence White. These men were preëminent in the exhibition and all old friends of THE CRAFTSMAN, whose work we have enjoyed presenting from time to time in the magazine, as among the most truly progressive and creative of the American photographers, men whose artistic impulse, as well as personality, is shown in their achievement with the camera. In addition to the picture of Mr. Coburn's, shown here, he displayed at the gallery an interesting collection of photographs of the West, revealing to us the splendid beauty of our strange, mysterious, western mountain world.

Another old friend of this exhibition was Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier. Her work, as usual, reveals the intimate American family life, with all its grace and kindness and tenderness. Her pictures are masterpieces of photography, possessing in addition a heart-searching appeal. Among the most virile photographs exhibited were Dr. Arnold Genthe's. His collection of pictures was one of great variety and real interest. Again one feels the value of personality, for his pictures, with all their strength and charm, were quite different from any others in the exhibition.

We have spoken of photography as a training and art. We should also like to dwell particularly on its value in luring people away to beautiful rural worlds. The man with the camera, though interested in metropolitan conditions, is pretty certain eventually to want the variety of real life in his camera book. The scent of the spring park will touch his desire for the wide, living country, and in the fall, the rustle of the lonely leaf falling from the city tree, will bring back memories of autumn gorgeousness, and lo, the Indian summer day will find him on the rural highway, camera in hand, his spirit of adventure roused, his heart singing, his joy in life increased a hundred fold.

THE ANGELUS

We are told in the foreword of the catalogue of the Exhibition of Photography that the purpose of the exhibition is, in the first place, to give the public an opportunity to see the newer work which is being done in "picture taking," and in the second place, to give the photographers an opportunity of presenting their work in a beautiful and dignified manner. Certainly both of these purposes were achieved, for in going over the exhibition for a third time the fact was brought home to us that the work the modern art photographers are doing will certainly develop in a wide way, throughout this country, our understanding and love of the beautiful, as well as our enjoyment and appreciation of life itself in both city and country.

THE ANGELUS.

THEY stand within the field at prayer,
The rustic man and maid,
While silvery thro' the amber air
The angel's song is played!

They bow their heads in gratitude
For gift of life and health;
And for content—their highest good,
And love their only wealth.

There is a closeness to the soil
In both their garb and mien
That tells of happiness and toil,
And quiet peace serene.

A lark above them sings and sings
A song of hope and youth.
Theirs is the joy of common things—
The beauty of the truth!

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

A DREAM OF GOD

I DREAMED me a dream, long since, of a God who dwelt secure in the Truth,
A God dauntless and strong before the boldest action of men's minds,
A God never trembling before investigations, or whimpering at discoveries,
A God preferring the honest agnostic to the unthinking believer,
A God most accessible to those whose thought is freest.
This was not the dressed up, padded and ornamented God of the trivial,
Nor the buttressed and fortified God of the argumentative,
Nor the sentimental, tear-stained God of conformity,
Nor wrathful Jove, the thunderer.
I dreamed that all these were idols, and not God.
He was not limited, in my dreams, by the walls of any stuffy building,
Nor by the pages of any holy book,
Nor by any one beautiful and virtuous life.
I dreamed that we do not need to look after Him at all, because He is able to take care of Himself.
And behold! The God of my dream even now riots in new bloom and crisp foliage,
And sings through the puissant winds.
He is the mystery of night, terse silence, answering no questions;
And the revelation of day, overflowing with expression, forever.
He is the motive of behavior and the outcome of action;
He is the laborer's joyous, culminating achievement;
He is the core of all thought, to the philosopher,
And, to the makers, the Supreme Beauty.
He is the begetting power of the father, the bearing power of the mother, and the growing power of the child.
He is Socrates with the Hemlock and Christ upon the Cross.
He was with the true knight, yesterday, and is with the loving workman today.
In one generation he works through war, in the next through agriculture, in the next through manufactures, in the next through the arts, and, at last, through spiritual functions.
Other gods there are, men say, unlike the God of my dream, gods whom men despise or fear, follow ignorantly and seek by rules, gods who will not have their followers learn overmuch, who hide their feet of clay under skirts of conservatism.
Men claim that they exist, and doubt the claim. Wherefore the God of my dream is the God I worship.

MARGUERITE O. B. WILKINSON.

IN THE YOSEMITE WITH JOHN MUIR: BY CLARA BARRUS

JOHN MUIR, born in Scotland, reared in America, a wanderer in nearly every country on the globe, seventy-four years of age and hale and canny, is doubtless one of the most picturesque figures in our country today. Scot to the backbone, yet America claims him as her own, so earnestly has he studied our trees and mountains, so closely is he identified with the wonders of the great West, so loyally has he labored to preserve our natural beauties when from time to time there have been those of our own countrymen who would have wrested them from us.

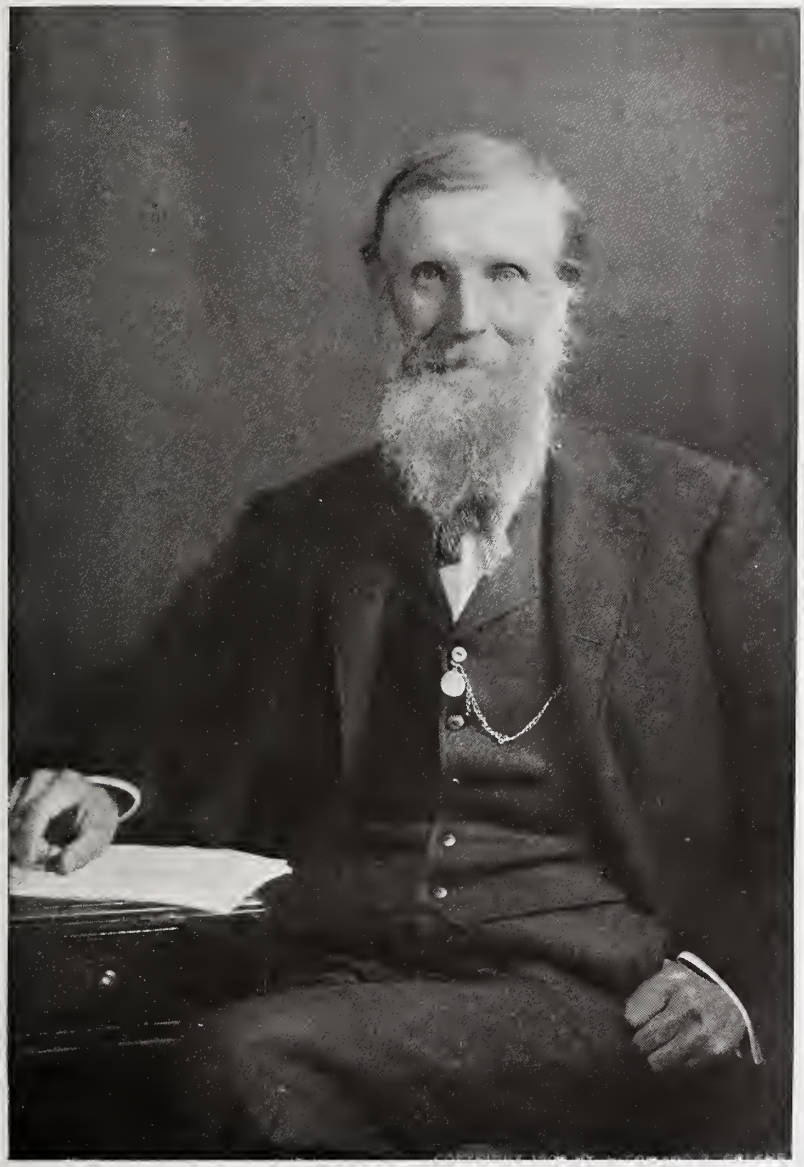
It is fitting that the mighty Alaskan glacier he discovered bears his name, and that a noble forest of California redwoods is called The Muir Woods, and it is likewise fitting that a little mountain daisy is his namesake, for with all his enthusiasm for mountain and glacier and noble sequoia, his love for "the bonnie wee blossoms of the wild" is one of his abiding passions.

"To any place that is wild," is the reply Mr. Muir made in eighteen hundred and sixty-eight to a man on the streets of San Francisco of whom he inquired the nearest way out of town.

"But where do you want to go?" the stranger asked. Imagine his surprise on receiving this reply: "To any place that is wild!" But he directed the seeker after the wild to the Oakland ferry, and thence he and another young man made their way on foot through the great flowery central valley of California, walled in on the east by the mighty Sierra range, on through the deep Sierra canyon without knowledge of the topography of the country, and with the snows so deep that the blazed trails were all covered; and after many adventures they reached their goal—the famous Yosemite.

"Any place that is wild" seems always to have been the watchword of this wanderer who started out from Indiana more than forty years ago, journeying alone and afoot to the Gulf of Mexico, then to Florida and Cuba, intending to go to South America. Weakness from Southern fever and failure to get a ship for South America prevented him just then from carrying out his plans, so he took the Panama steamer, arrived in San Francisco, and after one day in that city, set out, as before stated, for the Yosemite. But, as I heard him say this spring, he usually gets to the place he starts for, and doesn't mind a delay of forty years or more, so long as he can explore other wildernesses by the way. Now in nineteen hundred and twelve he returns from South America and South Africa!

"You see I got there," he said triumphantly on his return.



JOHN MUIR OF CALIFORNIA, POET, NATURALIST, PHILOSOPHER, FRIEND: FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

A STUDY OF JOHN MUIR IN THE YOSEMITE. THOSE WHO KNOW HIM WELL WILL RECOGNIZE A CHARACTERISTIC POSE OF THIS LOVER OF NATURE.

FREE PUBLIC LI
SKOWHEGAN,

THE PHILOSOPHER OF THE YOSEMITE

Recently his book on the Yosemite—the result of ten or more years in the Valley in the early seventies—has come from the press. Assuredly Mr. Muir is not to be hurried. Like the enduring rocks, the slow-moving glaciers, and the many-centuried sequoias, he believes in the amplitude of time. How pityingly he speaks of "time-poor" persons who never spare enough of their scanty store to wander leisurely in some of the world's wildernesses!

IN reading Mr. Muir's book on the Yosemite, or, in truth, any of his books, one gets but a partial view of his character. The enthusiastic nature lover, the tireless student, the adventurous explorer—these characteristics stand out on every page, but to know the man one should camp and tramp with him in the Yosemite, as I did in nineteen hundred and nine, in company with Mr. John Burroughs, Mr. Francis Browne and a few others. There we saw the many-sided Muir—the man one sees in his books, and also the teasing, fun-loving Muir, the arbitrary, the devout, the modest, the assertive Muir—an exasperating, lovable, complex personality.

On first meeting him he fell naturally into telling us about himself; of his boyhood in Scotland, and his early years in the "beautiful wilderness of Wisconsin," where his family first settled on coming to America. He spoke of his stern, soldier-like father, a strict disciplinarian and an enthusiast in religion, with much native intelligence and marked inventive ability, but with little schooling; of his gentle and gentler-bred mother, well educated for her time—she could paint, read poetry and was an ardent lover of natural scenery. He told how she tried to second the father's sternness, and to scold the mischievous lads into decorum, but could never really scold however hard she tried.

If allowed to talk on uninterruptedly, Mr. Muir regales his hearers with a monologue of exceptional range and raciness, but, intrude a question, or venture an opinion, and the smoothly-flowing stream of talk is impeded; and if it happen when a choice bit of description is in progress, the chances are you will never hear that to completion, though you may hear something exceedingly diverting instead. Confess ignorance and seek enlightenment from him, and you will more than likely be met with bantering ridicule; yet he will on occasion volunteer the most minute and painstaking information. I recall how, as we neared the Yosemite, Mr. Muir took great pains to teach me about the different trees in the Sierra, indicating their diagnostic points and the distribution of the various belts—object-lessons in tree-lore one was exceptionally fortunate to have from such a teacher. But when Mr. Burroughs raised some

questions about the geology of the Yosemite over which he was puzzling, and earnestly asked Mr. Muir for a solution, the Yosemite student replied:

"Aw, Johnny, ye may tak' all your geology and tie it in a bundle and cast it into the sea, and it wouldna' mak' a ripple," and that is all the satisfaction one could get out of him.

ARBITRARY in conversation, Mr. Muir's is the attitude of the fencer, ever delighted to give a thrust; caring little for the point of view of another, he catches at conversational straws, is sure which way the wind blows in the speaker's mind, and enlarges on this when, perhaps, the opinions he is ridiculing are as foreign to the speaker as to the Scot himself. One wonders how much of this disputatiousness is racial and how much individual, how much due to his belief that you are what he charges you with being, and how much to his perverse inclination to tease. But his hectoring is always from a fun-loving motive; his nature is essentially kindly. I once heard him say: "There is one thing I hate with a perfect hatred—cruelty for anything or anybody."

Mr. Muir has been in nearly every land under the sun; his descriptions are vivid; his anecdotes inimitable. Occasionally he uses the broad dialect of the Scot.

Though so full of wit and humor, a pathetic look often comes in his face as he speaks of lonely mountain and glacier explorations, although he had so much delight in them. At such times one thinks of him as the "Beloved Wanderer;" again, as the other side comes uppermost, and one sees his opinionatedness, sees him tripping up his companions, meeting their opinions with gibe and hectoring remark, one is moved to dub him the "Beloved Egotist;" although a description of this side alone would give a biased impression of his character.

How keen is our mountaineer's susceptibility to beauty—the beauty of wild and remote places, the grandeur of storms, the ecstasy of pine trees, the roar and plash of rain, the wild leaps of waterfalls! Concerning some of these sights he said that not only his soul but also his whole body drank in the beauty, and he prayed for a bigger body, for more bulk, that his delight might be the greater. Absorbing it in his pores, he sighed for more pores for absorption, more blood vessels to carry the joyous blood, more nerves to be thrilled, for life more and abundant—so intoxicated was he with the wonders of the mountain fastnesses.

After being alone on the heights for a season, on coming down among men, he was preternaturally keen to impressions; he could

see deeper and clearer into the hearts and motives of people, and was often pained by the revelations experienced. The sensitiveness wore off as he mingled more with men.

The look that comes in Mr. Muir's mobile face as he tells of miles and miles of beauty traversed, and his reverent reference to certain excursions as "glorious seasons of forest grace," make one aware of his unspeakable experiences, for with all his engaging loquacity he is shy about disclosing his deeper feelings. He told us how through the long summer nights he used to lie under the stars upon a bed of pine needles at the edge of a daisy and gentian meadow; again how he gloried in being "magnificently snow-bound in the Lord's Mountain-House"—those regions in the high Sierra. Sometimes hungry and often cold, yet he was drunk with the beauty of it all. Some of his descriptions have a religious exaltation; he is always hearing the still, small voice in nature; never tires of trying to make others aware of "God's wild blessings," speaks of snow and rock crystals as "God's darlings;" experiences a "baptism of light" on icy Shasta, and regards the "divine alpenglow" as one of the most impressive of the terrestrial manifestations of God.

Such glimpses of him made one feel that practical man, inventor, geologist, botanist, explorer that he is, beyond and above all these he is the mystic. His studies in the Sierra, earnestly as they were pursued, were only secondary—his rapt admiration of the dawn and the alpenglow, of majestic trees that wave and pray, of rejoicing waters, and the sacred, history-bearing rocks, of night and the stars on lonely mountain tops, reveal the soul of the mystic.

How this apostle of beauty scorns the fleshly apathy of the ordinary tourist who walks or rides emotionless through the sublimity of the Yosemite! He told many a tale of the indifference and callousness of the soulless ones whom he conducted through the Valley in the years when he acted as guide to parties. But to offset these, there were memorable hours with Asa Gray, Sir Joseph Hooker, Le Conte and other scientists, and there was Emerson's all too brief sojourn there when he sauntered under the big trees with Mr. Muir, "as serene as a sequoia, his head in the empyrean."

IT was particularly gratifying to Mr. Muir to show Mr. Burroughs the glories of the Yosemite and make him admit that he had nothing like it in Esopus Valley, or in the Catskills. He had conducted Colonel Roosevelt to his mountains a few years before, and not many weeks after we were there, President Taft saw the Yosemite and the Big Trees under the guidance of Mr. Muir, yet neither the earlier nor later experiences effaced from his recollection

the wondrous spectacle as he viewed it for the first time when he and his young companion tramped in there all the way from San Francisco. After crossing innumerable boulder-choked canyons, scrambling through chapparal, and wallowing through snow, they at last stood upon the heights and looked down to the floor of the Valley which lay nearly a mile below them, and across to the opposite wall of the chasm, half a mile distant:

"Great God! have we got to cross *that gulch, too?*" ejaculated his intrepid companion whom Mr. Muir had led at such a lively pace all the way thither.

Thereafter for many years Mr. Muir wintered and summered in Yosemite, tracing the waterfalls to their sources, examining each basin, observing the fauna and flora, making sketches of the rocks, tracing the courses of the ancient glaciers, and discovering the glaciers that still lingered there.

He showed us the site of his old saw-mill, told us how he built it and kept it in repair, and how he used to sit and sketch until he saw the great logs nearing the end, when he would stop and start another log on its way, and resume sketching. He spoke of his inventive ability which showed itself in boyhood, and told us of several ingenious devices which he has patented, which have yielded him tangible financial returns. With engaging frankness he said he was so smart he could not help making money whenever he ceased his wanderings for a spell.

He used to make Sunday raids on the heights above the Yosemite, starting out at daybreak and tracing Pohono or some other wild waterfall to its source, walking all night among the moon shadows, and descending the perilous cliffs in the darkness, reaching his cabin at daybreak to begin work at the mill.

"Ah! how many glorious Sundays were mine!" he mused. And here he roamed, loving the wilderness, glorying in storms, in the roar of waterfalls, even in the thunder of earthquakes and the relentless speed of avalanches. He told of one wild ride on an avalanche: He had been climbing all day hoping to reach a certain summit in time to see the sunset, but stepping inadvertently on the trampled snow, he started an avalanche, and in the twinkling of an eye was swished down to the foot of the canyon, the avalanche lurching and plunging, the snow particles flying in a blinding mist around him. The next instant he picked himself up unharmed, gloriously exhilarated by the astounding experience.

When his cabin would rock and creak during an earthquake, this imperturbable student would sit unmoved making his notes, registering the desire that some day he could go to South America and study

earthquakes. In those days he was so engrossed with his studies that he read the glacial tracings in his dreams, followed the lines of cleavage, and struggled all night with the things that puzzled his waking hours.

He told us how he drifted about the Valley and on the heights above, and said that it was only by resting on the rocks as the ice had done that he was able to absorb and arrive at the truths about them. And when the great geologic truths about the formation of the Valley burst upon him, and he found the proofs piling up as a result of his unwearied research, he was fairly beside himself with admiration of the Power that had achieved such stupendous results. Pushed on by his thirst for more and more knowledge, he became so oblivious to his health and safety that his friends feared for his life; but he laughed at their fears, and only asked that they find him some concentrated food so he could carry a year's provisions and thus pursue his studies in those almost inaccessible heights, without the interruption of coming down the mountains to get bread. Still as a young man he was much more dependable upon friendship than one might gather, and during those years of lonely wandering in the high Sierra he came down from the snow-line to the bread-line quite as often for the nourishment he found in friendly letters as to replenish his bread sack and tea can.

"When I was in college," he said, "I nearly starved; I lived on fifty cents a week, and used to count the crackers and jealously watch the candles, but I didn't mind after I got in here—no bell that rang meant me; I was free to go and come, and here were things that were bread and meat to me—things to fatten my soul, and all free as the air. Ah! but I've had a blessed time in here. But I *did* wish the ravens would come and feed me, so I could keep at my studies."

It was often amusing to hear him recount hairbreadth escapes and in the same breath disclaim recklessness. We wondered to what lengths a reckless person would have gone; but there seem to have been certain rules he observed, such as never taking a step forward when scaling cliffs, unless he was sure that from that point he would be able to take a step backward; and never to gaze about him, no matter how glorious the view, until he had made sure his footing was secure.

ON the long dusty stage ride from El Portal into the Yosemite, Mr. Muir diverted us much by his bantering talk with a sprightly elderly woman on the seat with him. She did not know who he was, or that on other seats of the coach were other men of

note also, although later in the forenoon on hearing more of Mr. Muir's talk she got an inkling and asked, "Who are you, anyhow, that you know so much about all these things?" He forebore enlightening her, but burst a bomb at her feet by asking her if she knew the works of John Burroughs, then telling her that that was the man sitting two seats ahead of her. She nearly jumped out of the wagon. Later she learned who Mr. Muir was himself, and still later, in coming upon Mr. Browne, she naively asked, "Won't you tell me if you are not somebody—somebody in particular, I mean." But I'm afraid the able editor of *The Dial* disclaimed being anybody but "plain Mr. Browne of Chicago."

"What is that lavender flower up there?" innocently asked this vivacious little woman of nobody in particular, soon after the coach had started.

"That, madam," said Mr. Muir, "is the *coeanothus integerrimus*."

"Mercy! but hasn't it any other name?"

"Yes, *coeanothus integerrimus*, buckthorn, deer-brush, California lilac, bearberry—take your pick," said the Scot.

"But you give me so many—I can't tell any of them," she complained.

"But, madam, I gave you first the one it is known by the world over, and you would have none of it."

On seeing a huge boulder, which had been cleft from the face of the rock above, lying in the roadway so that the road had to be turned aside for it, the loquacious lady exclaimed, "My! but why didn't it go further?" Then the Scot rallied her thus:

"So you are not satisfied, madam, with the place the Lord gave it? He made quite a job of it as it is." Then he drew her into an argument as to whether the Lord had planned and placed every boulder in the spots where they lie, telling her that as a good Presbyterian she was going back on her religion unless she believed this, and exasperating her by declaring that it was presumptuous in us to criticise His work, laughing in his sleeve at her earnestness all the time. Later when we came to a mammoth boulder which had gone *clean* down into the roaring Merced, Mr. Muir queried, "Did *that* go far enough to suit you, madam?"

That Mr. Muir thoroughly enjoys witnessing one's discomfiture when the distress is only comical was seen when he told us of a well-known lecturer's trip into the Valley many years ago with a body of scientific men. The lecturer having crammed on Whitney's geology, had started out with the intention of worsting Mr. Muir in his arguments in favor of the tremendous importance of glaciers in the formation of the Valley. Though talking glibly at first, he

was soon at a disadvantage, having no well-grounded knowledge of these things; while Mr. Muir was able to prove to the audience that what he affirmed was first-hand knowledge. After the discussion, the lecturer trotted up to Mr. Muir as they were about to start for a walk up one of the trails where he was to show some of the convincing evidences of glaciation, and asked, "If there were glaciers here, Mr. Muir, where are the moraines?"

"You better ask, 'Where could the moraines have rested in the Valley,' " retorted the Scot. Then he explained that if the lecturer had known a moraine when he saw it, he would have recognized a large lateral moraine, covered with trees and underbrush, at the beginning of the Valley. Presently, they came to a place where the old glaciers had made it very slippery. The stout defender of the Ice-gods warned the guest: "Look out here, Doctor, it is pretty dangerous, you better take my hand." But saying airily that he was all right, Mr. A. went his way. The next instant out went his feet and down he fell on the slippery rocks, striking on the ice-polished granite with a force that made him pale long afterward. He sprawled about, and finally tottered to his feet, his clothes dripping. For the rest of the way he was willing to take Mr. Muir's hand.

"*Now* are you ready to accept the glacial theory?" mercilessly asked the stout defender of it.

"Yes, I capitulate to the Huge Miller of the Sierras," humbly answered the dripping disputant.

"I thought you would," added Mr. Muir. "God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform—He almost has to kill some people to get the truth into them." Then he chuckled as he recalled how comical the stout little man had looked when on returning to the hotel he had walked about in someone's trousers much too short for him, while his own were being made presentable again.

But many a man thinks Mr. Muir goes too far in attributing so much of the formation and sculpturing of the Yosemite to glaciers, though unquestionably they have done their part. Mr. Burroughs had many a tilt with him on this score, and said of his claims: "Muir rides his ice-hobby till the tongue of the poor beast hangs out, and he is ready to lie down and give up the ghost. Ice is by no means the only agency at work here." This much to the scorn of Mr. Muir; but the two men were one in their admiration of the beauties and wonders of the Valley.

Mr. Muir shows a marked indifference to creature comforts, especially to food. After long tramps, when the rest of the party would almost devour luncheon, he would sit and play with a piece

of dry bread, and keep up a steady stream of talk. Place a sandwich close to his hand, or shell an egg for him, and a courteous "thank you" is forthcoming, but more often than not a mere nibble is all the attention he pays to your efforts, and the talk flows on. Not that one wants it to stop, but one feels guilty at being so entertained at the expense of the entertainer. He declares that bread is about the only food that he needs, and insists that through some temperamental quality he can get out of bread more than any chemical analysis can show—if his spirit is pitched in the right key. "Eat bread in the mountains," he said, "and with love and adoration in your soul you can get a nourishment that food experts have no conception of."

HE is equally careless as to rest and sleep if there is something he wants to see, or some one at hand to talk to. One night in the Yosemite after a most fatiguing day, when most of us were ready to sleep on going to our rooms, the indefatigable Scot, finding himself rooming with the editor of *The Dial*, who is a veritable repository of Golden Poems and who knows his Burns as well as does Mr. Muir himself, could not resist the temptation to quote and quote, matching Mr. Browne's favorites with favorites of his own. The walls of the room were thin so that this debauch of poetry was enjoyed by the occupants of adjoining rooms as well, until out of prudence and the fear that the lack of sleep would unfit us all for the long day's tramp on the morrow, we arrested the Burns' devotees in their quotations by a warning knock on the partition and the entreaty:

"O, try and sleep, ye waukrif rogues,

. . . . . .

Now, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

The introduction of another poet in place of their beloved Bobby had the desired effect, and the wakeful "bairnies cuddled doon."

The Scot has a way when he wishes to call your attention to anything in nature, of taking you by the shoulder, arresting your attention for an instant as he indicates the object, then as abruptly giving you a little push from him, as much as to say, "Go! it rests with you whether you are worthy to behold it." In like manner he put his hand on my shoulder and pointing to Half Dome said:

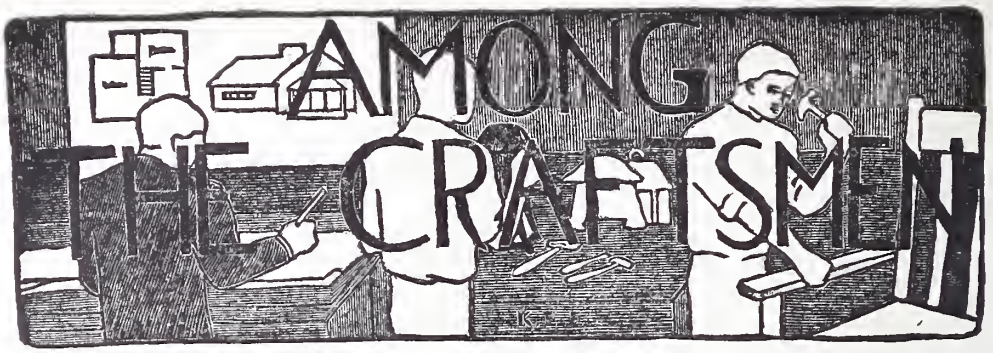
"There! take a look at my darling—it is nearly five thousand feet from this valley floor, and nearly nine thousand from the level of the sea—look at its sublime tranquillity, its repose, the solemn, god-like calm that rests on that rock!" And then the push away as he walks on silently contemplating the majestic rock which of all

others in the Valley seems nearest his heart. It seems a bit uncanny for a man to give up so large a place in his heart to a rock, a glacier, or a tree, however sublime it may be, but his devotion is not to be questioned.

One day on our return to the hotel after a tramp up one of the canyons, the sprightly seat-mate of Mr. Muir, above referred to, told him that she and her friend had been to Mirror Lake. "We might know you would go where there is a mirror," he taunted, but a moment later he said contritely, "I am ashamed of myself for attempting to jest in here."

Many of his associations with the Valley are naturally of a serious and solemn nature—the months of loneliness and hardship, the narrow escapes from accident and death, the years of consecration to his work, the wild and terrible beauty he has often witnessed, the overflowing peace he has experienced in traversing glacier meadows, the ecstasy on remote mountain heights—almost mountains of transfiguration to him—these have combined to make of the place almost holy ground.

Perhaps the most idyllic of our Yosemite days was when we tramped to the Nevada and Vernal Falls, a distance of fourteen miles, returning to Camp Ahwahnee at night weary almost to exhaustion, but strangely uplifted by the beauty and sublimity in which we had moved. Our brown tents stood hospitably open and out in the great open space in front we sat around a huge campfire under the noble spruces and firs, the Merced flowing softly on our right, the mighty Yosemite Falls thundering away in the distance; the moon rising over Sentinel Rock on our left, lending a touch of ineffable beauty to the scene. Nor was the charm of melancholy missing, for on the morrow we were to leave the Happy Valley.



A CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE AND BUNGALOW FOR HOME-BUILDERS OF SIMPLE NEEDS AND TASTES

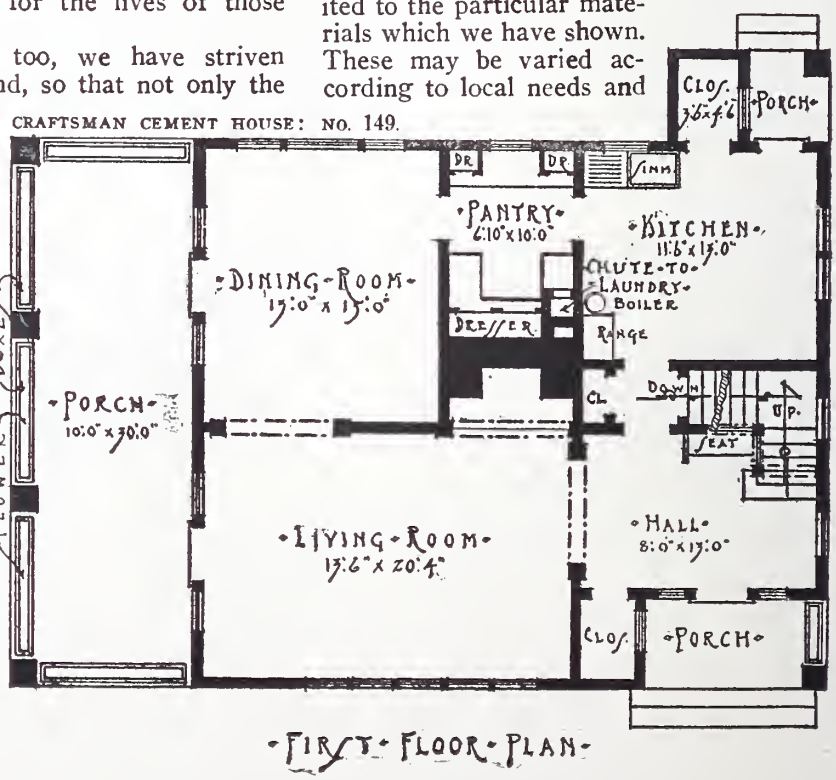
IN each of the Craftsman dwellings that we have designed—and their number today reaches a hundred and fifty—it has been our aim to plan not merely a house but a *home*. We have tried always to attain, through the most simple, practical means, a floor plan so convenient, so full of real comfort, that even in the empty rooms one would feel the promise of welcome and friendliness; while those same rooms, rightly furnished, would combine the intimacy of home companionship with the good cheer of hospitality, and form a fitting background for the lives of those who dwelt there.

In the exterior, too, we have striven toward a similar end, so that not only the entrance, but the very walls and windows, the angle of the roof, every outline, mass and detail would be, as well as seem, the natural expression of the home spirit that prevailed within. A house that would be at peace with its neighbors as well as with its inmates, and in harmony with the surrounding landscape—that is the ideal toward which our efforts are continually bent.

Sometimes of course, we come closer to this ideal than at others; but this month especially we cannot help feeling that the careful thought which has gone into the planning of the cottage and bungalow presented here has resulted in something even more practical and homelike than we had anticipated. These houses are not large; they are planned for simple needs and unaffected tastes; but while every feature has some definite practical purpose to fulfil, we have endeavored to so arrange and design the whole that out of natural construction might be evolved as much architectural beauty as possible. In what measure we have succeeded is indicated by the perspective views shown here.

As is the case with most Craftsman houses, the form of construction is not limited to the particular materials which we have shown. These may be varied according to local needs and

CRAFTSMAN CEMENT HOUSE: NO. 149.

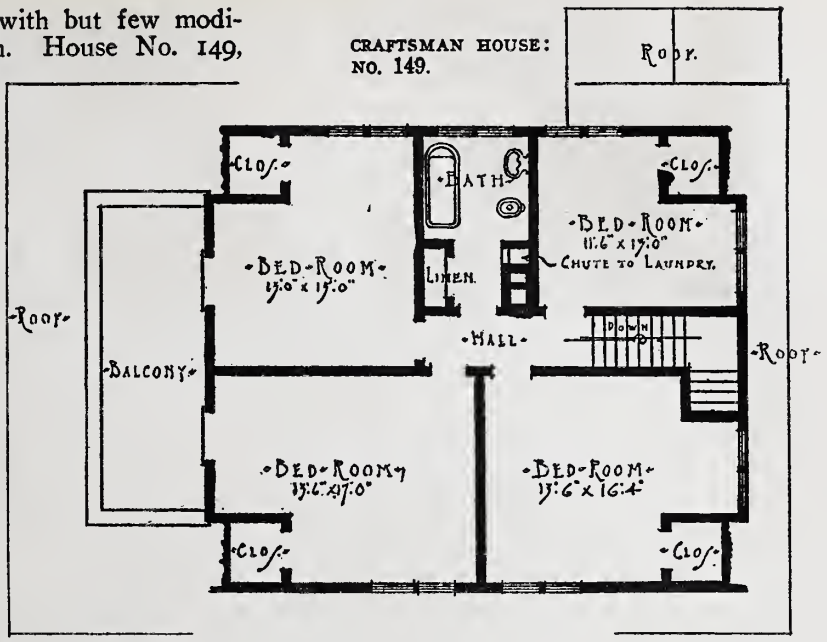


personal preferences, with but few modifications in the design. House No. 149, however, is so well adapted to the material chosen here—stucco on metal lath—that we would suggest that the builder keep to either this or concrete.

The ample sheltered porches, the pleasant window groups, the long slope of the shingled roof, broken by the dormer with its protecting overhang and the sunken balcony with its little parapet, combine to give the exterior its air of quiet dignity and charm. The slight arches above the porch openings soften outlines that might otherwise be a trifle severe, and the placing of flower-boxes between the pillars also adds a graceful note. On the first floor plan we have shown these boxes both at the ends and at the side of the long porch; but of course one of these will be omitted at whatever point the porch is to be entered from the garden—depending upon the layout of the garden paths.

The edges of the porch and front steps are emphasized by brick laid in header courses—a little touch that will give an interesting variation against the plainness of the stucco walls, and will add a note of warm color to the building. The porch floors may be of cement, and here again a decorative effect can be obtained by introducing red brick as a border, and possibly using rows of it in the long porch to divide the cement into squares.

From the small corner porch you enter the good-sized hall with its inviting little seat beside the staircase, and its convenient coat closet lighted by a window on the side. Through the wide opening on the left you are greeted by a glimpse of the hospitable fireplace, recessed just enough to give the effect of a nook, yet not shut off from the rest of the large living room. The five small-paned casement windows in front and the side group with the glass door opening onto the living porch make the



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

room light, cheerful and well ventilated, and at the same time there is sufficient wall space left for the placing of bookcases, desk and piano.

The dining room, though smaller, is equally pleasant, and the well-equipped pantry affords easy access to the kitchen. The latter is within convenient reach of the front door, as well as the stairs to the cellar and upper floor. The range is so placed that its flue may be carried up beside that of the living-room fireplace; the sink is placed beneath the rear window for the sake of light, and a large storage closet is close beside, under the same roof that covers the small rear porch. Another closet is provided in the passageway opposite the cellar entrance. The main stairs go up to a square landing and are lighted by a window on the right, as shown in the first floor plan.

We would call especial attention to the arrangement of the second floor, which is as compact as it is simple. As the plan shows, all the space available has been utilized to the best possible advantage. The small central hall opens directly into the bathroom and four bedrooms, the irregular shape of the latter—due to the corner closets under the sloping roof—being an advantage rather than otherwise, for it will add to the feeling of cosiness and give greater opportunity for originality of fur-

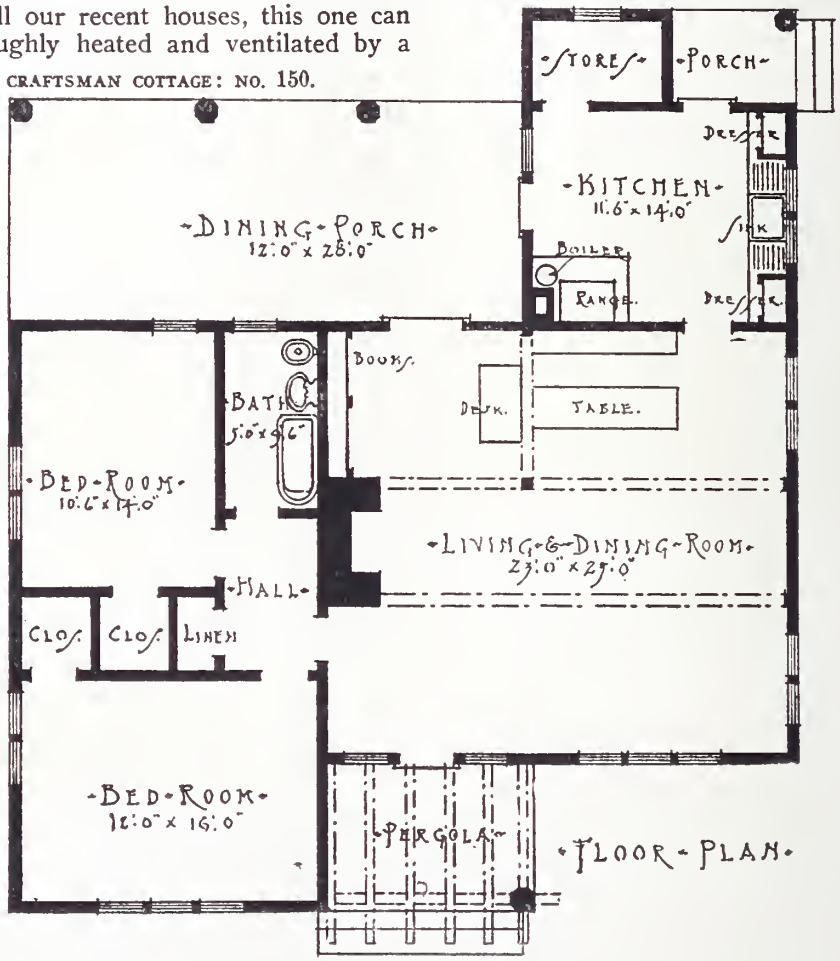
nishing. A linen closet is provided in the bathroom, and there is also a chute which goes down beside the chimney to the laundry in the basement.

The two bedrooms on the left have glass doors opening onto the balcony, and if the latter is to be used for sleeping purposes and greater privacy or shelter from the weather is desired, an awning can be provided. The front wall of the dormer as well as the parapet is covered with shingles, while the walls of the balcony may be lined with either shingles or boards, and the floor covered with canvas made waterproof by paint.

Like all our recent houses, this one can be thoroughly heated and ventilated by a Craftsman fireplace. In the present instance, its central location makes it possible to supply all the rooms with warmed fresh air with a minimum of piping. The living room and hall would be heated by direct radiation and registers in the front of the chimneypiece, while a register on the left of the warm air chamber would warm the dining room. A register would be placed in the floor of the bathroom directly above the warm air chamber, and short bent pipes would go to registers in the floors of the bedrooms.

THE second house, No. 150, is of the bungalow type. Shingles are used for roof and walls, with a foundation of stone, V-jointed boards in the gables, rough-hewn pillars for the porches, a wood pergola above the entrance and brick in the porch steps and chimneys. Here again the porch floors would look well if made of cement with borders of brick.

CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE: NO. 150.



The first impression upon stepping into the living room is the sense of spaciousness —an unusual feature for so small a home. For instead of breaking up the plan into separate living and dining rooms the two

Gustav Stickley, Architect.

CRAFTSMAN CEMENT HOUSE (NO. 149): A BUILDING SUITED TO OUR SEVERE EASTERN AND NORTHERN WINTERS, YET POSSESSING IN THE STRUCTURE AN ESSENTIAL FRIENDLINESS.

Gustav Stickley, Architect.

CRAFTSMAN SHINGLE HOUSE (NO. 150): A SIMPLE ONE-STORY COTTAGE, WITH A FLOOR PLAN OF UNUSUAL INTEREST.

are combined in one. As a study of the plan reveals, a partition (which may be about six feet high) has been placed at the further end of the room, so that the portion on the left, with its bookshelves and desk, may serve as a den or library, while that on the right, being next to the kitchen, can be used for dining purposes. The long seat built against the wall not only helps to simplify the furnishing but also permits the seating of more people than would be possible with chairs—a useful feature when guests increase the meal-time gathering.

If preferred, of course the library and dining room sections may be somewhat screened from the rest of the living room by portières. A number of other modifications can be made, according to the individual needs of the owner—such for instance as the placing of the piano against the partition where the desk is now indicated, and the substitution of a coat closet for the bookcases shown beside the fireplace. These bookcases could then be placed below the windows or against some other wall space. If severity of climate or an unusually exposed location should make a vestibule desirable, the necessary space could be taken off the room and coat closets provided there. But unless this is absolutely needed it would be best to leave the living room as originally planned.

Another point worth noting in the living room is the grouping of the windows and the placing of a glass door opening onto the dining porch, which gives one, upon entering the house, a pleasant vista through the room to the garden at the back.

The kitchen with its compactly arranged sink and dressers and large storage closet, opens upon a small corner porch, while another door communicates with the dining porch so that meals may be easily served there whenever the weather permits. If this porch faces south it would be worth while to glass it in during the winter, so that it might serve as a sun room and thus increase the living area of the bungalow.

The rest of the floor plan is occupied by two bedrooms and a bathroom which are separated from the living portion of the house by a small hall. If the two bedroom closets and the linen closet do not provide enough storage space, an additional one can be built in the hall behind the chimney.

Like the preceding house, this bungalow can be heated and ventilated by a single Craftsman fireplace. The direct warmth from the fire together with a couple of registers in the chimneypiece would supply the living room, and a register in the rear of the warm air chamber would heat the bathroom. Short pipes could be run to registers above the doors of the bedrooms, the pipes being concealed by dropping the hall ceiling about a foot. With this system no cellar is needed, only an ash pit being required if wood is burned. For a home of this size, where the mistress would probably do all her own housework, the elimination of the usual furnace and the substitution of this efficient system would be an important factor in insuring comfort for the home.

BOBOLINKS AND ARMY WORMS

IN September the bobolink (known in the Carolinas and Georgia as the rice-bird) is the principal game. Millions of these birds have been killed for the markets of this country, and they have been shipped even to Paris. Southern negroes hunt them in the marshes and rice-fields, pluck the birds and pack them for shipment.

At this time the bobolink is storing up energy for its long flight to South America. It grows fat upon the seeds of reeds, weeds, wild rice, wild oats and rice, and is a dainty morsel for the table. We have been taught to believe that the bobolink is a great pest to the rice planters and that it is killed to save the rice-fields from destruction. A brief examination of the facts on the ground shows that there is no truth in this tale today.

Rice planting on the Atlantic coast is almost a thing of the past—killed by Western competition. Now there are only a few thousand acres planted to rice, and the killing of the bobolinks for the market is both unnecessary and barbarous.

The bobolink is particularly destructive to army worms; so much so that in some parts of the South it is known as the "army-worm bird." In recent years the fall army worm has become very destructive in South Carolina, and in fact through most of the Southern States. This year it has been so injurious that the United States Department of Agriculture has issued a special bulletin to Southern farmers, warning them. Farmers say that their crops were menaced by the army worm until flocks of birds gathered on their lands and destroyed the worms.

THE CORNELL READING COURSES FOR FARM AND HOME

FARMERS, students and other readers who wish to increase their knowledge of agricultural science and problems pertaining to the home, will find the Cornell Reading Courses of great practical help. We have frequently quoted from the farm and home lessons, and for the benefit of those who desire to select special subjects and send for some of the pamphlets that are being issued, we publish below a list of the papers available. These may be obtained by writing to the College of Agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y., and enclosing one cent postage for each lesson desired.

The course for the Farm includes the following:

Stock-feeding series: lessons, the computing of balanced rations; sample ration for milch cows; soiling crops, silage and roots; pastures and meadows; seed corn for grain and silage.

Dairying series: lessons, the composition of milk and cream, and their by-products; the construction of sanitary dairy stables; farm butter-making; the dairy herd; practical dairying problems.

Plant-breeding series: lessons, improving plants by selection or breeding; improving corn by seed selection; methods of breeding and improving the potato crop.

Farm crop series: lessons, soiling crops, silage, and roots; pastures and meadows; seed corn for grain and silage; improving corn by seed selection; methods of breeding and improving the potato crop.

Orcharding: tillage and fertilizing in orchards.

The horse: lessons, horse breeding in New York State; horse breeding to increase the farm income.

The soil: lessons, drainage and larger crops; the soil, its use and abuse.

Poultry: lessons, incubation.—Part 1, incubation.—Part 2, feeding young chickens.

Rural engineering: lessons, knots, hitches, splices.

Farm forestry: lessons, the improvement of the woodlot.

The course for the Farm Home includes the following lessons:

The care and feeding of children, household decoration, household furnishing, reading in the farm home, the laundry, Cornell study clubs, principles of jelly-making, and the preservation of food in the home.

WATER-PROOFING THE SWIMMING POOL

THE article which appeared in the November CRAFTSMAN, under the title of "The Garden Swimming Pool," brought to us various inquiries as to the proper method of rendering the lining of such basins water-proof. There have been on the market different materials for this purpose. The most successful one is a cream white paste of about the consistency of butter. This, when added to the water used in mixing the concrete or cement, produces a thoroughly water- and damp-proof material. In case it is desired to water-proof old, concrete-lined pools, a coat of cement mortar to which this paste has been added may be applied with very good results. It renders the coating water-proof throughout, so that no harm is done if the surface should be chipped. Foundations and cellars may be made damp-proof in the same way. This preparation also prevents the penetration of water under heavy pressure, such as met with in large reservoirs.

When used in the mixture for the original structure of concrete, this water-proofing paste affects the entire mass, so that no special coating is necessary, and while a larger quantity of the paste is required for this, economy of mortar and labor is a result. The paste is prepared by the addition of twelve to twenty parts of water, and being of practically the same weight as water, may be measured either by volume or weight.

The value of such an effective and easily applied water-proofing material will be readily appreciated when one considers the importance of perfect sanitation in such structures as foundations, cellars, floors, reservoirs, swimming pools, building walls, roofs and bridges where concrete and cement stucco are used. The use of this preparation involves practically no extra labor; it is not disagreeable to work with, as it has no odor, and instead of darkening the cement work in which it is used, it slightly bleaches it. All these qualities will no doubt make it most acceptable, not only for architectural work on a large scale, but also for smaller home and garden uses.

HOUSE DESIGNED TO MEET INDIVIDUAL NEEDS: G. H. FORD, ARCHITECT: INTERESTING ARRANGEMENT OF ENTRANCE IS SHOWN HERE.

A HOUSE DESIGNED TO MEET SPECIAL NEEDS: BY E. DRUSILLE FORD

IN considering the cost of a building, it is well to remember that any house is expensive which absorbs the amount we wish to expend upon it, yet falls short of our requirements. The erection of "after-thoughts" adds more than their proportion to the expense. Often they mar the beauty of the grounds or cut off some pleasing vista. The builder of a home knows what special hobbies abide with him, and he is wise if he takes them into account at the outset.

The house here presented provides for one or more of the utilities usually treated as distinct propositions. The illustrations show the construction to be of cut stone and plaster, with shingled roof. The design would be pleasing in effect, worked out with field stones for lower story, columns and balustrade, and shingles above. The projection of the second story, the balcony and the extended eaves of the wide roof gable suggest the simplicity of Swiss architecture and anticipate a certain simplicity in materials employed.

The feature of the exterior most noticeable is the proportion of width to the depth, adapting the building to the dimensions of a wide, shallow lot. This breadth and the long roof lines detract from the height, giving the low, well-grounded effect much to be desired in domestic architecture. A certain balance is achieved by the porch and the driveway entrance, and by the principal chimneys united to the roof by their supporting gables, while the terrace, in its relation to the main entrance, gives the touch of variety. And this terrace, with pedestals providing for the placing of potted plants, is chiefly responsible for the quaintness one feels at first approach.

A hospitable front door, one would say, the open vestibule taking the visitor inside the outer portal before he has made his request. Within, the reception hall offers a further argument for the deep-set door, in the pleasant window-nook formed thereby. A wide seat follows the contour of the shallow bay, and the panels on either side open to closets for hats and overcoats. No provision is made for the old-fashioned hall-tree, which, although it may be beautiful in itself, is often a pitiable object when draped with human habiliments.

The side of the living room in view from the reception hall entrance is shown in the interior illustration. The ceiling of the living room is divided into three panels by plastered beams. The one crossing the main portion accentuates the mantel and its accessories; the other, with its supporting columns, suggests a division between the room proper and the piano alcove. At one end of the central beam the column is omitted, the wall space being reserved unbroken for the disposal of pictures and furniture.

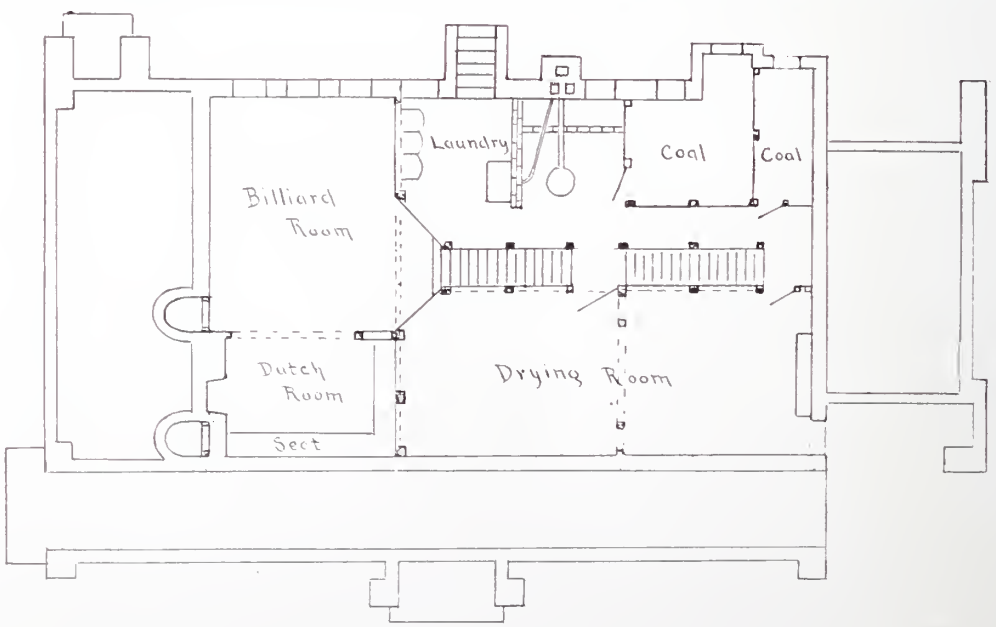
A HOME CONSTRUCTED TO MEET INDIVIDUAL NEEDS

FRONT ELEVATION, WITH GARAGE AT THE RIGHT.

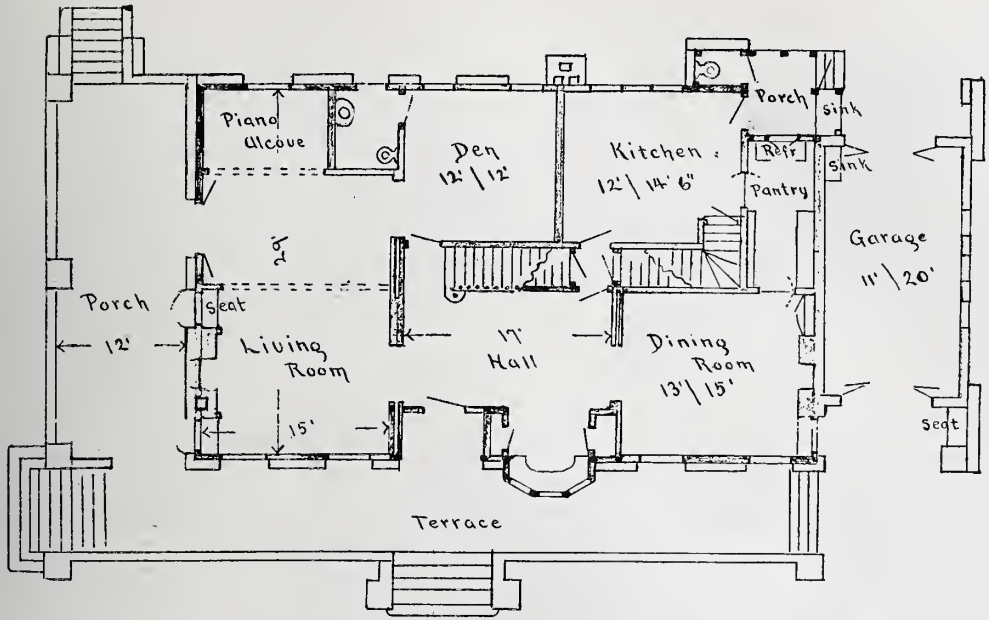
A French window opens upon the porch and a wide doorway with sliding door gives access to a cosy den, the windows of which overlook the garden at the rear. With the convenience of the adjoining lavatory, the den may be converted into a sleeping room when necessary.

From the rear of the reception room, the main stairs lead to the upper hall, so spacious as to tempt to various uses and schemes of decoration. With a desk under the casement window, it may become a study for the children or the literary members of the family; with a table and a low chair, the work room of the home mistress; or with heavy curtains between the columns, an additional bedroom. The writer recalls one upper hall, utilized as a gallery by the artist of the household. Almost surrounded by the sleeping rooms, it is so cool in summer, so cosy in winter, that it has grown to be the best-loved living room of the house.

On the second story floor plan given is shown a widened stair well, which gives a



HOUSE DESIGNED BY G. H. FORD: BASEMENT PLAN.

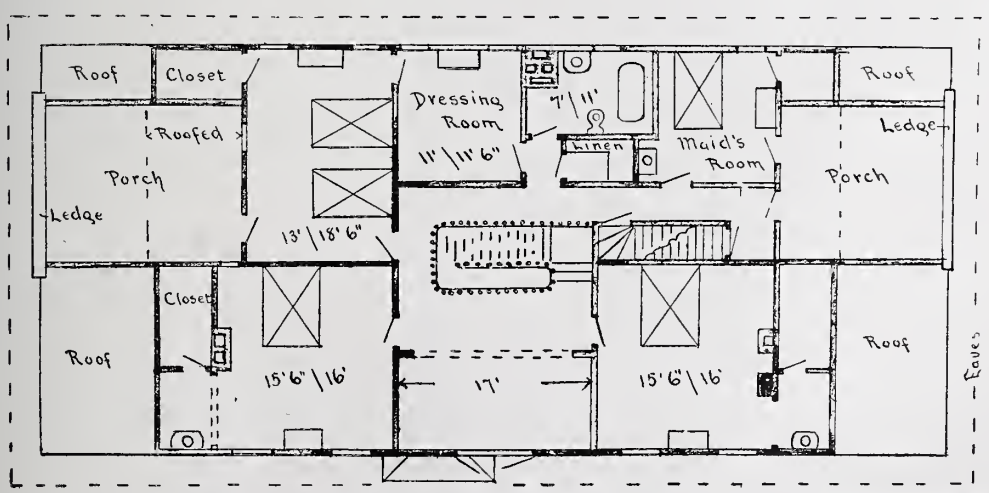


FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

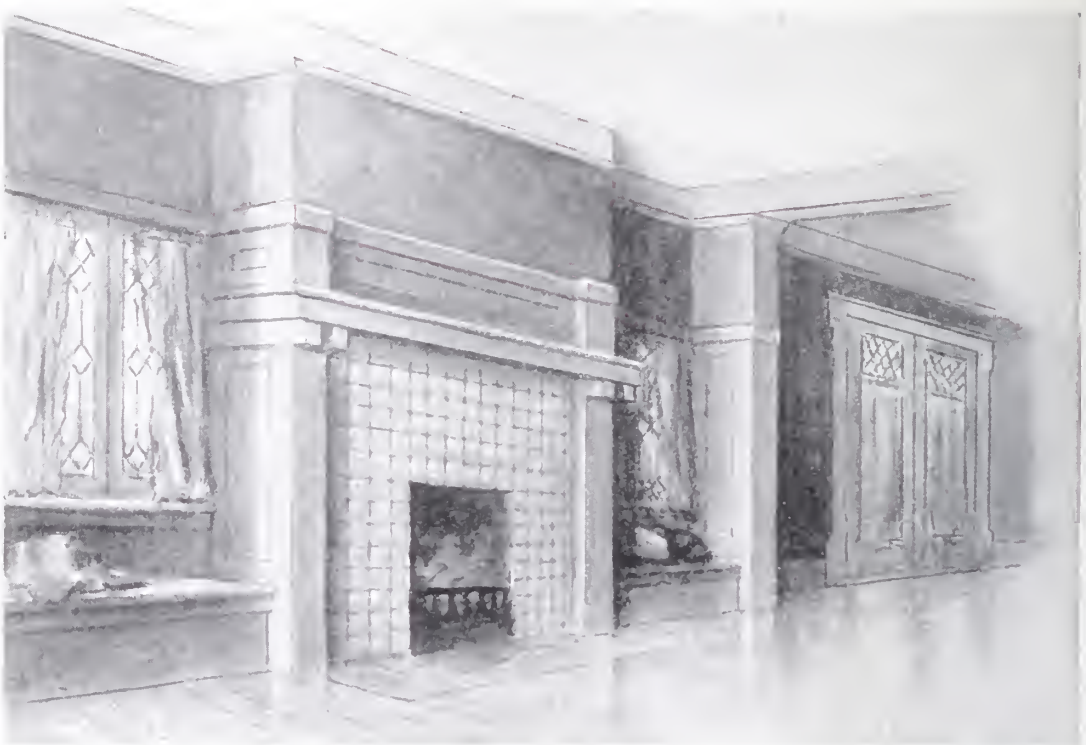
charming view of the lower hall and glimpses of the living and dining rooms. From the rear of the hall a corridor leads to a porch, a part of which is roofed and protected by the house walls. From the bedroom at the other end opens a similar porch. To the fresh-air enthusiast it is unnecessary to suggest that a screen wire partition along the line of dashes defining the roof would transform these alcoves of the outdoors into open-air bedrooms, while upon the unroofed space beyond the wire partition, the household bedding might take its sun bath.

The stairs from the kitchen land just opposite the wall of the linen closet, and the attic stairs ascend from the alcove at the end of the corridor. The attic is eighteen feet wide and thirty-five feet long. With glazed doors opening upon the balconies at each end, it would be a most attractive play room for the children, and is sufficiently spacious for the entertainment of small dancing parties.

Once more in the reception hall, the man of the house opens the rear door at the right and invites the visitor to "see where he plays when his day's work is done." Down they go to the basement billiard room, with its cluster of windows at one end, made



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.



FIREPLACE IN THE LIVING ROOM.

possible by the slope of the ground outside. The other end of the room, set apart by a heavy beam across a wide opening, is dimly lighted by window wells in the porch floor. This nook is fitted up in Dutch style. The glow from the open fire plays over warm-toned furnishings, the rich yellows, browns and blues of old pottery, and the broad throat of the chimney swallows all odors reminiscent of bygone revels.

The service portion of the house is arranged to preserve, as far as possible, the privacy of the family and the help. The maid's room, near the upper landing of the rear stairs, is conveniently planned and has a door to one of the upper porches. The entry between the reception hall and the kitchen minimizes the distance from the latter to the front door, and from this entry a door opens to basement stairs, under the rear stairs, by which the furnace room, laundry, etc., are reached. This segregation is often a greater boon to the maid than is generally realized, shielding her on busy days from the distractions of affairs without interest to her and from chance encounters with visitors.

The garage, gathered under the house roof, fulfils the requirements of economy as well as convenience. Its entrance has the effect of a porte cochère. The motor discharges its passengers upon the steps of the terrace, protected by the overhang of the second story and the further extension of the roof. The garage is lighted by three leaded-glass windows, and the front doors have leaded-glass panels, chiefly for exterior effect. There is no communication, however, by door or window, with the house. The sink is supplied with water and a suitable drain, its plumbing being included in the group with that of the kitchen and porch sinks,—a most economical arrangement.

This house is unusual in the amount of available space obtained within the given dimensions; the living rooms, exclusive of porch and garage, being comprised within an area of thirty-two by fifty-two feet. Compactness in building often entails an ordinary if not ugly exterior, owing to the difficulty of securing sufficient room on the second floor without destroying the pleasing sweep of roof lines. The subordination of exterior effect to interior spaciousness is too great a sacrifice for either owner or architect to make. Usually, a further consideration of the conditions would make such a sacrifice unnecessary.

PRACTICAL BRICK WORK: ANCIENT AND MODERN: SOME POINTS FOR THE HOME-BUILDER

TO every building material there clings a certain human and historical interest, but few can claim a lineage more ancient and picturesque than brick. Ever since primitive man first discovered the usefulness of these lumps of clay, brick has been an important factor in the housing of mankind, not only from a constructional standpoint but as a medium of varied architectural expression. The builders of the Walls of Babylon knew its possibilities of strength and decoration, using it, as one authority admits, "with an art and understanding which we have not approached"; it was used for the Great Wall of China, and Pliny mentions three kinds of brick employed by the Greeks. The Romans knew it and developed its manufacture and structural use to a fine art, while in northern Italy during the Middle Ages brick and terra cotta architecture attained unusual excellence. In Persia, under the influence of Mohammedanism, a wonderfully decorative style arose in which the brick wall was often a setting for glazed and colored tiles, and when the Moors invaded Europe they brought this same style into Spain. Examples of the early Renaissance brick architecture in France, the Gothic and Renaissance in Holland and Germany show with what practical knowledge and artistic feeling this material was employed, and in England from the old Roman days the history of the people has been written "almost without a break in brick architecture."

Until a few years ago nothing of significance had been achieved in brick architecture in this country outside of the ordinary red brick work such as we find in many of the old residential streets of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Most of these dignified brick dwellings, however, are built in solid rows and are somewhat monotonous in appearance, and even those which possess a good deal of picturesqueness owe it to architectural features, to mellowness of weathering or charm of vine-grown walls rather than to any quality of texture or variety of color in the brick itself.

The first brick used in this country was the common red brick imported from England, which was laid up with joints of medium width. Later, however, when the manufacturers here began to make the smooth-faced, even-colored "pressed brick," very close joints were used—so close in fact, sometimes, that the mortar hardly showed, in which case the joints were often marked by little white lines painted on after the mortar was dry.

Now, however, brickmakers, architects and home-builders have reacted from this severe style, and are finding that after all the kind of brick which achieves the greatest architectural charm is much the same as produced in the Old World eighteen

DETAIL OF ENTRANCE TO SAN STEFANO, BOLOGNA, ITALY: AN EXAMPLE OF UNUSUALLY RICH BRICK WORK.

DETAIL OF HOUSE AT OYSTER BAY, L. I., SHOWING BRICK WORK WITH MORTAR JOINT ONE INCH THICK. THE MOSAIC FRIEZE IS ESPECIALLY DECORATIVE.

hundred years or more ago. And so they are returning to the old-time traditions and ideals, are studying the methods and materials of ancient Rome and Babylon, and trying to evolve, with the aid of modern machinery, what they consider the most satisfactory form of brick—full of interest in texture and color. The decorative effect is emphasized, as it was in the old days, by the use of wide mortar joints, and the result is a surface of great richness, warmth and variety. The color, it may be noted, is due to the skilful selection and blending of natural clays and the expert application of intense fire, while the rough texture is obtained when the brick is cut into units.

From a practical standpoint, of course, brick has always been desirable. Besides being durable and sanitary, it is non-combustible, lessening considerably the insurance rate, and it makes a house comparatively cool in summer and warm in winter, thus reducing the heating bills. Its adaptable character renders it equally suitable for public buildings or private homes, for exterior or interior purposes—house and garden walls, gateways, porch pillars and floors, or for chimneypieces, hearths, vestibules and the walls of public rooms such as libraries, stations, waiting rooms, etc. In fact, there seems to be hardly any limit to its field of usefulness; the most recent innovation being its employment in office and living-room walls, either solid or in decorative borders and friezes with wood or cement paneling. In such cases the color of the brick lends great richness to the room, and a very harmonious interior can be attained if the prevailing tones of the brick work are echoed in the various furnishings.

Aside from the possibilities for beauty that lie in the selection of appropriate color schemes—dark and light reds, buffs and golden browns, purplish, bluish and grayish tints—there is also the impor-

CHIMNEYPIECE OF SIMPLE CONSTRUCTION, ATTAINING DECORATIVE CHARM THROUGH THE VARIED TONES OF THE BRICK.

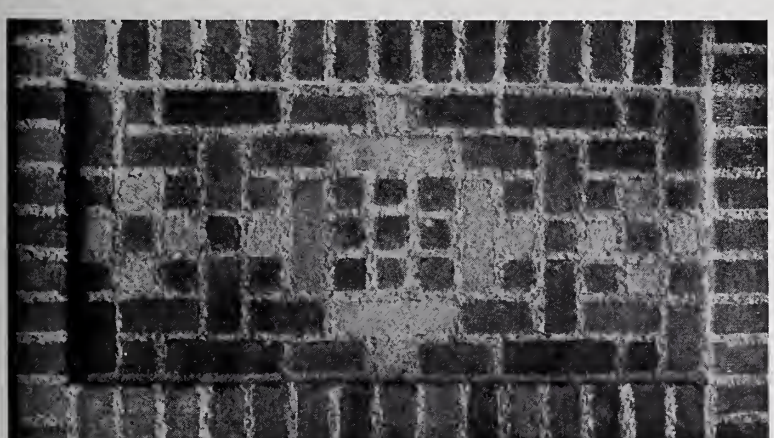
A FIRE-PLACE IN WHICH THE "TAPES-TRY" BRICK IS A REPRO-DUCTION, IN SIZE AND TEXTURE, OF THAT USED IN ROME IN A. D. 80: THIS MASSIVE CON-STRUC-TION IS MOST AP-PROPRIATE IN A SIMPLY FUR-NISHED MODERN LIVING ROOM.

tant question of bonds and mortar joints, two factors well worth the personal attention of all home-builders who have chosen brick for either part or all of their construction. There are many different kinds of bond or pattern, the simplest but least decorative being the running bond, which shows only the stretchers or long faces of the brick. These, being of uniform size, allow no variety of design.

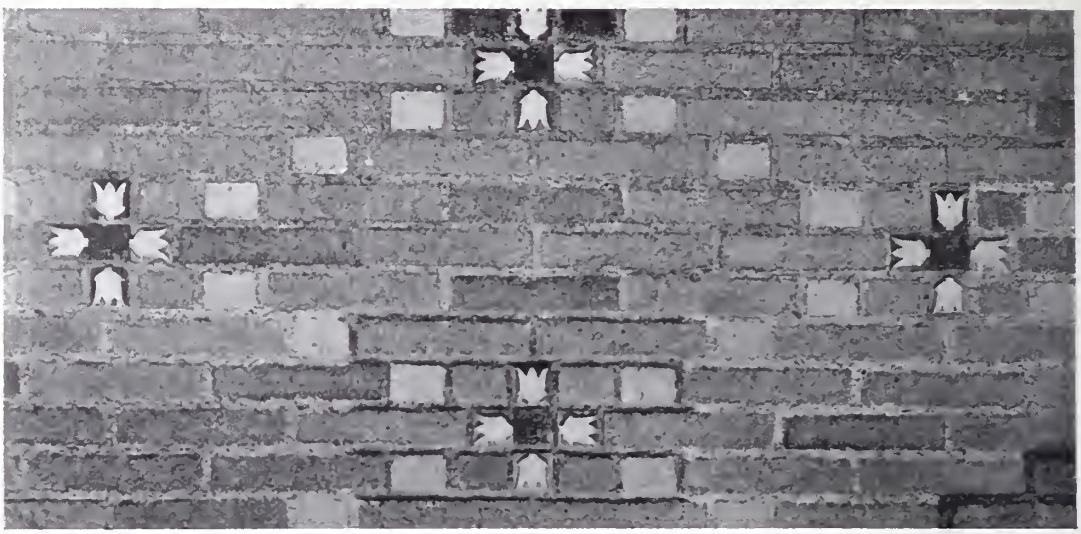
The Flemish bond is made up of alternating stretchers and headers—the latter being the small end faces of the brick. This style is particularly effective when the mortar joints are raked out so that each brick stands out distinctly, and also when the bricks vary in color and the same proportions of light and dark shades appear in both headers and stretchers.

A combination of the two bonds just mentioned is the double stretcher Flemish bond, in which a header alternates with two stretchers. The headers of alternate rows come directly above each other and where they are of a different shade from the stretchers a vertical stripe results which accentuates the height of the wall.

Then there is the English bond, which is used to a great extent in that country and is also being adopted here with very satisfactory results. In this, rows of stretchers alternate with rows of headers—making a pattern very similar to the Dutch bond, which only differs in the arrangement of the vertical joints of the stretcher courses.



MOSAIC PANEL OF "TAPESTRY" BRICK IN A HOUSE AT OYSTER BAY, L. I.



A STUDY TO DETERMINE THE BEST MORTAR JOINT FOR THE LOTOS CLUBHOUSE, NEW YORK.

These joints, in the Dutch bond, produce the effect of diagonal lines across the face of the wall, whereas the English bond has no such definite marking.

The kind of mortar joint employed is equally if not more important in determining the general effect of the brick work, as will be readily appreciated when one remembers that the joints comprise from one-tenth to one-third of the entire wall surface. The mortar joints may vary considerably in texture, color and width. As a rule it is preferable to have the texture of the mortar somewhat similar to that of the brick. The color of course will depend chiefly upon the colors of the brick—a closely harmonizing shade being chosen if an inconspicuous joint is desired, and a contrasting shade being selected if the joint is to be accented. For instance, with golden-brown and buff brick work a pale brownish mortar would be used if the joint is not intended to show much, while a cream-colored or white mortar would be used to give it emphasis.

The following formulæ will be found useful in mixing different colored mortars.

FORMULA FOR DARK BROWN MORTAR

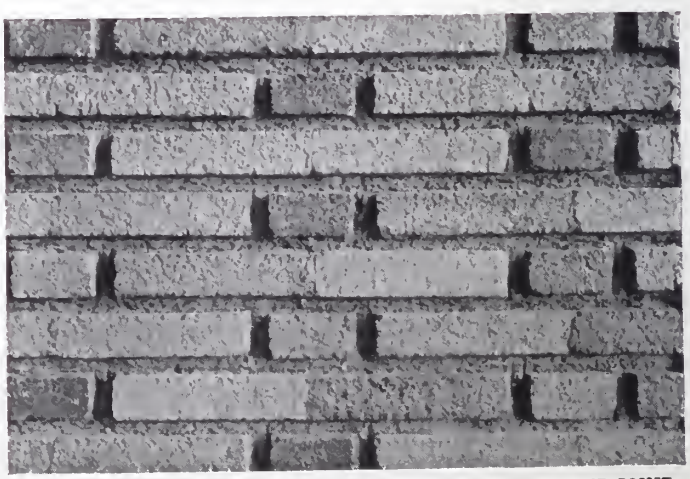
MATERIALS.	PROPORTION.
¼ inch Grit	2 parts
Coarse Sand	5 "
Portland Cement	1 part
Hydrated Lime	½ "
Yellow (Powder)	1/3 "
Brown (Paste)	1/3 "
Black (Paste)	1/50 "

FORMULA FOR LIGHT GRAY MORTAR

MATERIALS.	PROPORTION.
¼ inch Grit	2 parts
Coarse Sand	5 "
Portland Cement	1 part
Hydrated Lime	½ "

FORMULA FOR DARK GRAY MORTAR

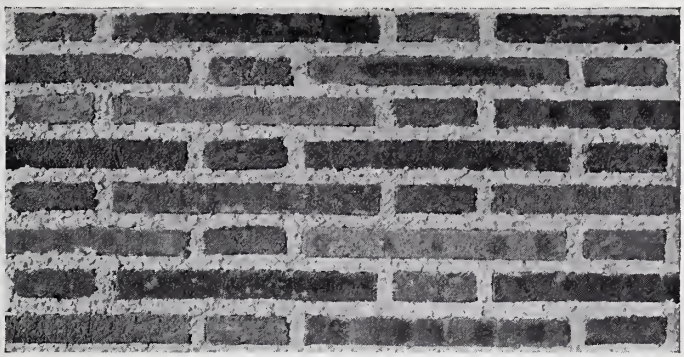
MATERIALS.	PROPORTION.
¼ inch Grit	2 parts
Coarse Sand	5 "
Portland Cement	1 part
Hydrated Lime	½ "
Yellow (Powder)	1/12 "
Black (Paste)	1/16 "



DETAIL OF BRICK WORK SHOWING RAKED OUT JOINT.

FORMULA FOR CREAM GRAY MORTAR.

MATERIALS.	PROPORTION.
¼ inch Grit	2 parts
Coarse Sand	5 "
Portland Cement	1 part
Hydrated Lime	½ "
Yellow (Powder)	⅙ "



BRICK WORK IN THE BLAIR HOUSE, OYSTER BAY, L. I.: A MODERN REPRODUCTION OF BRICK USED IN THE FAMOUS BATHS OF TITUS.

The size of the joint is an important factor in determining the texture of the wall, especially now that the "woven" effect is so widely used in brick work. The relative size and texture of the brick and mortar joints affect the appearance of the wall much as those of the thread determine that of cloth. The modern tendency seems to be toward the large rough joint which is especially appropriate with the rough-finished brick and wide range of color and bond now employed.

Among the joints most commonly used by bricklayers are the following:

The struck joint, made by drawing the point of the trowel along the joint, so giving a smooth surface which is flush with the lower edge of the upper brick, but slightly back of the upper edge of the lower brick.

The weathered joint, made by drawing the point of the trowel across the joint in a slightly slanting position, so cutting off the mortar at the top of the joint, but leaving the bottom flush with the edge of the brick.

The tooled joint, made by using a tool known as a jointer with an end either half-round or V-shaped.

The raked joint, made by cutting the joint back from the surface of the brick, either with the point of the trowel, a nail or a small piece of wood.

The rough cut flush joint, made by allowing the mortar to ooze out beyond the surface of the brick and then cutting off the surplus with a quick stroke of the trowel.

The rodded joint, made by using a straight-edge and cutting a straight line with the edge of the trowel along the top and bottom of the joint, flush with the edges of the brick. This joint is very similar to a struck joint, but is a somewhat finer finish.

In mixing the mortar for the joints it is advisable to add a proportion of small pebbles where the joints are more than half an inch thick. This will give the mortar sufficient body to insure its holding the brick in position while the lime and cement are setting. It adds greatly to the ease with which brick can be laid in free mortar joints and assures the permanency of the work. Pebbles are also used to give a coarser texture to the joint. For example, where a free rough joint of somewhat subdued gray color is desired, the mortar should be mixed in the following proportions:

Two parts of pebbles, ¼ inch and less in diameter (all sand removed), 5 parts of sharp building sand, 1 part of Portland cement, ½ part of lime putty. The lime putty should be prepared in advance of the mortar-mixing and the ingredients of each

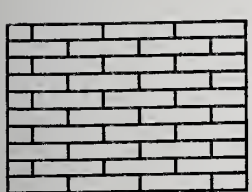


FIG ONE

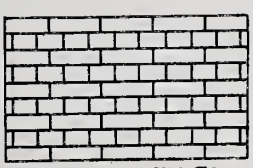


FIG FOUR

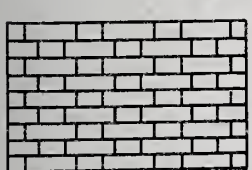


FIG TWO

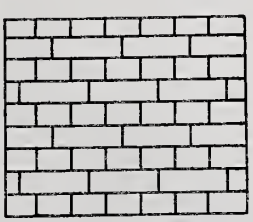


FIG FIVE

FIG THREE

FIG. ONE: RUNNING BOND.
FIG. TWO: FLEMISH BOND.
FIG. THREE: DOUBLE STRETCHER FLEMISH BOND.
FIG. FOUR: ENGLISH BOND.
FIG. FIVE: DUTCH BOND.

batch of mortar should be carefully measured, not left to the eye or judgment of the mortar-mixer, as is commonly done. According to a well-known authority, too much emphasis cannot be laid on this rule, as it is of vital importance.

The following description of materials for wide mortar joints may be useful for a clear understanding of this matter:

"Grit."—This material consists of pebbles varying from 1/32 of an inch in diameter to a diameter about equal to one-half the width of the joint; that is to say, grit for a half-inch joint should contain pebbles not over ¼ inch in diameter. This grit should be screened free from sand in order that a measured amount of both grit and sand may be used in the mortar. The practice of using a mixture of sand and pebbles as the material comes from the ordinary sandbank is usually unsatisfactory, owing to the varying proportion of grit thus obtained.

The proper use of grit is the key-note to the wide mortar joint question. Grit gives the mortar a short, granular consistency, making it impossible to smear the face of the brick. Moreover, it gives the mortar a certain body, comparable in a degree to concrete, making it, even when soft, capable of sustaining a heavy load. Thus, with a mortar containing the proper proportion of grit, one course of brick after another can be laid rapidly and the mortar will not squeeze out of the lower courses, even while it is still soft.

To omit grit in the mixing of the mortar is to invite continual trouble during the progress of the work and final failure in its finished appearance.

Sand.—Unless a very white joint is desired, any good ordinary bank sand or "native" sand is perfectly satisfactory, provided it is coarse and sharp. *Sand coming from salt water beaches should absolutely be prohibited,* as the salt often effloresces from the mortar joint in the spring of the year, thereby causing very disagreeable disfigurement.

Cement.—Any first-class Portland cement is satisfactory.

Lime.—Where lime putty is used, it should be thoroughly slaked until all lumps are disintegrated. On small work and in certain localities the use of dry hydrated lime will be convenient and economical.

Coloring Matter.—This must be determined by the taste of the designer.

WILL CONGRESS HELP THE BIRDS?

IN a recent article published in *Forest and Stream,* we read that an important measure to help the birds will come up before the next session of Congress. So significant is this bill, and so interested is THE CRAFTSMAN in the preservation of birds, that we quote from the article, hoping that our readers will find it of sufficient interest to add their good word to all the messages that will go to Congress in favor of the birds.

"Enlightened sportsmen throughout the country agree that such a bill as that presented by Representative Weeks, of Massachusetts, is necessary to prevent the speedy and total extinction of certain migrants. They point to at least two cases—that of the wild pigeon and the Eskimo curlew—in which shooting during the breeding season has resulted in annihilation. The woodcock and wood duck are in immediate danger of a like fate.

"It is significant that of the twenty-four varieties of ducks, geese and swans breeding within our borders, the wood duck is the one most distinctly a resident of the United States. Protection for this bird would be sure to result in its increase, for it seldom leaves the confines of the Union. Many other species, which have been driven from their former breeding grounds, would stop with us again, if on their arrival in the spring they were not greeted with deadly fusillades which compel them to continue northward.

"Since many of the individual States refuse adequately to protect migratory birds, the only way their extermination can be prevented is for the Federal Government to do so. It is held in some quarters that this would be unconstitutional, as interfering with the police powers of the States. But there is precedent for Federal control of matters which concern the nation as a whole when the States refuse, or are unable to control them.

"The bill has been recommended by the American Game Protection and Propagation Association and all others who are qualified to pass judgment on such a measure. Every sportsman and bird lover should work in the interest of the Weeks bill, so that when it is presented at the next session of Congress, sentiment will be too strong to be upset."

SCIENTIFIC HOUSECLEANING

From a pamphlet on rules for cleaning from the Cornell Reading-Course. Mary Urie Watson: Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Canada.

ONE of the first principles of scientific management is to systematize each piece of routine work so that it may be done in the shortest time with the least expenditure of energy. A record is made of the best method to accomplish the given piece of work and that record is put in a form that is available to the average worker. If systematic work saves time the house is the first place in which to begin the new campaign for scientific management, since the slogan of many housekeepers is, "so much to do, and so little time to do it."

The following "rules for work" will not furnish to the housekeeper new ways of cleaning and working. They do not even attempt to include all the ordinary work of the house. The purpose of the rules is to give directions for various household processes in a form that may aid the housekeeper in systematizing her own work and the work of those who are assisting her.

THE CLEANING CLOSET.

In every house there should be a cupboard or a closet set aside for cleaning purposes, "with a place for everything and everything in its place." The cleansing materials and apparatus listed under the following directions are not expensive and greatly simplify the cleaning problem. Shelves and racks should be provided for holding all apparatus and materials needed, and as far as possible labels should show where each brush, broom, pail, or bottle is to be returned.

The following list of materials and utensils should be included in the housekeeper's cleaning kit:

CLEANING MATERIALS.

Alcohol, alum, ammonia, bath brick, methylated spirit, olive oil, paraffin, rottenstone, salt, separator oil, black lead, borax, furniture polish, kerosene, soap, turpentine vinegar, washing soda, wax (floor), whiting.

CLEANING ARTICLES.

Apron, stove; carpet, piece of old brussels; chamois skin or leather; flannel, heavy; flannel, waxing; flannelette for dusters; cheesecloth; cloth, scrub; cloth, soft; flannel, Canton; gloves, rubber; mitt, for kerosene; waste, cotton (cotton waste may be bought at any hardware store).

CLEANING UTENSILS.

Boiler, for clothes; brush, closet; brush, cornice; brush, scrub; brush, soft; brush, trap; brush, weighted; brush, wire (for sink); carpet sweeper; dauber; dishpans; funnels; ironing tables, etc.; irons; monkey wrench; mop, cloth; mop, string; saucepans (old); scissors (for lamp); stepladder; tub; tub, fiber; washboard; whisk broom; wringer.

DAILY DUSTING.

Apparatus:

A cheesecloth duster, a slightly damp flannelette duster, a strong mop, and (if the room has a rug or a carpet) the carpet sweeper.

Procedure:

1. Air the room, if necessary.
2. Sweep the rug or carpet with the sweeper.
3. Dust any bare floor with the strong mop.
4. Dust the window glass, window ledges, and all outstanding of wainscoting, cupboards, and the like, with the flannelette duster, and the chairs, tables, and smaller articles with the finer one.
5. Use the dusters to wipe up the dust, and do not shake them about. When one duster becomes dirty take another.
6. Wipe finger marks from electric-light-button plates.
7. When dusting stairways it may be necessary to use the long-handled cornice brush.
8. Avoid letting soiled dusters rest on beds, upholstered furniture, and like places.
9. Be careful to replace desk papers exactly as they were found.
10. Arrange the window shades before leaving the room.
11. Empty, dust, and put away the carpet sweeper. Put away the string mop, washing it if necessary. Wash the dusters and hang them up to dry.
12. Dustless dusters and mops may be used instead of dampened ones.

DISH WASHING.

Apparatus:

Dishpan, rinsing pan, draining pan and basket, dishcloth, several clean, dry dish towels, boiling water, soap, and washing soda.

Procedure:

1. Put iron pots and pans to soak in strong soda-water, also put to soak any cooking dishes that need it. Pile one inside another so as to clean the outside also.

This should be done the moment the contents are emptied, and before the meal goes to the table.

2. Clean the dining table, and leave the room in order.

3. Put the food away, scrape and stack the dishes at the washing end of the table, putting to soak any that need it.

4. Set out the pans, with the draining basket in the rinsing pan. Half fill the dishpan with hot soapy water, three-quarters, fill the rinsing pan with nearly boiling water.

5. Wash the glass, dropping each piece gently into the basket. Put flat silver into the dishwater to soak. Lift the basket of glass into the draining pan, dry the glass, and set it aside. Use the softest towels for this and see that the glass is left shining. (If you prefer the glass dried out of cold water, use it, and then fill the pan with boiling water.)

6. Return the basket to the rinsing pan. Wash, rinse, and dry the silver the same as the glass. The towels *must* be dry for the silver.

7. Wash, rinse, and dry the small china pieces the same as glass, and put away the basket.

8. Wash, rinse, and leave the rest of the china and crockery to drain, while the pots and pans are being washed.

9. Dry the china and crockery, rinse and dry the pots and pans. Scour the steel knives and forks.

10. Put away all the dishes.

11. Empty the dishpan, put rinsing water in it, wash the other pans, dry with the cloth wrung dry, and put them away.

12. If the rinsing water is still clean and warm, scrub the table and the sink with it; if not, get fresh water. Wash the teakettle, inside and out, once a day, when the water is soapy.

13. Put towels and dishcloth to soak in hot soapy water. This need be done but once a day, usually after the midday meal.

14. Rub off the stove. Sweep the kitchen floor. Empty the garbage pail.

15. Wash the towels and dishcloth. Rinse the pail out with the suds, and dry with the cloth wrung dry. Rinse the towels thoroughly in hot water and hang to dry, in fresh air if possible.

16. Dust the kitchen once a day.

NOTE.—The dishwater should be kept hot and soapy enough to prevent the formation of a grease ring on the pan, and should be changed when dirty. Keep the rinsing water very hot, thus requiring fewer towels.

TO WAX A FLOOR.

Apparatus:

The can of floor wax, a waxing flannel, a half yard of heavy flannel or a piece of old brussels carpet, and a weighted brush.

Procedure:

1. The floor must be clean and free from dust.

2. If necessary, stand the wax can in a dish of hot water in order to soften the wax.

3. Rub the waxing flannel on the wax and put a very thin, even layer of wax on the floor. It is better to rub along the boards than across. Start at the corner farthest from the door, and do not step on the waxed part.

4. Put away the wax and flannel, and keep off the floor for at least three hours. The polishing can be done after standing an hour, but is more work.

5. Fold the piece of heavy flannel twice, making four layers, put it down on the floor, put the weighted brush on it, and rub each board, with the grain, until it shines. The piece of carpet makes an excellent substitute for the flannel. The polishing can be done on the hands and knees without a weighted brush, but is much harder work.

METAL WARE.

To clean brass and copper.

Apparatus:

Rottenstone, sweet oil, scouring flannels, chamois skin, clean dry towel, and a saucer; also, if necessary, a soft brush.

Procedure:

1. Wash the article in hot, soapy water.

If badly tarnished, it may be necessary to make a weak solution of oxalic acid and rub this over the article before washing it. The acid, however, is a dangerous thing to use if the skin is broken anywhere on the hands.

2. Mix a little paste of rottenstone and oil in the saucer and scour the brass vigorously with it. Be especially careful to get it into crevices and corners.

3. Wash thoroughly with hot water and soap, rinse and dry. If the article seems greasy after the washing, the water was not sufficiently soapy and the washing should be done over.

4. Polish with chamois skin.

5. Wash out the cloths and chamois skin and hang them up to dry.

NOTE.—If the article is very badly tarnished it may be rubbed with fine emery paper, or finely pulverized pumice stone may be used as a paste with the acid or with water, rubbing vigorously.

THE REFRIGERATOR.

Apparatus:

Two dishpans, the trap brush, a small scrub brush, two dishcloths, a clean towel, soap, washing soda, and ammonia.

Procedure:

1. Empty the water pan below and replace it.

2. Fill the sink or a dishpan half full of strong hot soapsuds. Put warm water into a dishpan, to the depth of an inch and add a half tablespoonful ammonia.

3. Remove the ice to the other dishpan, using the dishcloths to prevent its slipping. Gather up any straws or dirt.

4. Remove all food. Put the ice rack and the shelves into the soapsuds.

5. Wash the ice box carefully and quickly with the ammonia water. Be sure to get all the corners clean, and scrub the waste pipe with the trap brush. Rinse it down with the ammonia water, and then with a dipperful of fresh, clean water. Dry with the dishcloth wrung out of clean water.

6. If the waste pipe is movable, take it out of the food closet and put it in the soapsuds. Scrub the ice rack and the shelves with the scrub brush, and the pipe with the trap brush. Let off the suds, rinse the pieces in plenty of cold water, and dry with the towel.

7. Replace the ice rack and the ice, and close the ice box doors.

8. Mix a fresh lot of ammonia water, and wash the walls and floor of the food closet. Be sure the corners are clean. Dry with the towel. Be very sure that removable parts belonging to the waste pipe are taken apart, washed thoroughly, and carefully fitted back into place. Then replace the waste pipe and the shelves.

9. Replace the food, but do not close the doors.

10. Wash out the pipe cap under the refrigerator most carefully with the ammonia water and soap.

11. Empty the water pan and wash it thoroughly, with plenty of soap in the ammonia water, before replacing it.

12. Close the refrigerator doors.

13. Wash out and put away the dishpan, brushes, and cloths.

FOOD WASTE: A MATTER OF BETTER MARKET CONTROL

THE small yield per acre in the United States that is causing a cry for the development of a better harvest is based on the notion that there is not enough food produced for the population. That the yield per acre in the United States is smaller than that in European countries is undeniable, but the remedy does not lie in expanding the tilled acreage or in practising intensive gardening and farming over a wide area. Such a course would mean an extravagance on the producer's part that would bring about his certain ruin, for it would only increase his already overwhelming difficulties in disposing of his products. Of the produce now raised the producer is every year unable to market a very large proportion. In Long Island alone carloads of apples rotted last autumn because prices offered by speculators were too low to warrant picking, barreling and shipping. Carloads of potatoes, undersized but of perfect food value, went into pig-sties or compost heaps, or lay in the rows. Barrels of cabbages and cauliflowers, unsymmetrical, slightly specked or not quite compact, were equally beneath the speculators' notice and were left to rot. And all other vegetables in proportion, useless in the speculators' eyes because of shape, size or color, lay in rotting heaps to remind the producer of time, labor and money spent uselessly. Yet every one of these products was an article of sound food, much needed, which could have been transported to the New York markets and sold there from 100 to 400 per cent. below the charges made to consumers.

Under present conditions many fruits and vegetables are in four grades: "fancies," firsts, seconds and culls. A short time ago it paid the producer to ship even culls; now he ships only fancies and firsts.

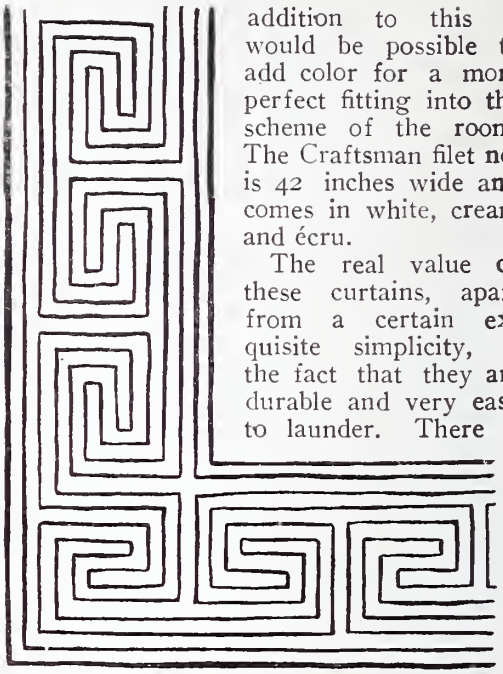
Supply and demand as a logical commercial factor long since disappeared, and it is simply another waste of time, labor and money to work for an increased yield per acre until the market-place is open to the direct representative of the producer who will find a prompt demand for seconds and culls of all food products.

As a matter of fact, some organized producers have agreed to cut production this summer, as by decreased production and reduced labor and area, they will have proportionately bigger returns.

A LESSON IN DARNING FILET NET ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL CRAFTSMAN DESIGNS

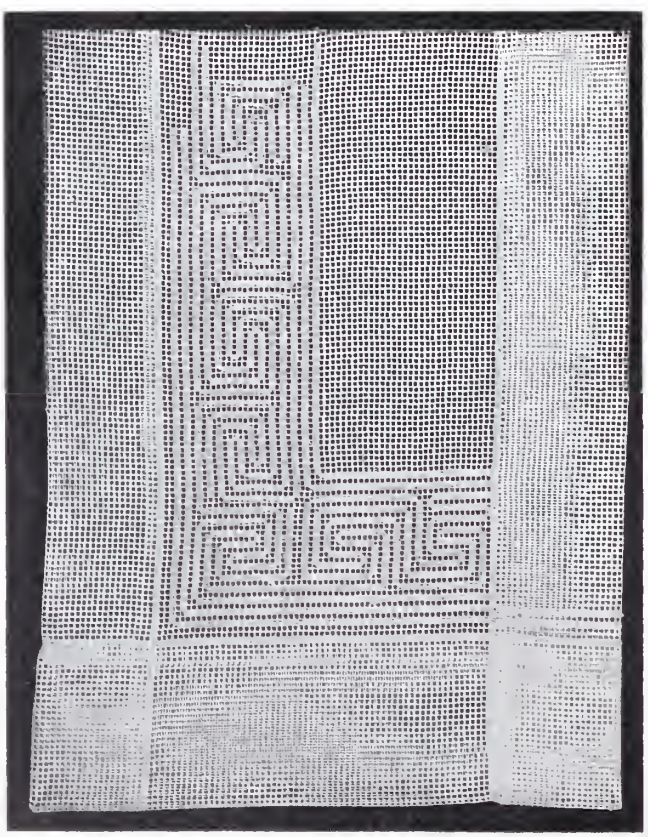
SO many of THE CRAFTSMAN'S friends are making the simple filet net curtains for inner window drapery that we feel we are really meeting a definite need in presenting in this issue of the magazine simple designs in darning work with patterns that can be made by anyone with the least deftness in needlework. No special training is necessary and the work is done not only easily, but swiftly. We have felt for some time that the woman interested in darning net would like to accomplish results with less time than has been necessary for the more elaborate patterns, usually seen in this handicraft.

In fitting up Craftsman rooms we find that no curtains are so suited for simple window decoration as filet net darned in interesting designs with mercerized cotton floss. In our Craftsman curtains we use both cream and écru floss. Of course, in addition to this it would be possible to add color for a more perfect fitting into the scheme of the room. The Craftsman filet net is 42 inches wide and comes in white, cream and écru.



PATTERN FOR DESIGN NO. 1.

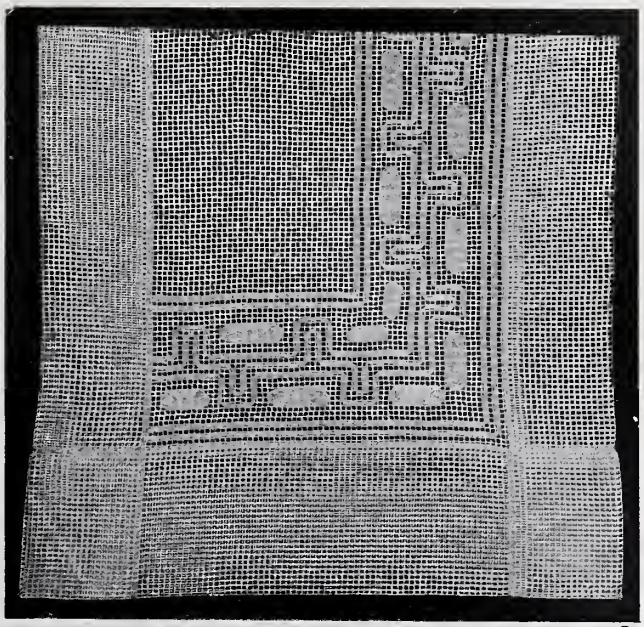
The real value of these curtains, apart from a certain exquisite simplicity, is the fact that they are durable and very easy to launder. There is none of the trouble that the old Nottingham curtain used to make the housewife when the time came to freshen the windows. Neither have they the ragged, dreary look of the muslin curtain when it is not laundered every few weeks. They are really a very worth while part of the equipment of the modern home, for they meet the demand of the modern housekeeper for beauty, suitability and durability, as few curtains on the market. And then, it practically goes without saying that the woman who is herself *making* at least a portion of her household fittings is bound to enjoy her home infinitely more than the woman who expects only to use the handiwork of others. And no curtains are ever so lovely in the windows and contribute more to the enjoyment of a room, than those that have been especially designed for the exact window and room that they are to adorn. The designs we are giving in this article for darning filet net have been drawn for us and the curtains have been worked exclusively to illustrate what we have to say on the subject.



CRAFTSMAN DESIGN FOR FILET NET NO. 1.

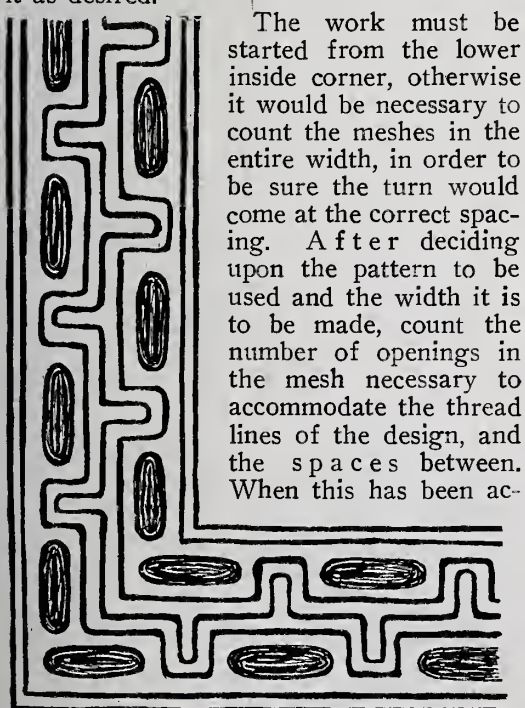
HOW TO MAKE CRAFTSMAN FILET CURTAINS

The following lesson in simple darning work with the practical patterns which we offer here, will furnish any woman interested in the subject, with the information necessary to outfit her house completely with these most practical and attractive window hangings. To begin, the small square mesh of the filet net is filled by a single heavy thread, so that the work can be quickly done. The threads are run regularly in and out through the meshes. They should not be drawn tightly, but care should be taken to leave no loops, and to keep the work flat. A long, blunt darning needle is used. When beginning with each new strand, no knot is made, but the threads are allowed to overlap through several squares of the mesh, both ends being kept on the under side.



CRAFTSMAN DESIGN FOR FILET NET NO. 2.

The curtains should be hemmed before the border is darned. No basting is necessary. The mesh of the two parts is held so that the threads run straight and the hem is run in the same manner as the darning. Its edge may be made to form a line in the border, or be separated from it as desired.

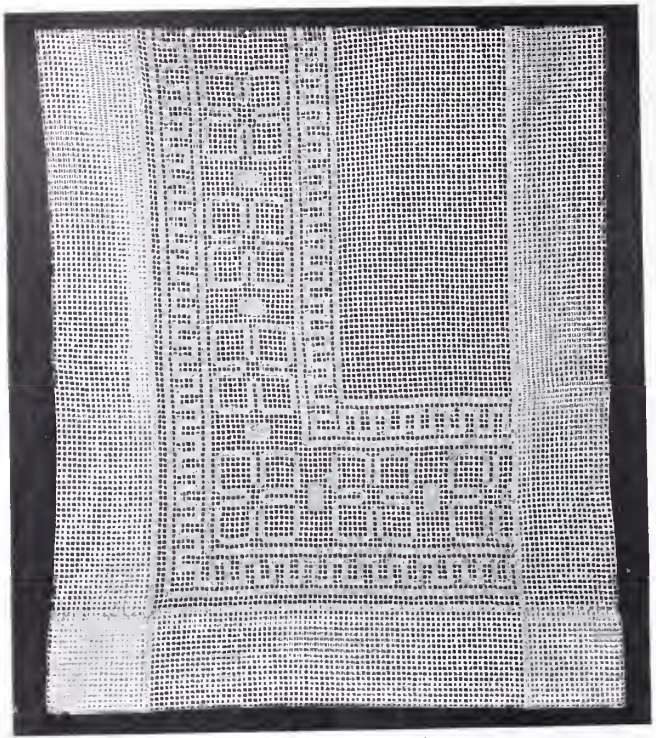


PATTERN FOR DESIGN NO. 2.

The work must be started from the lower inside corner, otherwise it would be necessary to count the meshes in the entire width, in order to be sure the turn would come at the correct spacing. After deciding upon the pattern to be used and the width it is to be made, count the number of openings in the mesh necessary to accommodate the thread lines of the design, and the spaces between. When this has been accurately determined, run in the threads which are to form the edges of the border in single or double line. This will assist in counting the spaces while proceeding with the darning, since it is simpler to count from the nearest side in each half of the border.

After the first repeat of the design has been completed, it is easy to remember the number of meshes to be counted for each turn, and, as in crocheting or knitting, soon becomes a matter of habit. Rapid progress is developed as the work is well under way. If error in the count and turn be made, and a spacing result larger or smaller than it should be, time and trouble may be saved by clipping the darning thread where the mistake occurs. The thread cannot be drawn out for a greater distance than between any two turns without destroying the evenness and firmness of the net, so that to cut off the short portion drawn out at each turn simplifies the difficulty. After the darning is finished the work should be well pressed. This greatly improves its appearance.

Rounded corners in the figure of a design are effected by simply turning the run at right angles. Square corners, desirable in some instances to lend greater positiveness and sharpness to the outline of a figure, may be obtained by passing the working thread over, then up through the same mesh at the angles, as shown in a portion

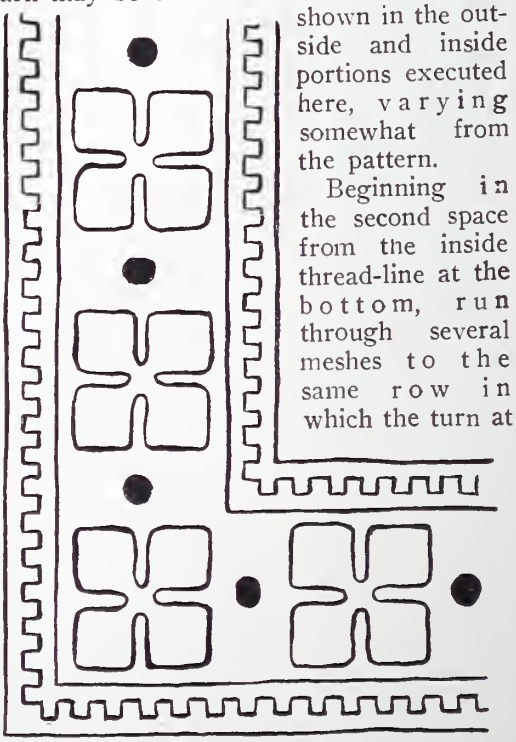


CRAFTSMAN DESIGN FOR FILET NET NO. 3.

of the border in Fig. 3. Flower forms may be introduced, but require more time, and present complications not met with in the geometrical patterns having angles. Curved lines do not lend themselves so readily to work upon filet. They may be used, however, with charming effect, as in filet lace, but floral borders are more intricate than most busy women wish to work out for themselves.

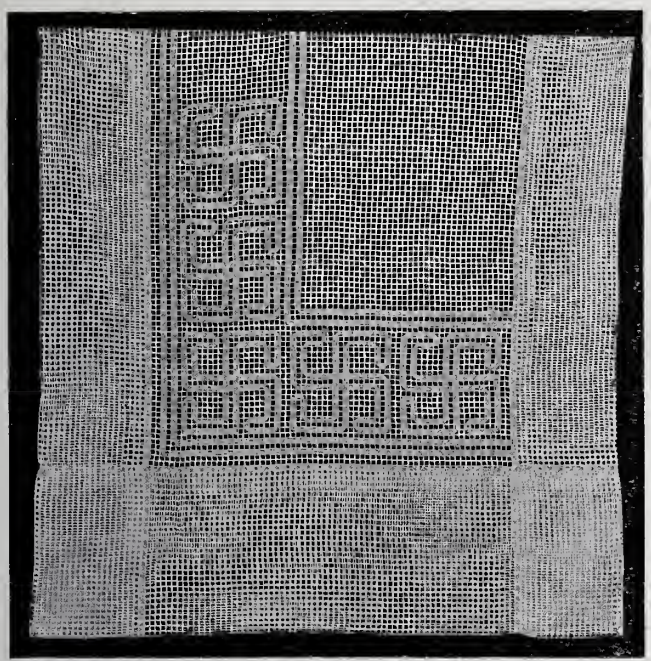
Our object has been to give here a few simple line designs to suggest the plan for original ones in which some favorite motif, or one used elsewhere in the decoration of the interior for which the filet curtains are planned, may be repeated in their darned borders. Color notes may also be introduced with satisfying results. Yellow, rose and soft green show especially pleasing effects, either to look upon or through, enriching the curtain more than when self-toned thread is used. The examples illustrated have been done in yellow, which offers just enough contrast to slightly emphasize the pattern, and has a sunny appearance.

The least perplexing in execution of these designs, therefore the most encouraging for a beginner in darning filet, is No. 3. It may not appear so simple as one or two of the others, but it will be found much easier to work out, as the turns are simpler, the forms in the center very definite and more readily followed by the eye, so that less counting and fewer mistakes are the result. The border itself requires 37 spaces: 9 for each outer portion, and 19 for the center. As two spaces are allowed between the hem and border, run the first thread into the third space. This may be started at the side or the end, as no figure is involved at the corner, which is turned when the third space from the opposite hem is reached. The next thread is run into the eighth space from the first thread, and turned in the same way. These two now provide the limits for the more decorative broken or key line to be run within, separated from each straight thread-line by one space. This is best begun at the corner to insure accuracy, but slight irregularities in this are no objection, and the turn may be effected in different ways, as shown in the outside and inside portions executed here, varying somewhat from the pattern.



PATTERN FOR DESIGN NO. 3.

Beginning in the second space from the inside thread-line at the bottom, run through several meshes to the same row in which the turn at



CRAFTSMAN DESIGN FOR FILET NET NO. 4.

right angles has been made in it. Follow this into the second space from the outside thread line; turn (always at right angles), run three meshes and turn again, continuing so to the end, two spaces being left between all the horizontal lines. Working in the opposite direction, holding the bottom hem as the top, overlap the thread where joining through 3 or 4 meshes, and continue to outer edge, as above described.

Allowing 19 spaces for the central figures, run the next straight thread-line in the 20th space from the inner one of the part already darned. Turn it into the 20th space from the opposite one when the corner is reached. In the same way run another straight thread-line into the eighth space from this, thus forming the two lines for the inner edge of the border. Again starting the broken line at the corner, proceed with it as before.

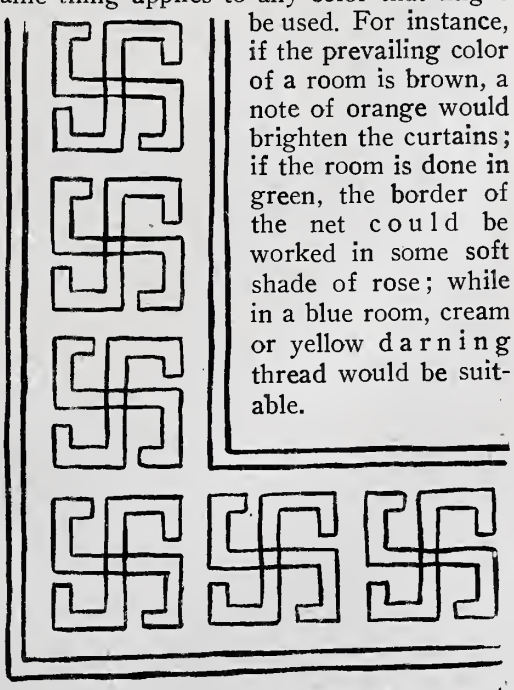
Each of the central figures requires a square 17 x 17 spaces; the four parts each a square 8 x 8 spaces. Starting in the corner at the outer edge run the thread into the 2nd space from the straight thread-line through several meshes, turn into the 2nd space and run through 7 spaces; turn, run six spaces; turn, run two; turn, run six; turn, run seven; repeat this to form the other portions of the figure until the starting point is reached again and the threads overlapped. The points in the center should be separated by 3 spaces each way. The figures are separated by 7 spaces, so in beginning each let it start in the 8th space from the adjoining one.

When the outer edge is reached, the pattern is worked right to the hem, terminating as it may, whether the figure is complete, or only partly so, thus preventing the distraction of an unfilled space.

The dots are run solid around the central or 4th space from the figure on either side. They are somewhat elongated in the worked net, to better fill the space, being run through 3 meshes one way and 5 the other. To make them solid, run each mesh twice. They are 2 spaces from the figures.

After carrying out this simpler pattern, the more complex ones that require considerably more counting, may be taken up with a clearer understanding of just what is necessary—absolute accuracy.

In evolving one's own designs for such curtains, one would of course keep in mind the other furnishings of the room, and a delightful plan would be, as suggested before, to repeat in the border some decorative motif used elsewhere in the room. The same thing applies to any color that might be used. For instance, if the prevailing color of a room is brown, a note of orange would brighten the curtains; if the room is done in green, the border of the net could be worked in some soft shade of rose; while in a blue room, cream or yellow darning thread would be suitable.



PATTERN FOR DESIGN NO. 4.

THE BATTLE BETWEEN WHITE AND BROWN BREAD

IN the *New York Times* of October 3rd there was an editorial under the heading The Taste for White Bread. The Editor quotes from Professor Wood of Cambridge, England, to the effect that white bread is more digestible than brown or graham bread and that it is rich in protein as well as energy producing elements and therefore is preferred by the public and endorsed by Professor Wood. He states it as a fact that white bread "can only be made satisfactorily from a blend of wheat rich in protein" and argues from that fact that the deficiency in practice (of white bread eating) is by no means great. He thinks that this is in the average more than compensative by the greater digestibility of the protein of the higher grade of flour.

In the first place the white flour which Professor Wood commends is superior *only* because, as he says, it is made from blends of wheat rich in protein. In comparing breads made from white and brown flour the two flours should be made from exactly the same grade of wheat or wheats equal in protein content, in order that a sound conclusion may be reached. Obviously it would be unfair to compare the protein values of any two kinds of bread that are not made from the same quality of wheat. It is equally certain that the white bread contains *no more* protein than the brown bread made from the same grade of wheat.

As to the question of the relative digestibility of the two kinds of bread I would call attention to the fact that it has never been shown that the protein element in the brown bread is less digestible or that less of it is digested than in the white bread when both are made from the same grade of wheat. All that has been shown is that the bran or coarse part of the brown bread is not digested, but passes along the track practically unchanged. The bran is valuable not because it is digestible. Its value (aside from the salts it contains) lies in the fact that it is "roughage" which prevents the contents of the digestive track from adhering to its walls or from forming into dry and hard masses, resulting in so-called constipation.

That the bran has a value as roughage is evident from the fact that bran is now frequently prescribed by physicians. Crackers and breads made chiefly of bran are extensively sold and used as a corrective for the conditions named above.

The only valid argument in favor of white flour as against graham is that it lends itself far better to present day commercial and milling conditions. It keeps better because the germ of the wheat has been removed. It is the wheat germ that makes graham flour an unsatisfactory article of commerce.

Professor Wood does not deny that the wheat germ has food value—he merely denies that it has any but that represented by the protein and energy producing elements. Surely these are worth saving.

The germ is the most alive part of the grain and it is well established that the nearer to life the food is the better it is as food. It is also true that the more perishable it is the more important that it be consumed without delay. These qualities are good for man, bad for commerce. The real reason why white flour and white bread are sold and consumed is that there are milling interests; commercial reasons which control. We have forgotten that mills and commerce exist for the sake of man and not man for the sake of the milling and commercial interests. If the mill were brought nearer the bakershop and the bakershop nearer the consumer a graham loaf could be made and baked thoroughly that would have such a nutty taste and appetizing flavor that it would win its way to popular favor and prove a potent help in those processes of stomach and bowel movements which are so necessary to the welfare of human life. When the "staff of life" is restored to its proper place in our dietary it probably will contain all that is packed up in those precious packages called "grains," including the bran and the germ.

THE FLOUR BIN

I WAS a young housekeeper for several years before it dawned on my consciousness that flour spoils sooner or later just as do all other grain foods. Then I bethought myself of the necessity for *scalding* out the tin flour bin whenever emptied before putting in a new supply. When you realize that the flour in the bottom (if not entirely emptied each time) may be very old indeed, you see the need for a complete cleansing between purchases.

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CHRISTMAS AND THE CRAFTSMAN

ALWAYS at Christmas time there seems to be a tendency throughout the Christian world for people to draw closer together. A certain intimacy seems born out of the romance and sentiment of the yule-tide holiday. Families are brought in touch from all over the world, children seem, if possible, a shade dearer to parents, friends remember each other through their hearts rather than their heads. There can be no doubt, in fact, that in spite of some of the excrescences that have appeared upon what we have loved to think of as a Christmas spirit (because, of course, always throughout the world there will be greed and insincerity) still the Christmas-tide is fraught with beautiful tender meaning, both spiritual and human, for all genuine people the world over.

And so it seems only reasonable to us if we have a message for our friends and readers, to select the Christmas-tide in which to send it. We have felt in the present year such an increase of interest among those who know and care for THE CRAFTSMAN, and even among those who in the past have not cared, that it seems reasonable to say a word of welcome to our new readers, as well as a word of appreciation to our old friends. The magazine has meant so much to us personally, because it has been a personal and sincere proposition from the very first issue, that we can speak with the greatest frankness and interest of what we have striven to do and even of what we have accomplished. From the first day that articles were under consideration for THE CRAFTSMAN it has been our purpose to put in the magazine only what we absolutely believed in; not what the popular vote called for, not what we thought some other magazine would like or publish, not what we thought would have a sharp sensational appeal that would bring us subscribers by sweeping people off their feet for a moment. These methods of gaining subscribers have never seemed worth while to our circulation department. We have only published the things we believed in, the things we wanted people to know we believed in and the things which we felt our readers ought to believe in. When we have had but a little to say we have published a small magazine, and we have never added a page to the magazine except for the purpose of publishing what we felt essential. In other words, we added pages as our opportunity increased for coming in contact with what was best in art, architecture, civic improvement, social betterment and craft work.

In order to get for our readers what we thought the most significant articles about an age which is full of significant developments, we have very largely had to order material for our publication. We have found that the great mass of the enormous amount of manuscripts that is submitted to us was written in a general way for any magazine or for any public. To get the specific thing about important matters of real value to our people and handled in a simple, lucid, convincing manner, we have had to study the whole field of national development, also the whole field of good writers, that we might furnish what seemed valuable to us in the way in which it would be most enjoyed.

We have never entered into competition with magazines that have thought it worth while to publish important names regardless of the articles over which these names appeared. It has become a habit in America and even in England to get men who have written one good article in which they believed or who have achieved one important deed, to write articles about things of which they knew nothing, merely because their names had a familiar ring to the public. No man or woman's name has counted with us except as the individual had a message that seemed to us the best that could be delivered upon that particular topic, and delivered in the clearest, most interesting English. We have not studied "publicity at all hazards," rather we have studied constructive growth at any sacrifice.

It has never seemed to us as important to criticise as to construct. We have felt here in America an immense opportunity for growth; we have felt that in the very heart of the people lay hidden the art essential to us, the architecture which expresses the life of our people, and the craft which people need for their full understanding of life. We have wanted in every way that was possible to make clear to our readers the immense significance of the civilization which they are today a part of.

We have been accused of being opposed to foreign art, opposed to old standards, opposed to tradition. As a matter of fact

we are not opposed to anything in the world that is constructively good; but we have felt that America's tendency to imitate the old, to atrophy in tradition was a bad thing for growth in this country along fine, spiritual lines. If we remember the art of Europe and the Orient which has given us the greatest pleasure, we would find it to be that which most vitally expressed the spirituality or emotional enjoyment of the people. We have feared here in America that such beauty in art might never be ours, hence our fatal habit of imitating and enjoying only the beauty that has the legend of foreign success upon it.

And so while THE CRAFTSMAN has enjoyed to the utmost all that the great and simple of all times have accomplished, it has been the purpose of our magazine from the beginning, and always will be its purpose, to forward so far as possible, natural expression of beauty native to our own country. We feel that America has all the tragedy, the romance, the inherent beauty essential for the development of the greatest art and architecture of the world; but that such progress as we have hoped for and longed for, will only be achieved when in our workshops as well as in our studios we create from imagination, not from memory.

And so it is the purpose of THE CRAFTSMAN today, as it was eleven years ago, to help if we can, to open American eyes to the possibilities of American achievement. We want to be a part of the inherent growth of our own country; we want to feel, if such good fortune is ours, that we have aided in this growth; we want everything we make and do to express the ideals for which we have been working since the first copy of the magazine was given the public. The success that has come to us confirms our opinion that we are on the right track, and our policy for the future will be merely a continuation, an enlargement of the work which we have been doing in the past. If possible, we shall want to present more art from a larger point of view, more architecture to prove how beautiful the American home can be made, more craft work that our boys and girls may understand better the value of labor, more fiction and poetry which touch upon the great essential human emotions and their development out toward real accomplishment in life. We want the magazine to stand, as we have so often said, for *craftsmanship in life*, in all the phases of life, from the studio to the kitchen, from the workshop to the schoolroom.

If we are leaving out any phase of life that seems of value to our readers, we shall be delighted to hear from them. We want the magazine, so far as is possible, to be a comprehensive record of constructive American life. This may seem a very large order for a maker of a magazine, and undoubtedly we shall have many disappointments and make many blunders; but at least we promise our readers that we shall not swerve from our ideal, and with this promise we offer our holiday greetings to all those whom we count as our friends.

WHAT THE PEOPLE'S VERDICT REALLY MEANS

THE verdict of the people at the polls on November 5th was something far more significant than a mere endorsement of the Democratic party's platform or a vote of confidence in the Democratic party's candidate. More than anything else, it was a ringing declaration that the sentiment of this country is progressive in the widest and best sense of the word, and that the smug formulas and shibboleths with which the reactionaries have so often warned us back from the onward path have at last lost their power to intimidate. Compare the three and a half million votes cast for President Taft with the aggregate of eleven million polled by Governor Wilson and Co'onel Roosevelt, and we get a fair working index to the relative strength of ultra-conservative and progressive sentiment in the United States. The Wilson vote, it is true, represents the conservative as well as the progressive element of his party, but while the former wields immense power because of its wealth and position, in actual numbers it is comparatively insignificant. Colonel Roosevelt is not our next President because probably at least nine out of every ten progressive Democrats are confident that under Woodrow Wilson's leadership their party can be redeemed from the domination of special interest and made truly responsive to the will and aspirations of the people. Thus the vote that gives back the reins of government to a party that has been out of office for sixteen years lays at the same time a moral mandate upon that party, and this mandate cannot with impunity be ignored.

Even the most reluctant will have to recognize this message in the election returns. They cannot by any sophistry shut their eyes to the fact that Governor Wilson's victory, while of unprecedented magnitude if measured by the number of States carried and the number of electoral votes won, wears a very different aspect when viewed simply in the light of the popular vote. It then appears that the landslide which swept the Democratic candidate into office was actually made up of less than half the votes cast, and that therefore President Wilson, despite his really splendid triumph, takes up his responsibilities as a minority President, the expressed choice of less than half the voters. This phase of the victory emphasizes the fact that the Democratic party, although commissioned to guide the nation's destinies for at least the next four years, has not been given *carte blanche* to follow its own devices. It has been handed the sword of power that it may cut the paralyzing coils of privilege which have been gradually tightening around our government, and that it may utilize the forces thus liberated for the righting of the social and industrial injustices which privilege always breeds. And the presence of the new Progressive party in the field, already more than four million strong by the election day count, gives the people a comforting assurance that the Democracy cannot afford, even if it would, to forget what it is in office for.

The election returns have placed the Progressive party, a party organized only four months ago for the purpose of giving force and expression to the new spirit that is dominating American politics, in the position of the second great party in the nation, while at the same time they have relegated the long unconquerable Republican party, which had become the ark of the covenant of special privilege, to the humiliating position of a poor third in the race. The 4,500,000 votes that made the Progressive party the official party in more than two-thirds of the States stand as an amazing and encouraging revelation of the extent to which the popular imagination has been fired by a splendid vision and the people's hearts stirred by a noble unrest. The nation has learned to think in terms of welfare instead of wealth. In the nature of things the Progressive party will ultimately absorb one of the old parties, or one of the old parties will experience regeneration by nominally absorbing, but really becoming one with, the Progressives. Any other outcome is practically inconceivable, if we take into consideration the growing spirit of democracy that is in the air, not only in America, but in Europe and even in Asia. Some conservative and timid natures are troubled because such a movement as that of the Progressives attracts to its banners not only those who are unselfishly devoted to the cause of human betterment, but also many who are discontented and unstable by nature. These apprehensive ones may find some comfort in remembering that David in his contest with King Saul attracted to him "every one that was in distress, every one that was in debt, every one that was discontented," yet "he became a captain over them, and they became mighty men of valor."

No less significant than the heavy vote polled by the Progressives is the country's crushing repudiation of the Republican party, which is left so stripped and bare that it can claim little more than a dozen of the five hundred and odd votes of the electoral college. And this overwhelming defeat befell the Republicans under the leadership of a man of unquestioned integrity and exceptional ability, a man of whom the country thinks with respect and affection. It was President Taft's misfortune to be at the head of his party when it stood at the parting of the ways and had to make the fateful choice between becoming a party of progressivism or a party of conservatism. After struggling for a time to lead it into a middle path which did not exist, the President found himself, by force of circumstances and his own temperament, doomed to lead to certain defeat a party incurably committed to reaction. It is almost certain that, even had he allied himself from the start with the little band of progressive Republicans who were already a disturbing but salutary power in the House and Senate, he could not have saved the party from collapse. So twined through the very structure and fibre of the party were the insidious tendrils of privilege that it would have been a baffling problem to remove them without tearing down the edifice. The party had served its purpose; it had long carried in its body the seeds of dissolution, and the day of reckoning was not to be postponed.

This is not to say that the Republican party, with its splendid record and splendid

traditions, had deliberately adopted a policy of conscious venality. What had really happened was that by almost insensible degrees it had become complacent and inattentive, forgetting its duties as the servant of the people and lending too attentive and sympathetic an ear to the arguments and requests of "the interests." Thus a party launched by the radical reformers of the Civil War period was reorganized under Mark Hanna for the benefit of the business interests, and in 1912 went down to defeat and possible annihilation before a new reform party born of the same spirit which gave it birth.

But the crisis which the Republican party has failed to meet has merely been passed on to the Democrats, and their future depends upon the way they meet it in the next four years. Already, even before his Administration begins, Mr. Wilson is being reminded by the conflicting elements in his own party that he stands between the two horns of a dilemma. At the moment it is a question as to whether or not he will call an extra session of Congress to redeem the party's promise of immediate downward revision of the tariff schedules. Strong pressure is being brought to bear on him from both directions, and the party press is already taking sides over the issue. Undoubtedly similar differences will develop when the party approaches the questions relating to trust control and labor legislation. It looks as if President Wilson, like President Taft, might have to choose between the conservative and the radical wings of his followers. If, on the other hand, he can so unite the two as to make them work together for progressive ends he will prove himself the great leader that the country needs. Failing this, if he aligns himself with the progressives of his party the powerful State bosses will probably force an issue that will disrupt the Democracy, while if he follows in the footsteps of President Taft the progressive element in his party will revolt, either capturing the organization or flocking to the Progressive standard in 1916.

PROTECTING THE TREES

THE first meeting of the Springfield Forestry Club was held recently in the Board of Trade rooms on Worthington street, with about a dozen of the charter members present. Mr. Southard, who comes from the eastern part of the State and who is a graduate of the Harvard School of Forestry, one of the best of its kind in the world, has been in the city for a number of weeks organizing the society, and the results of his efforts are shown well by the large number of names which have been collected for the roll of membership.

The Springfield Forestry Club will be a voluntary organization apart from the forestry department of the city and entirely independent of it, although City Forester Gale is greatly interested in the movement and the department will doubtless work a great deal with the society. The club will make careful examinations of all the timber-bearing property in the city, and advise such remedial measures as may be deemed necessary. Owners of private property will be notified if any blight or disease is found on their trees, as will also the forestry department of the city, and every possible step will be taken toward the protection of the trees. The amount of tree-bearing property in the city, extraordinary for a municipality of this size, makes the organization of the society an extremely important thing for Springfield. Leaders of all kinds of activities in the city have been approached, and most of them have responded and joined the club. A committee on resolutions was also chosen.

It is to be hoped that the starting of this movement in Springfield is but the beginning of the foundation of local forestry clubs all over the country. The Federal Government cannot do all the work necessary to protect the trees; help is essential, not only from the State, but from the individuals, and the best help is from the organization of individuals.

STATEMENT OF "THE CRAFTSMAN" MADE AND PUBLISHED IN COMPLIANCE WITH THE ACT OF AUGUST 24TH, 1912.

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There are no bondholders, mortgagees, or security holders.

(Signed) BEN WILES, Business Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1912.

(Signed) ALFRED S. COLE, Notary Public. New York County, No. 83. New York Register, No. 4049.

[SEAL] (My commission expires March 30, 1914.)

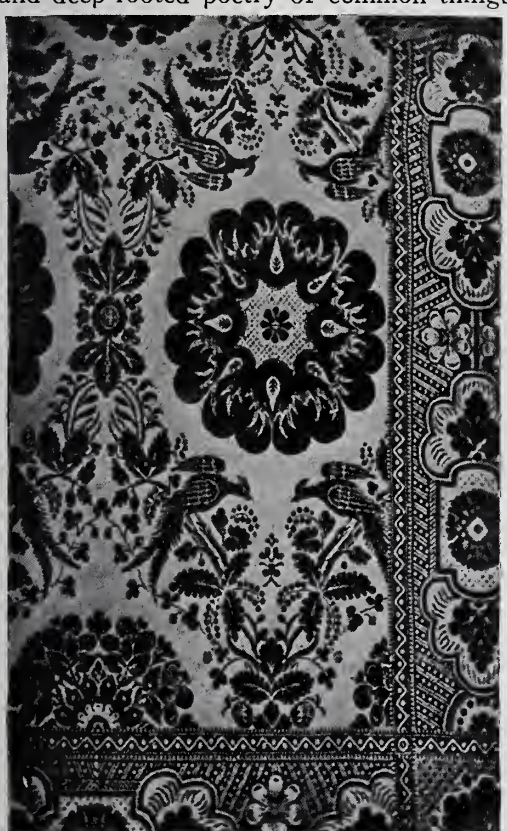
BOOK REVIEWS

A BOOK OF HAND-WOVEN COVERLETS: BY ELIZA CALVERT HALL

IT is not often that you find, in a book of more or less technical and historical character, such qualities of imagination and poetic insight, such understanding of humanity or such charm of literary expression as this unusual volume shows. The spirit which pervades it can be guessed from a quotation from Dillard upon one of the fly leaves:

"It is a pity that when we speak of art, the thought should be of something quite remote from the life of all the people. . . . The word *art* ought to carry as common and universal a meaning as the words *life* and *love*."

Certainly the author has understood the term in its widest and most human sense, for in this presentation of the history and romance of hand-woven coverlets, she has managed, by well-chosen words and tender imagery, to convey a sense of the subtle and deep-rooted poetry of common things.



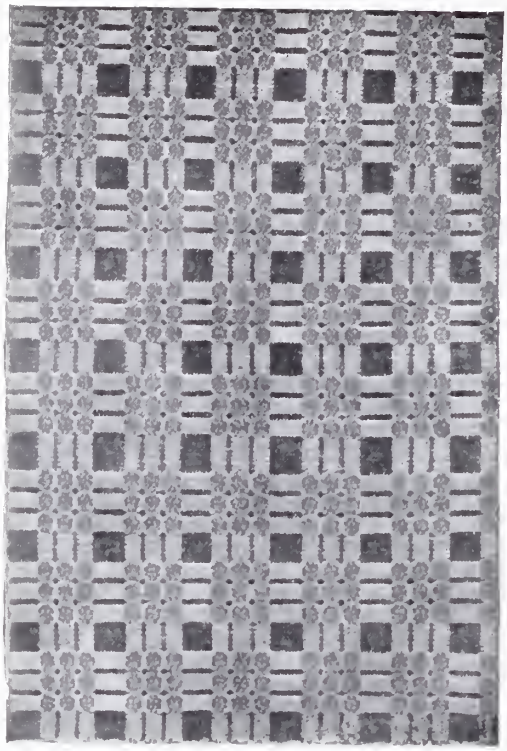
"BIRD OF PARADISE" DESIGN IN A COVERLET WOVEN IN GENESEE COUNTY, N. Y.

THE "IDA P. ROGERS" COVERLET, MADE IN WASHINGTON COUNTY, PA., ABOUT EIGHTY YEARS AGO. THIS IS DOUBLE-WOVEN, BLUE AND WHITE, ALL IN ONE PIECE. THE OWNER IS MRS. S. G. ROGERS.

In a quotation which the author gives from the London *Nation,* her point of view is emphasized:

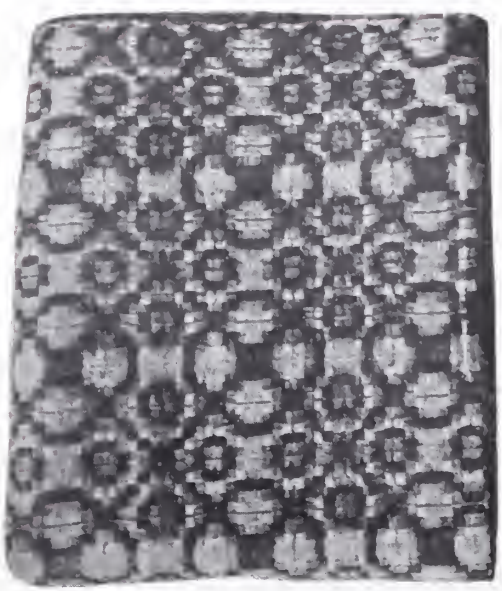
"In certain primitive and necessary things there lies an irresistible appeal. We perceive it in a windmill, a water-mill, a threshing-floor, a wine-press, a cottage loom, a spindle, a baking oven, and even in a pitcher, a hearthstone, or a wheel. There we see the eternal necessities of mankind in their ancient, most natural form, and, whether by long association with the satisfaction of some need, or simply by their fitness for utility, they have acquired a peculiar quality of beauty."

And it is just this kind of beauty and this "irresistible appeal" that the author of the "Coverlet" book has felt—and which she makes you share. She has seen the homes where these beautiful old quilts were woven, the big old-fashioned beds they covered, the rambling attics and dilapidated trunks in which they were stored away. She has chatted with the people



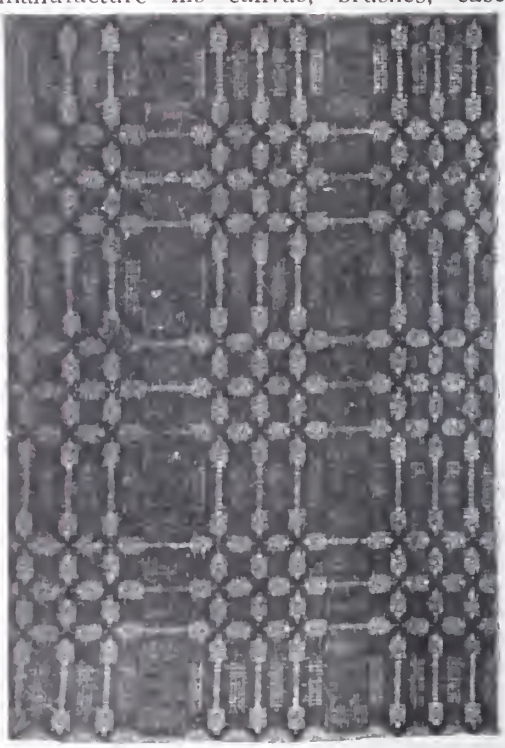
COVERLET OWNED BY MISS SALLY RODES, BOWLING GREEN, KY. ITS HISTORY IS UNKNOWN. THE NAME OF THE DESIGN IS PROBABLY "NINE SNOWBALLS."

who owned them, listened to strange tales and humorous or tragic reminiscences of those who wove them and have long since "passed on." And from all her visits and wanderings and investigations, out of the odds and ends of fact and fancy she has gleaned, out of the fragmentary knowledge of others and the wealth of her own sympathetic nature and literary skill she has woven around the nucleus of many illustrations a work of exceptional interest.



THIS DESIGN—"SINGLE CHARIOT WHEELS"—IS TAKEN FROM A COVERLET WOVEN IN MADISON COUNTY, KY., NOW PART OF THE WILLIAM WADE COLLECTION.

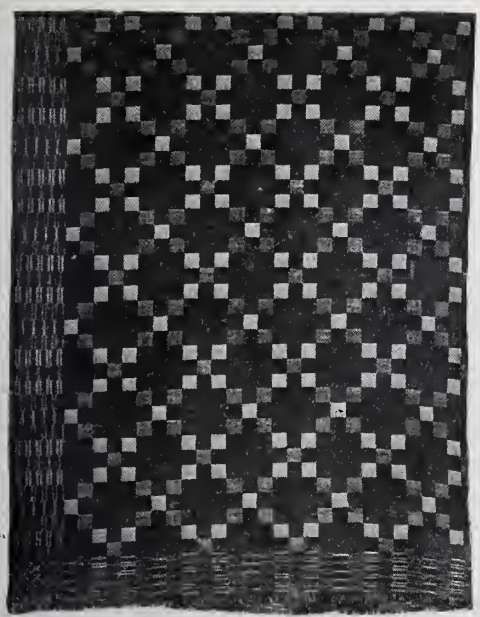
Listen to this: "Thoreau says that the value of a thing is determined by the amount of life that goes into it. If Dalmanutha and Cynthia valued their work according to Thoreau's standards, only a queen or a millionaire could possess one of their coverlets, for almost a year of a woman's life goes into the making of the mountain 'kiver.' It is just as if a painter had to manufacture his canvas, brushes, easel,



A MOUNTAIN "KIVER." THE AGE OF THIS COVERLET IS UNKNOWN, BUT AS IT WAS "CONSIDERED OLD BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR" IT MUST BE AT LEAST A HUNDRED YEARS OLD. IT IS OWNED BY MISS ELIZABETH DANGERFIELD, OF LEXINGTON, KY.

palette, and paints, or the sculptor go to the quarry and dig out a block of marble for his statue.

"In the old days a linen thread was used for the warp, and flax had to be grown, hackled, and spun. Now the coverlet is of cotton overshot with wool, and these materials too are a home product. The women work in the field, hoeing the cotton, gathering it when it is ripe, picking it, card-



THE "MARTHA SHEPHERD" COVERLET WOVEN IN BELMONT COUNTY, OHIO, IN THE LATTER PART OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, BY AN ENGLISH WEAVER—MOWRY.

ing it, and spinning it. The sheep must be sheared and the wool picked, washed, carded, and spun. Then they must dig roots, collect the barks of different trees, set the 'blue-pot' and make the dyes according to ancestral methods. When all this drudgery is finished, the mountain woman seats herself at the loom; her bodily weariness

"OLD IRELAND" THIS COVERLET WAS CALLED, FOR IT WAS WOVEN IN BATH COUNTY, PA., ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO FROM A PATTERN BROUGHT FROM IRELAND.

falls from her like a garment; she is no longer a tired drudge, she is an artist, and she breathes the divine air of that region where beautiful things are created. If a sculptor or a painter should enter her cabin door she might greet him as a sister greets a brother; and I think that if the God of Beauty became incarnate and walked the earth searching for his most faithful worshipper, he would not find what he sought in any studio or art-shop; his search would end on some southern mountain, among gaunt, haggard women toiling for two seasons to make the thread for shuttle and loom, spending the short winter days weaving a fabric that will last to the third and fourth generation, and finally christening

THIS COVERLET, WHICH IS CALLED "LEE'S SURRENDER," WAS WOVEN BY ERNEST D. CHAPMAN.

their work at the springs of fancy with a name that sounds oftentimes like a song."

All through the well-printed, wide-margined pages of the book such commentaries as this are scattered; the practical and the poetic go always hand in hand. In the most prosaic fact or the most technical description you find some touch of philosophy, romance or humor, and your heart turns back with admiration toward the hard-working, patient, loving brides and mothers whose skilful fingers seem to have woven into the wonderful old coverlets the very pattern of their own lives. (Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 279 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price $4.00 net.)

OUT OF THE WRECK I RISE: BY BEATRICE HARRADEN

WITH the skill of a word-artist and the insight of a psychologist, Beatrice Harraden has told in this strange novel the love story of three unique but intensely real people.

These human magnets—a man and two women whom he has loved, deserted and is compelled by a material and spiritual crisis to seek again—attract each other with that subtle fascination which life sometimes gives in such unusual degree to certain intellectually emotional temperaments.

One of these women—*Nell Silberthwaite*—has managed, before the story begins, to gather up her shaken faith and courage out of the havoc which *Adrian Steele* had wrought in her heart and mind. She has married happily, and after her husband's death has thrown herself with increased fervor into the work of industrial reform. Equally free from the past—she thinks—is the other, *Tamar Scott*, the languid, sulky Jewess whose personality has the same mysterious charm as the antique jewelry in her dimly-lighted shop. But when, after long years of silence and separation, the man reappears, the old spell is resurrected and the two women feel themselves once more swayed by the magic of *Adrian's* warped yet lovable nature. His evident though unavowed need of aid and comfort draws them in spite of themselves to the edge of this whirlpool of disaster into which he is being pulled. They try, each in her own way, to avert the impending ruin which Adrian himself has invited by his unscrupulous withholding of the dramatic royalties of certain clients.

One of the most interesting features of this remarkable book is the portrayal of the jealousy and sympathy which alternately attract and repel the two opposite-natured women in their love for the man who has brought into their lives such intense happiness and such exquisite suffering. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 376 pages. Colored frontispiece. Price, $1.35 net.)

THE LOVERS: BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

AS a rule we measure an author by his best achievement. We forget his lesser efforts and his failures; to us he is always "the man who wrote So-and-so." We reverse the Shakespearian dictum and say: "The good (not the evil) that men do lives after them."

Yet it is for this very reason that we are so ready to welcome coldly anything which falls short of that writer's best achievement. We take the attitude—critics and public together—that we have somehow not been given the full measure due us. And we proceed to accuse our unfortunate idol of literary laziness, of trying to take advantage of his reputation.

So, when we know a man like Eden Phillpotts, who is capable of forceful and significant work such as one does not often meet—when our memory is still vibrating with the strength and tenderness of such a masterpiece as "Demeter's Daughter"—it is impossible not to feel a certain amount of regret on discovering that his latest book does not live up to the high standard of its predecessor.

"The Lovers" is a romance set in the historical background of the England of our Revolutionary days. Full of action, sometimes tragic, sometimes with a dash of rollicking humor, the tale swings bravely along under Mr. Phillpott's pen. A group of English gentlemen and peasants, some American prisoners of war, two lovable Dartmoor maidens, three highwaymen and a fearsome gallows—these are some of the ingredients. Lovers of "adventure" stories will delight in its pages, and for such this book is the right delightful holiday gift. But for those of us who like to think of Eden Phillpotts at his greatest moments, the Cornish characters and Cornish speech only serve to take us back, in loving appreciation, to the masterful pages of "The Secret Woman." (Published by Rand McNally & Co., New York. 400 pages. Price, $1.35 net.)

PROBLEMS IN FURNITURE MAKING: BY FRED D. CRAWSHAW, B.S., M.E.

THE fourth and revised edition of this book has just been issued. It contains, in addition to some notes on construction and design, a collection of cabinet-making problems and working drawings of various pieces of furniture, most of them simple and practical in form. (Published by the Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Ill. 43 plates of working drawings. 36 pages of text. Price, $1.00; with board covers, $1.20.)

SUCCESSFUL HOUSES AND HOW TO BUILD THEM: BY CHARLES E. WHITE, JR.

AS the author says, this book is written from the standpoint of the house owner, and deals in a practical and comprehensive way with the building of houses, large and small. Every phase of the subject is taken up, from the purchase of the site and giving of contracts to the erection and equipment of the building. The respective merits of the various building materials are considered, the arrangement of rooms, methods of heating, ventilating and lighting, as well as exterior painting and interior decoration. The pictures include the planning and building of dwellings for city, town and suburbs, country and farm houses, bungalows, cottages, camps, garages, barns and greenhouses. The many photographs and diagrams with which the pages are illustrated make the book especially useful for the prospective home-builder. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 507 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price $2.00 net.)

PHILIPSE MANOR HALL: BY EDWARD H. HALL, L.H.D.

THE people of Yonkers as well as historical and architectural students will find in this book a careful record of the old Philipse Manor Hall and its restoration. The biographical notes and reminiscences lend a touch of human interest to a somewhat technical subject. (Published by The American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, New York. Illustrated. 255 pages.)

PRIMER OF SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT: BY FRANK B. GILBRETH

EVERYBODY knows of, even if they have not read, the articles by Frederick W. Taylor on "The Principles of Scientific Management," which recently attracted so much admiration and criticism in industrial and editorial circles. One of the results of their publication was the receipt by Mr. Taylor of hundreds of letters from all parts of the world requesting further information on this vital subject—"the elimination of unnecessary waste in human effort." These letters were handed to Mr. Gilbreth, and the replies have been embodied in the present book. The varied nature of the questions and the conciseness of the answers will make them of value to all who are interested in this modern effort to "decrease labor costs and increase wages." (Published by D. Van Ostrand Company, New York. 103 pages. Price $1.00 net.)

THE HERITAGE OF HIROSHIGE: A GLIMPSE AT JAPANESE LANDSCAPE ART: BY DORA AMSDEN AND J. S. HAPPER

ONE of the most attractive books that has come to us this fall is this slim but graceful volume from the Paul Elder Press of San Francisco. Written in authoritative style, with great sympathy and picturesqueness, the book is full of interest for lovers of Japanese art. The chapters include historical and biographical notes and forewords to some of Hiroshige's books. Looking at the unusually beautiful and characteristic reproductions of his work one hardly wonders that the man who conceived them has been called "the greatest interpreter of Nature in all her moods." Whether his subject is a misty landscape or a snow-capped mountain, a dipping eagle or a darting fish, a blossom-laden branch or a picture of "night on an island enchanted, and skiffs that are freighted with dreams," you feel always that lyric tenderness of Nature seen through human eyes.

The purely technical "make-up" is well worth consideration. The soft fibrous texture of the cover—the brown-gray tone of which reminds one of the wing of a fluttering moth—the rich cream-colored pages carrying the half-tone illustrations, the delicate yet durable paper of deep old ivory tint on which the text is printed, the wide margins, the decorative touches of red titles and initial letters—all these carefully planned and well executed features combine to make the book an unusual specimen of craftsmanship. (Published by Paul Elder & Company, San Francisco. 84 pages. Illustrated. Price $2.25 net.)

BETWEEN TWO THIEVES: BY RICHARD DEHAN

THE scenes of this historical novel are laid in France, England and Russia before and during the Crimean War, and many notable persons figure in the pages, among them being Napoleon III. and Ada Merling (whose character is really

that of Florence Nightingale). All through the book the personality of this wonderful woman shines, with her gentle purity, her loyalty and devotion to others, her unusual combination of self-sacrifice and efficiency, and her tenderness for the sinning, suffering hero of the tale. The emotional intensity of many of the situations, the graphic depiction of the characters and events, and the frankness of literary expression, hold one's attention through what might otherwise be an over-long and over-detailed narrative. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 687 pages. Price $1.40 net, postpaid $1.54.)

CHILDHOOD: PICTURES BY CECILIA BULL HUNTER AND CAROLINE OGDEN: VERSES BY BURGES JOHNSON

NOW that cheery old December is here again and thoughts of gift-making and giving are in the air, any new Christmas offering on the literary horizon is likely to be well received by those of us who feel that a good book is one of friendship's most appropriate tokens.

This volume certainly makes its appearance at a favorable time, for it is just the sort to please a lover of children—and most of us are that. The twenty charming reproductions suggest how much beauty can be achieved in the field of "child photography," and what intimate and delightful records one can keep of all the nursery progress.

In these soft-toned, well printed pictures one finds many familiar tableaux of childhood's happiest hours. There is the breathless moment in which the first small steps are taken; the quiet safety of twilight hours; the thrill of meal-time anticipations; the joy of many playthings; the wonders of bubble-blowing; the earnestness of each childish responsibility, whether it be the tending of a teddy-bear, the saying of bedtime prayers or the ironing of dollies' clothes—any of those important events which go to make up childhood's strenuous career.

Equally sympathetic in character are the verses that preface each illustration, most of which, written from the child's point of view, have a little sense of humor running through them that is very whimsical and captivating. This, for instance:

"BUBBLES

If I knew magic, and could do
  Just anything I wanted to,
I'd blow a bubble strong and wide
  Enough for me to get inside.
We'd sail far up into the blue,
  And when it burst and went away,
I'd visit—for a day or two—
  The place where vanished bubbles play."

(Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 20 illustrations and poems. Price $3.00 net.)

A MEXICAN JOURNEY: BY E. H. BLICHFELDT

AS the author of this graphically written and well illustrated book has lived for three years in Mexico and has also traveled there extensively, his account of this remarkable and picturesque land may well be regarded as an important contribution to current "travel" literature. The chapters carry one through Yucatan, Vera Cruz, the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, the city of Oaxaca, and Mitla with its famous ruins, to Mexico City. The book also includes much readable comment upon native types and customs, as well as a review of the political situation and a forecast as to the country's future. (Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 270 pages. 32 illustrations. Price $2.00 net, postage 20 cents.)

PRACTICAL SHEET AND PLATE METAL WORK: BY EVAN A. ATKINS, A.M.I.M.E.

THIS detailed and comprehensive work is by an English authority, head of the Metal Trades Department and chief lecturer on practical geometry in the Municipal Technical School of Liverpool. The book is intended for the use of boilermakers, braziers, coppersmiths, ironworkers, plumbers, sheet metalworkers, tinsmiths and others who require a knowledge of the working up of metals or development of surfaces. Illustrated with innumerable geometric and working drawings and diagrams, and supplemented with perspective views of various machines and tools, it should prove of value to all who are interested in the practical and scientific side of this important subject. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 524 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price $2.00 net.)

ART NOTES

AMERICAN LIFE BY AMERICAN PAINTERS

A GENTLEMAN who is an important member of many historical societies and authority on the history of art, has recently been employing his time in cataloguing important paintings the world over. When asked which of the American painters and sculptors he was including in his catalogue, he replied, "none." And when further asked why he did not present American art he answered, "there is none."

A few days after this significant incident a card came to THE CRAFTSMAN office from the Folsom Galleries inviting us to attend an exhibition of paintings which were interpretations of New York life by the following artists: William Glackens, George Bellows, Jerome Myers, John Sloan, George Luks, Guy Du Bois. It would have been a pleasure to take to the exhibition the historical gentleman, except of course, that it would have annoyed him to have his theories completely destroyed by the vital significant work in the paintings of the Folsom Galleries. A more definitely American exhibition New York has not seen, for the artists are all Americans, so far as I know, men who have studied art in America and the subjects presented entirely American, localized in New York City. None of the scenes was melodramatic or handled in an unnaturally vivid fashion. They were just the scenes that we of New York know and see every day. The Hudson River, Washington Square, a café (Mouquin's, not Delmonico's), the ferry, a bank at crowded hours, East-side children dancing, and yet the complete exhibition spread out before one a panorama of life as it is lived today in our most emphatically American metropolitan existence. Our historical friend would find the subjects commonplace, and they are, just as the most of life—the most interesting of it, is commonplace. Also he would miss velvet and tinsel and cathedral towers, and a rather tight handling of all of these, and probably in their place he would not find sufficient compensation in the wonder of life as it really is lived, in the beautiful presentation of night and sunlight and happiness, with a technique flowing, infinitely trained, infinitely lucid. The old standard of art as history catalogues it, seems to have forgotten or perhaps it never knew that art is just the illusion on canvas or in marble or in music of all the things that are everywhere about us, the illusion of beauty which is ours every day if we know how to see it. Our old world friends think that it is necessary to separate life from what they call art, until art becomes a remote thing for the few, and a thing almost too holy to be purchased.

Glackens and Luks and Sloan and Myers happily find art in every moment of our existence, as it is of course, and they tell us about it as it sifts through their ultimate imagination and consummate technique.

Jerome Myers has seen it truly in his "Evening on the Eastside" with the ghost-like, sorrowful creatures, taking on the glory of their spiritual life in the delicate light and shadow of a subtle presentation of that escapable thing—the greatness of each human life. Jerome Myers has chosen just the right light to avoid the sordidness of the surroundings of these unhappy folk, to reveal for us their dreams and their aspirations rather than their daily deeds, and he has made us feel that both are equally true.

As rare and as subtle an art expression is that conceived by John Sloan in "The Wake of the Ferry." At a first glance it is an empty canvas and then slowly it fills with the life of the one figure in the shadow. You cannot escape entering into her thoughts, into the sorrows that have come to her. And the chances are that you recall some day when you too, stood desolate, looking out over the receding waters, wondering, too, of your future.

Bellows is more cheerful—he is younger, not in his art, but in his happiness, and a more buoyant note you find in his "Battery," flooded with sunlight, and his "Summer Night, Riverside Drive," under the trees near the Hudson. One wonders in looking at Bellows' work if there is any technical problem that he would not have the courage to face and the skill to overcome.

And Luks' "Ghetto"! What a riot of color, what enthusiasm for the richness that is to be found often in the humble spots of a great city. Luks is surely a master of intricate composition and splendid arrangement of color. What a scene for the old historical catalogue maker to feast his eyes on and to grow young through. But he will never let himself see

these real presentations of American art, and perhaps his spoiled vision has become too inverted to understand and enjoy them should he see them.

Glackens could tell him a vigorous story of what the city holds for beauty if he would study into the art of Washington Square as this master of metropolitan presentation has shown it to us again and again. What color and life, what atmospheric mystery he would find in the Glackens scene at the Folsom Gallery, and all done so simply and so wisely, for simplicity is always wisdom, and wisdom must embrace the real art of simplicity. But our friend would not understand Mr. Glackens' work and probably come away bewildered, if not resentful.

THIRD EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS AT THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB

THE third annual exhibition of the Society of Illustrators opened at the National Arts Club, October 21st. This was a very full showing of the work of the members of the society, and the walls of the long galleries of the club were completely covered with large and small drawings, used supposedly to "illustrate" stories and articles that have appeared within the last year in the magazines and papers of New York. As a matter of fact, one never realizes how little the pictures used in our magazines really illustrate, until one sees a collection of them away from the story. And then it is plain to be seen that they carry no message in most cases. It is the exception in looking over the drawings at the National Arts Club to find one that conveys the faintest impression of its original purpose in publication. In other words, the illustrator seems to be losing his value in relation to the book and magazine world. He is seldom a student of human nature, he often knows little of the environment in which his scenes are placed and does not seek to understand it, and thus he becomes more or less a mechanical means of filling pages with pictures instead of copy.

We do not mean for an instant that there are not vital illustrators doing convincing work in America, and more of them every year, such artists as Glackens, Sloan, Bellows, Raleigh, Boardman Robinson, Wallace Morgan, May Wilson Preston. Indeed, a long list could be furnished of men and women who *illustrate* a story, not merely from text, but from their knowledge of human conditions out of which the story was born.

We were happy to see at this exhibition a little group of Mrs. Preston's drawings, vivid, human beings who are acting in the drawings as real people would in life, and who are apparently thinking as they act. In other words, with expressions and motions that seem to spring from within.

Mr. Reuterdahl also has at this exhibition a very real and extremely well-drawn picture which he calls "Future Citizens." This is a most dramatic sketch of immigrants boarding one of the great liners, freighted for America, with disappointments and tragedies in the horizon. Mr. Reuterdahl has given us a very real impression of many of the kind of people foreign countries are seeking to bestow upon us, and which we accept gladly because we want more *cheap labor,* and these people are cheap, until the labor unions find them and then they graduate into our societies for anarchy. Indeed some of these people whom Mr. Reuterdahl shows us are so horrible that although the picture was bought because of its brilliant design and technique, it was not published.

Among the 261 pictures of this exhibition, we find in addition to Mrs. Preston's and Mr. Reuterdahl's some interesting drawings by Joseph Pennell, and some extremely clever caricatures by W. J. Enright, "The Struggle," "Child Labor," "On to Baltimore."

Charles D. Gibson is there, and near-by, James Montgomery Flagg. C. Allan Gilbert presents a prominently colored picture which he calls "The Rail Bird," a flamboyantly pretty girl leaning over the fence, suggesting a cheerful poster for suburban real estate.

Altogether the exhibition is one to make one wonder where the purely commercial attitude toward this phase of what should be an art will end. As a whole the work seems done in the most flippant, unpurposeful way, to capture an unintelligent art department and an unthinking public. Just what good work these men could do in some instances we have seen, in many they have not been tested. But certainly out of an exhibition of nearly 300 drawings there are not two dozen that are fine examples of the illustrators' art.

Courtesy of C. W. Kraushaar.
(See page 380.)

"BEGGARS, ASSISSI": FROM AN ETCHING BY FRANK BRANGWYN.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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FREEDOM

"Know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

THE CRAFTSMAN has approached whatever problems of life it has discussed in the belief that the great truths are simple truths, and that ninety-nine per cent. of the conflict of opinion which envelops these problems is born of misplaced emphasis and a confused sense of values. People bring a bewildered judgment to many a vital problem because as they draw near it they lose their way in the maze of subsidiary and relatively unimportant problems which surround it and provide a fruitful field of controversy. And it is through the distorting atmosphere of controversy that the trivial seems big and the big trivial. No subject is more perilous of approach for this very reason than religion. Yet religion is a great unarguable fact in this human life of ours, and there is surely no reason why we should not approach it in the same simple, reverent, open-minded spirit in which we would confront any other vital fact. It is in this spirit that THE CRAFTSMAN will discuss the widening chasm between the church and the people, and the imperative need of a living, dominating spirituality in our national life.

That a chasm has been widening between the church and the people is a fact testified to by statistics, by the religious press and by discouraged churchmen in various parts of the world. Especially are the working classes getting out of touch with the churches. A comprehensive examination of the evidence moves Mr. Bouck White, in the preface to his "Call of the Carpenter," to name as the two salient facts of our day the rise of democracy and the decline of ecclesiasticism. The church is puzzled and troubled by the attitude of the people, and is undoubtedly making sincere and earnest efforts to bridge the chasm. But the difficulty seems to be a peculiarly baffling because a paradoxical one. It is that the very forms and formulas created to protect and perpetuate the spiritual truths on which our religion is built have in the course of time become barriers between us and those very truths. This paradox has its parallels everywhere. Thus how often, in recent political controversies, we have heard the Constitution, the covenant of a people's freedom, invoked to block the fuller realization of that freedom. This is the mistake of thinking the instru-

ment greater than the cause, the letter stronger than the spirit, the symbol more sacred than the thing symbolized.

Many, doubtless, still find the spiritual stimulus and freedom they need within the confines of the creeds. But with the majority of earnest and thoughtful people such is probably not the case. Some support the churches because of the good they do and try to do, and because they stand as a dignified official recognition of the fact that life has a spiritual as well as a material side. Others actually find their spiritual aspirations chilled instead of nourished by the forms of ecclesiasticism.

EVERY religion that voices the aspiration of a race or an individual is in a sense a true religion. It is true, in the pragmatical sense, as long as it serves its purpose. Only when an idol has outlived its usefulness is the iconoclast justified by his works. At one time or another every race has created for itself a religion suited to its needs. Usually this has been done through the instrumentality of some one man of vision. And always the bigger, more creative achievements, the children of a living imagination, have been possible to the nation that has found its religion. But whenever that religion has become so finally crystallized and dogmatized that it can no longer change with the changing needs of the people it has become a hindrance and burden to its creators, or else it has been tacitly ignored by them, or accorded a merely perfunctory observance.

Whatever uses such a denatured religion may have, it can not appease the spiritual hunger of a growing people. Such a people must have light as well as law. The living spirit cannot be cabined and confined in a formula. The letter cramps the spirit. It is significant that Jesus was content to trust his tremendous message to the spoken word alone.

Life is a change, a process of becoming. Therefore the truth for us can never be absolute and final. Evolution is a law of the spiritual as well as of the physical world, and in the light of this truth, wonderful reconciliations become possible in the domains of science, religion and philosophy. Thus the new and vital philosophy of Henri Bergson is derived, like that of Herbert Spencer, from the great scientific generalization of the evolution of living species. But Bergson goes further than Spencer, in his emphasis of the creative aspect of evolution. His philosophy discloses the life of the spirit, revealing to us a reality that is consistent with the satisfaction of our highest ideals. In his view, one of his commentators says, the reality of life is essentially freedom: "Life is a free activity in an open universe. We may be of little account in the great whole. Humanity itself and the planet on

which it has won its success may be an infinitesimal part of the universal life, but it is one and identical with that life, and our struggle and striving is the impetus of life. And this, above all, our spiritual life means to us—the past has not perished, the future is being made."

Why, then, should we fear to bring a free and open mind to the consideration of religion. Truth has nothing to suffer from truth. When life forces us to discard a dogma that has outlived its usefulness, life offers us something better in its place, and we have no excuse for repinings or misgivings. The sun is not extinguished when a candle burns out. To love the ancient forms of religion more than we love the religion which created those forms is idolatry. To fear that light has died when an old lamp is broken is childish lack of faith. There is no real loss in our individual lives, as there is no real loss in the universe. *Human experience is a progressive discovery of good.*

OUR spiritual life is not a thing apart, but is born of and colored by our physical, emotional and intellectual experiences. And as these experiences are part of the ever-moving, ever-changing stream of life, they change, and our spiritual needs change with them. Religion, which links our consciousness to this vast current and makes us feel our relation to the stupendous uncomprehended scheme of life, is something at the same time universal and intimately personal. Therefore there is no irreverence in the idea that every man has a right to create his own God. In fact, no man can escape this responsibility. No definition can hold God, nobody can put him into a formula for us. Our discovery of God is a constant, never-ending process, like our discovery of life. It is, after all, the great adventure, to which love and service and toil are all contributory.

The case of the seeker after spiritual truth is not unlike that of a man lost in the woods and trying to find his way to camp. He takes his bearings by the stars, or the sun, or the moss on the trees, as the case may be, and then holds as straight a course as he can toward the spot where he knows that the glow of the camp-fire awaits him. If he misjudges the direction he pays the penalty of finding himself at the end of an hour further than ever from his goal, and of having to put his woodcraft to the test anew. And only to this extent is a man penalized for taking a false trail in his quest of truth. The old idea that a special damnation is meted out to all who venture from the highway of so-called orthodoxy has probably long ago died a natural death. But it is well to go further and remind ourselves of the fact that the man who dares to blaze his own trail may chance upon the nugget which will lead to the opening up of a new country and the building of new highways. And in any case he develops in himself

finer qualities of eourage and resoureefulness than the plodder on the beaten road is likely to achieve.

But unlike the man lost in the woods who seeks the haven of camp, the man driven onward by the spiritual urge does not know the nature of the goal he is seeking. It is true that his imagination has probably glimpsed some vision of the General Good, to give direction and meaning to his life. But this vision, while it will neeessarily result in good works by the way, will probably remain in the last analysis largely individual and undemonstrable. Here is where the family plays its part, forming the great link between the individual inspiration and the general good. As Mr. G. Lowes Diekinson has pointed out, to disbelieve in a general good is to empty life of what eonstitutes, for most thinking men, its main value. Of good, as of beauty, we have an imperfect perception, but we are constantly endeavoring to perfect that pereeption. Through the family we realize our own stake in the welfare of future generations, and that we are responsible to life no less surely than life is responsible for us.

IN the family, too, is conserved the idea of love, whieh is the basis of the more spiritual religions, and which perhaps eomes nearer than any other human experience to being an absolute good. Religion, like love, is a spiritual passion. And it is for the sake of life here that we need to strain toward an unattainable good, far more than for the sake of a problematieal life elsewhere. Even if the consummation toward which we struggle is hidden in the elouds, the urge toward it is here and now. That, to us, is the important point. And to say that all human aetivities have their religious or spiritual bearings is merely to say that all human aetivities involve human relations. As G. Lowes Diekinson remarks in his "The Meaning of Good," war, politics, business, industry are in essenee "just relations between human beings—relations of eommand and obedience, of respeet, admiration, antagonism, comradeship, infinitely eomplex, infinitely various, but still all of them strung, as it were, upon a single thread of passion; all of them at tension to beeome something else; all pointing to the eonsummation which it is the nature of that whieh ereated them to seek, and all, in that sense, paradoxical as it may sound, only means to love." And Mr. Diekinson's examination into the nature and meaning of Good eoneludes with this stimulating affirmation: "Whatever Reality may ultimately be, it is on the life of the affeetions, with all its eonfused tangle of loves and hates, attraetions, repulsions, and, worst of all, indifferenees, it is in this intrieate eommeree of souls that we may eome nearest to apprehending what perhaps we shall never wholly apprehend, but the quest ot whieh alone, as I believe, gives any

significance to life, and makes it a thing which a wise and brave man will be able to persuade himself it is right to endure."

It seems to THE CRAFTSMAN that work and love must be dominant factors in any religion that will meet the needs of this nation. It is generally conceded that the world's workers are closer to things spiritual than the world's idlers. Labor keeps vital our contact with nature and our consciousness of the common lot. Carlyle never tires of driving home the idea that "the best worship is stout labor," but many a thinker before and since has preached the gospel of "work for work's sake." In toil we discover brotherhood. It would almost seem as if spirituality were a by-product of labor, and that as civilization is born of a nation's surplus wealth so character is born of a certain spiritual surplus that the individual unconsciously accumulates through work.

WHEN HE NEEDED HELP

THERE was once a young man who felt that he needed help. When he was poor in spirit and saw that he must needs prove himself, he comforted himself by saying: "This is my own town and here are my neighbors and acquaintances. Their good-will must bear me up."

And he leaned on them, but they were as a broken reed under him. They did not support him. Then he said: "I will go to my best friend, who is a very powerful man. Surely he will carry me through."

But his best friend gave him only sympathy, and it was easy to see that by the very giving of that sympathy, doubt was augmented. And the young man called his best friend a traitor and left him, for he could not win his support. And then the young man said: "I will go to those of my own blood, my family, and they will be my strong staff on which to lean. Surely they will not leave me in the lurch."

But though his family offered him much advice and a little money they did not support him, nor did they encourage him. And he left them sadly. And, finally, because he could think of no one else who would be likely to help him, he sought out the Sage Who Never Slumbers and told his tale disconsolately. And he did everything that could be done for the young man, for he said:

"None will bear you up or carry you through because you are not sufficient for yourself. Why should they have confidence in you, when you have more confidence in them than in yourself? What else have you but yourself to guarantee your undertakings? Rely on your own strength, support yourself!"

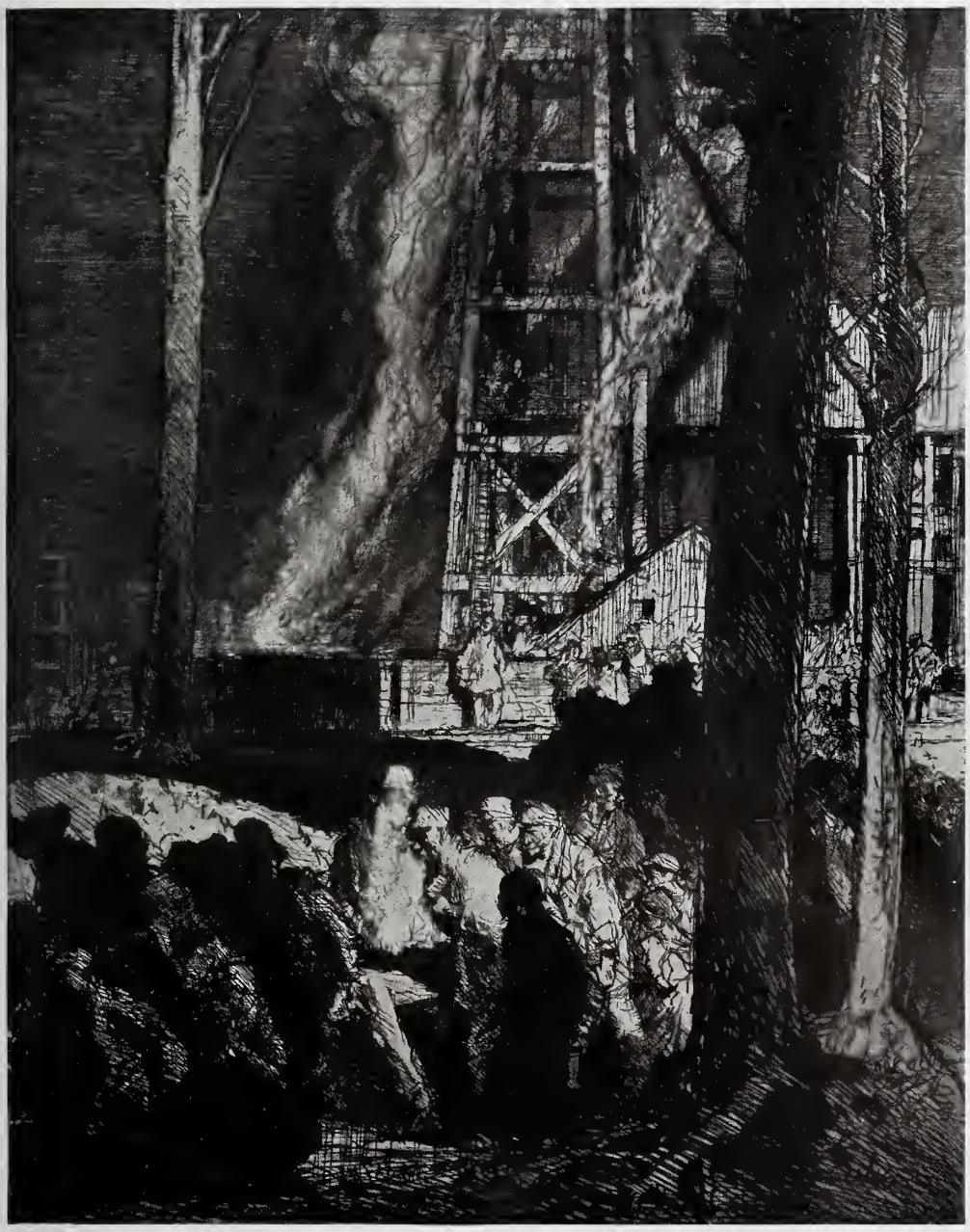
MARGUERITE O. B. WILKINSON.

FRANK BRANGWYN: PAINTER-ETCHER: BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

ND who is he? Who is this audacious etcher who, seeing things large, dares to break the sacred canons of Whistler, who from his shrine magnificently declared to the world: "the huge plate is an offense," a dictum which his followers still lay down as the magna charta of the copper plate. Brangwyn is a continuous shock to the British, a joy to the Continent, but unfortunately less known to the broad United States of America. He makes his own laws, paints his own ways; his masculine nature demands elbow room and a large outlet for a still larger viewpoint.

Reams have been written about this remarkable man, who single-handed fought the academic conventions of his own land and placed himself in the hall of fame in the art centers abroad where personal expression and artistic liberty stand as an achievement. Brangwyn's pictures are not often to be seen here, and none of the museums has any of his later work. With the exception of a gorgeous panel, dealing with the departure of Columbus, in the home of Mr. Robert J. Collier, nothing of importance is to be found among American collectors. And this is but another evidence that as far as the best foreign art goes we are still "in the woods," for unless a foreign artist be almost under monopolistic arrangement with a dealer, and pushed by him it becomes difficult for him to place his work on this side of the water. Except possibly on the walls of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh, which is in matters of art progressive and unprovincial, little but foreign pot boilers can be found. We all know that New York is not the art center of America, and it is for a western city to first recognize Brangwyn's great abilities as a decorator. Just now he is putting the finishing touches upon a gigantic panel for the new courthouse at Cleveland. The hanging of this may help to convince our people that the classic pap which is so often served in the murals of the average American decorator are simply nondescript easel pictures, and not at all mural decoration where the painting should be an integral part of the architectural scheme and the building itself. A chapter could be written on our candy box mural decorations applied to the halls of a live people interested in the concrete problems of a modern age.

AS a decorator, Brangwyn stands alone, also as an etcher, and his only peer is Zorn. Commonplaceness of nature, the magnification of trivial details and total neglect of decorative arrangements of line or light seem to be the characteristic of



Courtesy of C. W. Kraushaar.

"THE COAL MINE," FROM AN ETCHING BY FRANK BRANGWYN.

Courtesy of C. W. Kraushaar.

"BRIDGE AT BARNARD CASTLE," FROM AN ETCHING BY FRANK BRANGWYN.

Courtesy of C. W. Kraushaar.

"UNLOADING BRICKS—GHENT," FROM AN ETCHING BY FRANK BRANGWYN.

Courtesy of C. W. Kraushaar.

"THE BLACK MILL, WINCHELSEA," FROM AN ETCHING BY FRANK BRANGWYN.

much present etching, simply drawings in line on a copper plate, pen drawings in fact, and without the sensation of the etched line, quivering, sonorously deep. From the glories of Rembrandt modern etching seems to have drifted to be polite illustration, dainty and delicate, harmonizing with the parlor hangings. Because of Whistler's wondrous delicacy of line, the expression of his own feminism, it has become the thing to mystify the etched subjects with an atmosphere of vagueness bordering upon weakness.

So Brangwyn came as a shock. Massive painter, broad-shouldered in spirits, with splendid decorative sense, a sure draughtsman—organic not anatomical, he picks up etching as a pastime. As he said himself, "so that the bally dark fog could not keep me from working." Soon he finds that the copper plate is too small, too hard for his sweep, unpliable. Big, he needed room, and he began to work on zinc as metal. He established his own technique, and after years of experiments found that he could literally paint on the great responsive zinc plates.

Brangwyn is religious within himself, an ardent catholic. The splendor of the great art traditions of the church, the rich vestments, light fused through stained glass, the dome overhead with the incense circling above the choir boys, all lay dormant in his soul and found expression in his Oriental color sense. That same throbbing feeling and depth of color has pulsated in his plates, rich, deep tones, melting into half lights, again diffused into the ivory of the paper. And the man's underlying respect for the thing he etches, not the globe-trotter's random notes, but the result of an emotion, the desire to do the thing for its own sake, for what it means —that very feeling which made Millet shun Paris and live with the peasant and which drove Meunier from the silks and satins of Brussels to the miner and puddler of the Liege district! He can be no snob in mental kid gloves and spats, who sings the song of the toiler; the effort must come from one whose mind is filled with sympathy and to whom these robust figures are more than picturesque spots in the landscape.

THE Welsh blood in Brangwyn has made him unBritish and he is without that provincial smugness and hypocrisy which is characteristically English, as emphasized by the three-part novel, London without restaurants on Sunday, and the awful banalities of the Royal Academy. And it may be said right here that the men who are making their mark in British art today are mainly not English, but rather Scotch, Irish or Welsh—as John, Pryde, Orpen, among the younger ones.

Due to opportune travel in the near East, Brangwyn enriched his Oriental lust for color, bred in his father's workroom at Bruges, where tapestries and shimmering fabrics came to be under the guidance of Brangwyn senior, craftsman and architect. And his earlier canvases dealt with sea life, his drawings illustrating Clarke Russell's "Life of the Merchant Sailor," depicted eloquently the squalid misery and slave-driving toil of the sailor man, wet, ill-fed, fingers frozen—all notes from the artist's personal knowledge.

The journeys to the Levant fanned the color flame and the rich canvas in the Luxembourg comes from that period. But the call of the Thames rang in his ears,—the cries of the bargemen, the noise of the clanking winches, the great cranes silhouetted against the sunlit dome of St. Paul, and the boat builders at Hammersmith, all became his, and with the needle he epitomized the trade of London. His navvies unloading, bending under the weight of bales and crates, are not stage figures. One who has drifted from St. Catherine to Tilbury sees the sadness of the "docker," the hopelessness of his life just as the temporary cog in the commerce of the Empire. Brangwyn has it all.

The spirit of the age is typified in these plates. Our age is one of reality, a mechanical one, though there are many who in paint and copper prefer the softening veneer of artificial sentimentality. The Edisons of the world are making the twentieth century; the skyscraper, the wireless and the Panama canal are the symbols, no longer the fanciful rondeau. Not that poetry is extinct, it simply appears in other forms. And Brangwyn is the kind of a poet who makes of the seemingly mechanically commonplace, an epic filled with life and beauty. Marcel, the director of the national French Library, does not overstate when he says that: "lifeless things like machines receive from his needle the most striking color and character. The infinite power that is for the moment imprisoned in them seem to interest him intensely." Such indeed is the impression that the wharf and the factory produces upon us; there the man whose intelligence enslaves and controls these inorganic forces seems the inferior, the slave almost of the monster that he has tamed.

THE chief things about the etchings of Frank Brangwyn's is their bull-like virility, the passionate color, the solidity of object and its proper relation to the surroundings. While the new impressionism has swept superfluous detail before it, the method of broken color does not always convey solid substance—and even the most ardent, will admit that Monet's series of Rouen Cathedral do not carry the impression of the heft of the granite pile,

Reproduced from the "Spirit of the Age":
By Walter Shaw Sparrow.

"REST," FROM A PAINTING BY FRANK BRANGWYN.

Reproduced from the "Spirit of the Age"
By Walter Shaw Sparrow

"THE DEPARTURE OF LANCASTER FOR THE EAST INDIES." FROM A PAINTED PANEL BY FRANK BRANGWYN.

tons of solid substance under the play of light. To obtain the vibration of atmosphere the etcher came to employ the broken line, which does not always signify substance. There is no faultiness in a Brangwyn line, it is direct and solid. His scenes of Messina, the "Bridge at Barnard Castle," the plates from Venice, the Cathedral at Eu, in all there are the proper relations of component parts. The sky is vaporous no matter how dark, the buildings and the ships are full and round, and have breadth and are not of cardboard thickness. Those magnificent etchings of the breaking up of the Hannibal, and the one of the old Duncan at the wrecker's yard—to those grand old ships, their tumble home sides he has given the weight of tons of burden within. The Duncan plate stands with Turner's "The Fighting Temeraire" as great epics of the last of the wooden walls of the British navy, the tragedy of wood and hemp, the three decker of Nelson pushed aside by steam and iron.

The charm of Brangwyn's etchings lie in their direct, swift expression. A first impression is a broad, brilliant mass of light and a fine decorative pattern. Here and there shine forth splendid bits of detail, but they hold their place and are never noisy. And like a true craftsman, Brangwyn carries on the work in the printing.

Brangwyn's sense of weight is akin to that of Piranesi, the old Italian, and among moderns is found in the plates of MacLaughlin, and it qualifies Frank Brangwyn as *the* delineator of our skyscrapers, hitherto a subject of weak renderings without either the weight of the iron within or the spirit which these monoliths themselves represent. I can imagine Brangwyn drinking in the beauties of the Panama canal, of the construction period. His fat, rich lines would typify the titanic struggle, the giganticness of the thing—the masculinity of thousands of men eclipsing the pyramids. Instead we have feminine echoes of a Whistler, their cobweb daintiness depicting the greatest engineering feat of man.

But Brangwyn will soon visit America and we may then enjoy with him the rising skyscrapers under the setting sun with the traffic of the harbor at their bases. I visualize already his rapid sketches of the great expanse of the East river, the jam at the Battery, the beauties of High Bridge, the city as it rises from the bay. I can almost see the sturdy form of Frank Brangwyn, chewing his pipe, bending over his sketch book, laughing like a boy enjoying a new sensation, working like mad under the inspiration of the concrete piles before him. It is a pity that our native etchers have failed to carry the *élan* of the skyscrapers, and their full meaning, but all the more will Brangwyn's orchestration in black and white be eagerly awaited by virile thinkers who feel that art is universal, not national.

THE MUSIC AMERICA BUYS: WHAT THE NEW YORK SEASON OFFERS IN MANY FIELDS: BY NATALIE CURTIS

THE cosmopolitanism of New York City is perhaps in nothing more clearly demonstrated than in its musical life. It is still an external life for the most part—we do not make music ourselves in our homes, but we go to hear others make it for us in concert-hall and opera house. Yet as we are a young nation whose energies had first to be concentrated upon material things, the present period of assimilation is necessary as a process of fertilization before we can hope for a healthy growth in self-expression.

That we want music is evident from the fact that such institutions as the opera and the symphony orchestras which abroad are to a great extent subsidized by the Government, are here maintained through the voluntary contributions of private citizens whose generosity makes possible the production of art works of permanent educational value. The people of New York support no fewer than five symphony orchestras: The orchestra of the Philharmonic Society, the oldest orchestral organization in this country of which Joseph Stransky is now conductor; the New York Symphony Orchestra, founded by Dr. Leopold Damrosch and now conducted by his son, Walter; the Russian Symphony Orchestra, led by Modest Altschuler, organized to introduce to this country works by Russian composers; the Volpe Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Arnold Volpe, under whose baton young orchestral players attain a thorough training that fits them for work in the larger orchestras later on—(not many years ago most of our orchestral musicians had to be imported directly from Europe); and the People's Symphony Orchestra, which under the devoted leadership of Franz X. Arens, offers concerts to students and workers at prices ranging from fifteen to fifty cents. The Boston Symphony Orchestra visits New York regularly, giving ten subscription concerts each season, and Chicago, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh have in past years also sent their orchestras. Then there is of course the orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House, which plays in concert every Sunday night.

All this means comparison, competition and growth, and though it shows the restless, novelty-seeking, nervous tendencies of our civic life, it also proves that there is here a real demand for orchestral music and that New York is become a musical center whose *cachet* is worth having. That there is room and even indeed a temporary need for such a variety of orchestral music is due to the ambitious spirit of enterprise characteristic of American life in general, and

also to the cosmopolitanism of the city whose audiences include so many different nationalities. For instance, the advent of Titta Ruffo, the Italian baritone, at the Opera House, packs the galleries and standing room (as on nights when Caruso sings) with vociferous Italians whose loud cries of "bravo" and "bis" proclaim their nationality. On Wagner nights these same galleries are filled with serious Germans who promptly silence any outburst of applause and listen with studious intensity in the darkened hall through a long evening beginning at seven-thirty and ending at midnight.

The audience at the Russian Symphony Concerts is of course largely Russian; the concerts of the Volpe Orchestra are performed almost exclusively to a highly musical and enthusiastic Jewish public (Anton Seidl used to say that without the generous support of the cultured and music-loving Jews of New York, we could never so quickly have attained a musical growth); while at a recent concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra at which the popular Irish tenor, John McCormack, was soloist and Stanford's Irish Symphony was performed, the house was crowded with the sons and daughters of Erin.

IT is precisely this great variety of experience offered by a season in New York that makes the musical life of this city so rich in interest. We import music from everywhere, and concerts are now within the means of all classes. And if we leave the more conventional environment of the opera house and concert-halls and seek music in humbler corners, we shall find down town in the Syrian quarter the one-stringed Arabian *rhabab* and the Persian lute and zither playing melodies wafted hither from Egypt and the East, and we shall discover at the other end of the city, in uttermost Harlem, a truly remarkable Negro orchestra of one hundred and twenty-five musicians called the Clef Club, made up of banjos, mandolins and guitars of all shapes and sizes, and reinforced by the usual stringed instruments of the orchestra to whose irresistible, rhythmic, "ragtime" swing much syncopated accentuation is lent by drums and by the surprisingly effective and original addition of ten upright pianos, back to back in pairs, treated simply as part of the orchestra. These colored musicians perform their own compositions, playing and often singing in good four-part harmony at the same time. The skill and precision of their performance, combined with the impulsive, intuitive musical feeling natural to the Negro, make the concerts of this Club (organized by the Negroes themselves for their own colored audiences) comparable in the combination of folk-spirit and musical ability to the playing of the Hungarian bands that toured Europe and American so successfully.

The noble old Philharmonic Society which was founded in eighteen hundred and forty-four (by curious coincidence, the same year as the founding of the Philharmonic in Vienna) and which has numbered some of the greatest orchestral leaders among its conductors, Theodore Thomas, Anton Seidl, Gustav Mahler and many others, enters this year on a new phase of its long career. Last winter a generous bequest to the Philharmonic of half a million dollars was made by the late Joseph Pulitzer on the condition that the Society procure a thousand new members, each subscribing ten dollars a year. In a few months the membership list numbered more than a thousand and is still growing—a fine tribute to the city's pride in its oldest orchestra—and many New Yorkers look forward to the time when an increase in this fund, through new donations, may make the Philharmonic Society permanently free from all financial limitations in carrying out its artistic aims. The reorganization of the orchestra under the late Gustav Mahler and the daily rehearsals have borne fruit, and though no band in New York has yet attained the finish of the incomparable Boston Symphony Orchestra, such perfection is the goal.

The prospectus of this notable Society embraces as formerly sixteen "pairs" of concerts on Thursday evenings and Friday afternoons and eight popular concerts on Sunday afternoons. That a taste for good music is constantly increasing among us is evident from the fact that the Sunday concert as a regular institution is growing amazingly in frequency and popularity, showing that the people who work during the week really like concert-going as a form of instructive relaxation. And when we realize that concerts of the high standard of the Philharmonic are financially within the reach of all (three dollars will purchase a subscription ticket for the eight Sunday concerts) we see that in a city avowedly commercial in its aims, there is yet enough love of art among its public-spirited richer citizens to make possible, through large individual subscriptions, the maintaining of a great orchestra that can give the whole people the best in music at rates which everybody can afford.

THE art of program building in which Mr. Walter Damrosch is a master is exemplified not only by the concerts of the New York Symphony Society but also by a most attractive and instructive prospectus of the six Concerts for Young People given by the Symphony Orchestra on Saturday afternoons in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Damrosch in his transcontinental orchestral tours has carried good music all over the United States. He is also well known throughout the country as a lecturer, and his explanatory words

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Opera House.

OLIVE FREMSTAD, THE GREAT BRUNHILDE OF TODAY.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Opera House.

THE LOVELY GERALDINE FARRAR
AS MIMI IN "LA BOHÈME."

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Opera House.

AMATO AS BARNABA,
IN "LA GIACONDA."

Courtesy of the Metropoliton Opera House.

BORI, THE NEW SPANISH PRIMA DONNA, AS MANON LESCAUT.

accompanying the Concerts for Young People make these matinées of distinct educational worth to the hundreds of schoolchildren who crowd the auditorium. It is a delightful sight when the bleak walls of Carnegie Hall are turned into a background for what seems like a magnified "Children's Hour," when be-ribboned heads and eager little faces peer over the plush railings of the galleries, and schoolteachers marshall their flocks to the seats that are subscribed for year by year. Perhaps in another decade or so these little listeners may be able to impart to their own children at home a more intelligent love for music, for these concerts aim to appeal to the mind as well as to the impressions of the American child.

Besides the musical enterprises that make for the culture and refinement of our citizens, there are educational organizations of distinctly humanitarian and sociological character like the People's Choral Union founded by Frank Damrosch, where no examination is required and every one may learn sight-singing and join the great chorus which includes hundreds of working men and women and has branches in different parts of the city. Then there are the Music School Settlements under David Mannes, one in the Russian Jewish quarter of East Third Street, and another for colored people in the "Black Belt" of Harlem. These schools aim to appeal through music to the higher nature of children who would otherwise be on the streets. The work has grown to include adults also, and it has been stated that of all settlement work none comes much closer to the hearts and homes of the people than this center for music.

It is a long way from the Settlement School to the Opera of New York, which still remains a luxury, as the productions are magnificent and elaborate, the standard high, and the cost of presentation great. The performances at the Metropolitan Opera House are indeed among the most brilliant in the world, and perhaps nowhere else, except possibly in London, can there be heard so great a variety of operas of all schools sung in the original languages by so many celebrated artists of different nationalities. It is encouráging to note however that each year the percentage of English-speaking singers bearing Anglo-Saxon names increases on the list of artists. It is no longer necessary for the American singer to claim to be "Signor," "Mademoiselle," or "Madame," as in the old days, and though the opera company contains French, German, Italian and Slavic artists, the American, as an American, is constantly coming more and more to the fore.

As last season, so this winter a work will be sung in English, the "Cyrano de Bergerac" by Walter Damrosch, who received the inspiration for his new opera from Richard Mansfield's spirited per-

formance of Rostand's play. Another work to be heard here for the first time will be "Le Chemineau," a modern French opera by Leroux, but the greatest event of the year will be the first performance here of "Boris Godounoff," an historical drama of the Russian people by Russia's great composer Moussorgsky. Kurt Schindler, whose illuminative lecture on "Boris Godounoff" will be repeated later in the season, ranks this opera as prophetic of a new development in music, placing Moussorgsky with Beethoven, Gluck and Wagner among the "seers," and comparing "Boris Godounoff" dramatically to "Julius Cæsar" and "Macbeth."

In contrast to the poignant realism of this music-drama is the elaborate revival of Mozart's "Magic Flute," an opera which is a very garden of fancy, wherein all the joy and magic of dreams and the charm of an eternal childhood bloom in the artist's message of beauty.

Added to the regular Metropolitan subscription series are five performances of French opera by the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company on Tuesday evenings, thus giving New York seven performances of opera a week, including Saturday matinées. The opera singers are also heard in concert on Sunday nights.

ALTHOUGH we are promised many excellent concert singers this season as well as pianists and soloists of other kinds, it is the violinists who claim most of our attention, for a very constellation of stars will offer us a rare opportunity for study and comparison. First, there is Ysaye, the great Belgian, who makes his reappearance here after an absence of eight years. He was tumultuously welcomed at his opening concert in November by an audience that exhausted the capacity of Carnegie Hall. And the art of Ysaye justifies this following. It is supreme art, for the violinist today stands at the summit of his achievement, and his power is that of the recreative genius who makes an art-work live anew as one imagines that it must have lived in the dream of the composer. Ysaye chose for his opening program the pure music of the old masters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and led us back to Vitali, Veracini, Geminiani and Mozart. At once the listener felt the poise and power of the artist who could limn with such reserve and with such unerring delicacy and beauty the chaste and severe outlines of these older works, and yet breathe into the classic forms that shining warmth that makes their grace and dignity alive. The laughing sunlight of Mozart never seemed to call more clearly across the years than when the violinist's fingers woke again those perfect melodies that must forever be the joy of listening mankind. But

it was in the "Chaconne" by Vitali that Ysaye rose to his greatest height. This number, played to the accompaniment of the organ, was a marvel of sustained heroic beauty; its nobility, intensity and devotional fire made one think involuntarily of Browning, and of the "wonderful Dead, who have passed through the body and gone, but were back once more to breathe in an old world worth their new."

Fritz Kreisler is perhaps the only other violinist of today who stands on a level with Ysaye, and he fully equals the Belgian in intellectual grasp and lofty musicianship. It is many years since Kreisler made his debut at one of Anton Seidl's concerts in Steinway Hall as a boy prodigy, and his art has steadily grown. The breadth, sincerity and dignity of his playing proclaim the master.

Then we have also with us this season Mischa Elman, whose dazzling technique and brilliant virtuosity have made him a sensational favorite, and the young Russian, Efrem Zimbalist, who repeats this winter his successes of last season. Miss Maud Powell, well known throughout the country, Louis Persinger, a new-comer, Bonarios Grimson, who makes his debut this season, Albert Spalding, Miss Irma Seydel, David Mannes, Henry Schmidt and others appear on the roll of violinists who will be heard in concert here this season.

Chamber-music will be represented of course by the Kneisel, Flonzaley and Olive Mead quartets, by the Margulies trio, the Barrère ensemble, and the Sonata Recitals of Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes, as well as by other combinations of artists.

The Christmas season now upon us would not seem complete without the annual performance of "The Messiah" by the Oratorio Society, which sings this year under a new conductor, Louis Koemmenich, though its purpose, the production of religious works, remains the same. The Society for Musical Art, a highly specialized choir of eighty professional singers under Frank Damrosch, will also give a Christmas program on December seventeenth, and an Easter program in March.

EACH Chorus in New York has its own special function. Yet of all the musical enterprises in this city there is none that fills a more important place in the development of an understanding of music, or that shows greater vitality than the Schola Cantorum of New York, a new organization which is an outgrowth of the MacDowell Chorus founded by Kurt Schindler a few years ago. This institution not only gives to the public concerts of rare music of all periods and schools not to be heard elsewhere and sung in the original languages, but also through its great chorus of two

hundred and fifty chosen voices it offers to the people the opportunity to perform themselves this music according to the highest artistic standard. This organization fills a long-felt want in this city, for it at last supplies New York with a large and carefully selected mixed chorus remarkable for beauty of tone and systematic training and available for coöperation with any of our orchestras.

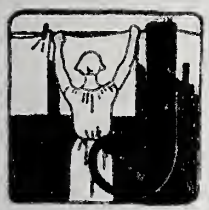
Though the chorus membership includes amateurs, professionals and students, the standard is so high that only those with pronounced ability and with very good voices are accepted as members. Some of the rich music-lovers in New York whose beautiful voices have been carefully trained at great expense find in this chorus a serious field for the use of a talent which might otherwise have been but a pleasure to a few friends, and there is perhaps nothing more strikingly convincing of the value of the chorus to its amateur members than the cheerful renunciation of dinners and opera boxes on rehearsal night. Side by side with the fashionable woman one sees the struggling student or the aspiring young professional whose ability may promise an opportunity for some small solo at the concert. It is this democratic welding of all classes in work for a common aim that forms one of the most valuable features of the chorus.

This institution is striking its roots deep into the city's life; it has organized a small choir of madrigal singers picked from the best voices in the chorus and open to engagements for private concerts and drawing rooms; and also it aims to establish annex choruses in the settlements, and offers to its members and the public a course of six morning lectures given at the Hotel Plaza.

The Schola Cantorum of New York bears a name associated with the cultivation of choral music from the very beginning of the art in early Christian times, and it is hoped that in this new country the old historic title may find worthy life. Certainly nothing could be more comprehensive than one of the avowed aims of the young Schola, "the founding of an educational center for the growth and appreciation of choral music which, as a democratic form of art, should be of the same recognized importance in this country that it is in Europe." This institution is so vital and so energetic that it seems certain to grow; and it will be an important factor in our development, for we shall only attain to self-expression in art as in all other things, through "learning by doing."

SKOWHEGAN, ME

THE SOCIALIST: A STORY: BY MARIE LOUISE VAN SAANEN



JEAN PAUL BERTRAND at the age of thirty married the sickly daughter of a scrubwoman. The first year a girl was born, the second year a girl, the third year a girl and the fifth year a boy. Jean Paul was an electrician. He worked all day. At seven o'clock every evening he climbed the six flights of dark stairs leading to the cramped and slovenly flat, where his wife, his brood, and the evening soup awaited him. After supper he sometimes beat his wife. She annoyed him by never complaining or emerging from a state of drab resignation to her unenviable lot.

Before going to bed, he read attentively a seditious newspaper called "The People's War." When he was not beating his wife or reading this violent sheet, he was overlooking, with fierce defiant tenderness, his offspring, as one by one they appeared into the world, huge-headed and puny, a squalling, thin-blooded race, to heighten expenses of living.

Jean Paul hated these things:—traditions, laws, unequally distributed wealth, the army and the power of a government over an individual. He hated the army, because it protected national interests. During his enforced military service of the two years which were sliced from his bread-winning life, the army had paid him a penny a day, had supplied him with tobacco and an ill-fitting red and blue uniform; it had jostled him into some showing of discipline, by often punishing him as a sulky child of the nation; and in time it had delivered him back to the big, indifferent city of Paris, where he continued his profession of electrician, married the scrubwoman's daughter, and had by her, four children.

Jean Paul loved one thing, his children. These stunted waxen-cheeked images of himself, these mites of inferior wit, belonged to him and formed his kingdom. They were timid subjects, fearing him as the poor man sometimes fears the rich man, loving him as animals love a master. They flocked at his call, huddled together when he addressed them, stared at him when he beat his wife, and cowered at a reprimand, fearing a like beating.

Once in a long while, Jean Paul brought a comrade or two home with him. At such times, he climbed the six flights of stairs with more than his usual assurance. From the hall, his voice, loud and boastful, could be heard directing his guests. Then his wife, always listening for his return, would bestir herself, produce a bottle or two of sour red wine, and the cheap tobacco which drifted in thick nauseous clouds to the low ceiling and gathered like a wall before the ever-closed window. Having ministered to the comforts of her husband

and his friends, she would call the children into the next room and fit them into two beds for the night. Then the men, grouped about the kitchen table, could drink and talk freely.

Jean Paul, tall, hollow-chested, waved gestures of revolt; his face shone waxen from his blond beard, his eyes of washed-out blue stared fiercely. He denounced laws and made others by claiming rights; he railed against big men who controlled fortunes and would have himself owned those fortunes; he condemned trusts and would have formed them; he pounded his fist on the table until the thick glasses rattled, thundering invectives against the army and cursing the Government. His friends thought him an eloquent speaker.

One night he strode into the room where his son lay sleeping, seized the shivering, half-awakened boy, and carrying him to the kitchen, stood him on the table among the wine bottles.

"Here, little one," he cried. "Here are your father's friends. When you are a man you will refuse, as they do, to be oppressed."

The men applauded, but the boy was frightened and whimpered. So his father kissed him and carried him back to his place in the bed between two of his soundly-sleeping sisters.

Dating from that evening, Jean Paul undertook the education of his children. He taught them things which they lisped stupidly after him; he taught them to cry, "Down with the army;" he taught them the meaning of tyranny; he shaped them, making them ready for revolt and hate of mankind. Their noses were sharp, their mouths bloodless, their shoulders narrow. They piped like magpies of rebellion to social laws.

One day Jean Paul and his friends went on a strike. The papers elevated them to the importance of a modern problem. They felt themselves as strong as if the city were at their mercy. Other strikes, results of their initiative, were threatened. There were also rumors of war with another country. Regiments of soldiers tramped the streets to the swinging rhythm of marches. All the urchins in Paris, keeping step, trailed after the soldiers. Officers, grave and kind of face, rode on fine horses, beside their men. Jean Paul was not deceived. "They do it on purpose to frighten us with a show of their strength," he swore, and pointing to the officers who rode by, he told his children: "There go some of your enemies."

Because he was not working now, he devoted much of his time to his family. Every fine afternoon he took by the hand his boy and the youngest girl, and leaving the two other sisters to follow meekly, led his brood to the Luxembourg Gardens.

He could not afford to give them rides on the merry-go-round or on the bicycles or in the goat cart: but they could stand and watch

wealthier children squander pennies on these innocent amusements, and in its way this was diverting enough. But Jean Paul hated more than ever the state of affairs which permitted inequality among children.

It was early spring. The garden smelt of spice and grass. Tiny leaves unfurled to points of green; the earth was smooth and brown; pansies and tulips made bright patches in the flower beds, and lights and shadows fell softly over a beaming naïve world. Children, in new straw hats, with gay-colored little coats, scampered to and fro. Everyone and everything seemed young and shy.

One fine afternoon Jean Paul and his children crossed the Gardens and came to the merry-go-round. The girls wore little checked flannel winter dresses, pinned together neatly with safety pins, and cheap red ribbons in their hair. The boy wore a pinafore and stout square-toed shoes. Jean Paul went to the low wire railing which protected the entrance to the merry-go-round. His children clung to this railing and peered over it. Mothers and nurses and some fathers sat on a bench inside the circle. Children were lifted on and off the wooden animals. Each child, once mounted, was handed a stick with which to capture rings as the merry-go-round turned.

The merry-go-round whirled to the wheezing of a tune which was supposed to be gay, but was really old and tired and which cracked on its high notes. Jean Paul's children could have watched the merry-go-round and listened to this tune for the rest of their lives. Their faces were strained and eager—the faces of worshipers. They stood first on one foot, then on the other. Every once in a while the boy would stick out a bony finger and point to an animal which pleased him.

Jean Paul stared down at his offspring, unaware of the betraying love in his face. Once he leaned toward the oldest girl. "How do you find it today?" he asked.

"I like to see the animals," she answered, "but I should like better to ride upon them." She was her mother's pet child. Her voice and eyes expressed the same resignation.

Jean Paul shrugged his shoulders and in the shrug there was bitter philosophy. "What would you?" he said, as if he were addressing an adult "There are four of you . . . . and it is two sous a head."

It was then that the old gentleman turned and looked.

He had been sitting on the bench with his back to the children. He was a very old gentleman with beautiful white hair and a white beard. His hands trembled, but his shoulders, though bowed, retained a suggestion of discipline. He wore a Legion of Honor rosette.

He adjusted his eyeglasses and stared at the children; then he stared at Jean Paul. In his eyes there was a wide knowledge of men.

He stood up, leaning on a stout gold-headed cane. "I ask your pardon, Monsieur," he said with a dignified bow. "I was indiscreet enough to overhear. . . . . Your children, Monsieur?"

"Yes," said Jean Paul, curtly.

The old gentleman hesitated, then catching the eyes of the oldest girl, who was like her mother, he went on bravely. "I also am a father, Monsieur, which may excuse my speaking to you. My son is an officer, a volunteer in the aeroplane service of our army." He lifted his head proudly and looked Jean Paul in the eyes. "I come here often as a souvenir of my son's childhood. He played always in the Luxembourg. It would give me pleasure, Monsieur, if you would allow me to offer your children a ride."

"Oh, Papa," murmured the boy.

Jean Paul looked uncertain.

"I beg of you; you would be doing me a favor, Monsieur," said the old gentleman, and fumbled in a scrupulously clean but somewhat worn vest pocket. "Here, my little one, is two sous for you . . . . and for you . . . . and for you, and you, if your father will be so amiable——" He held the pennies near to the railing.

Then Jean Paul grunted, "Go!" As if at a signal for a race, his children, their faces alight, scurried within the magic gates. In a twinkling the boy climbed upon an elephant, the girls, as best they could, reached other mounts, the music wheezed, and the merry-go-round went round and round.

The old gentleman slid a wise look at Jean Paul, who, with lowering brow, watched his children's joy.

"My son, too, always preferred the elephant," he remarked courteously. "Will you not come and sit with me, Monsieur?"

Jean Paul awkwardly entered the magic circle, and the old gentleman made place for him on the bench.

"It is kind of you," the leader of the electricians' strike had the grace to mumble.

"My dear Monsieur, you exaggerate," said the old gentleman, but he seemed pleased. Then the two men sat side by side, and watched the merry-go-round until, turning more slowly, at last it stopped with a groan of rusty machinery. The children slid off their mounts and hopped to the "bank," where, according to the rings they had won, they were given prizes—sugar sticks and tiny paper flags. Jean Paul's children trotted back to their father, munching sweets. Each carried a French flag.

"Ha-ha," exclaimed the old gentleman, "that is as it should be. Our good flag waves in the hands of future patriots."

Jean Paul shuffled to his feet.

"Papa, we had to take the flags with the candy," piped the boy.

"Hein!" said the old gentleman, "*had* to take the flags?"

"Papa, we will throw away the flags," shrilled a girl.

Jean Paul, avoiding the old gentleman's eyes, herded his children. "Thank Monsieur," he commanded.

"Thank you, Monsieur," echoed the children.

"What is this?" said the old gentleman, staring down at them with his wise old eyes. "Are you ashamed of owning the flag of France?"

"What has the flag ever done for them . . . . or for me?" muttered Jean Paul.

"I am a soldier, Monsieur. I have fought for my country. I have been wounded defending its flag, and I am proud of that." He turned away from the little group. "I am very sorry," he murmured, "very sorry," and lifting his hat in a grand old-world gesture, he hobbled away, leaning on his cane.

Then Jean Paul's son, loyal to his father's precepts, spread his fingers fanwise and applied the tip of his thumb to the tip of his nose in a classical gesture of derision, directed to the retreating back of the old soldier. At the same time this obedient child threw down his little flag and stepped upon it, looking to his father for approval. But Jean Paul, in an illogical burst of temper, cuffed his son, and growling, "Will you behave?" he marched out of the Gardens, followed by a whimpering disciple and three frightened daughters.

The next afternoon he refused to take his children out, and as they were forbidden to play in the street alone they stayed huddled in the stale unaired room and watched their mother mend stockings. Their father strode out among his fellow strikers, and drank with them at a café, until a brawl ensued which sent him home with a black eye and a vile temper against an interfering policeman.

But the following day he and his children went again to the Gardens. The old gentleman sat on a stone bench under a tree near the merry-go-round. He rose somewhat painfully at sight of them.

"Good afternoon, Monsieur."

"Good afternoon," mumbled Jean Paul, ungraciously enough.

"May the little ones ride again?"

"Not today."

"Why not today, Monsieur?"

"Why should my children accept your charity?" said Jean Paul, roughly.

The old gentleman, looking very old and weary, stared at Jean Paul with sad, wise eyes. "For the sake of a word most often misused, Monsieur, do not refuse this little pleasure for the young from the old. Permit me . . . ." He fumbled in his vest pocket. The boy edged closer, a sharp expression of greed in his pasty-colored little face.

This time the old gentleman did not wait for Jean Paul's answer. He handed each of the children two sous, which they snatched from his hand. Then like little savages, they ran away quickly.

He turned an apologetic face toward their father. "Forgive me, Monsieur, for presuming . . . . but they are young and must have pleasure. Will you sit here with me. . . . . I cannot stand for long." With the aid of his cane he slid back on the bench, but Jean Paul remained standing. The old gentleman raised his hand with a gesture of disappointment.

"What have I ever done to you, my friend?" he said.

Jean Paul shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other. The sun shone through the branches of the tree, and drifted in dappled light across his face. The face was that of many men, a weak mask, somewhat frayed by use, and crumpled into a poor semblance of aggressiveness. He stood, a half-starved soldier of a blustering cause, a fanatic who tilted at elemental truths.

"You are rich," he said bluntly.

The old gentleman, with unexpected humor, began to laugh, as at a huge joke. "And you belong to the army," continued Jean Paul. "The army is for tyrants."

"Oh, my brave man," gasped the old gentleman, then suddenly grave, he shook his head, as if in pity. "So that is it? You are one of *them* . . . . the men who dream of Utopia, as children dream of some day growing up . . . . and who, unlike children, prostitute their dreams to use of envy, intrigue, vulgarity. Alas, Monsieur!"

"You do not . . . ." began Jean Paul.

The old gentleman waved his hand. "Have I not dealt with men in my time, Monsieur? I am a general in the army, and all I have to live upon is my pension. I have met men like you before, the products of too much indulgence and not enough system in modern governments. You forget, Monsieur, that in destroying the tradition of a country, you ruin your own future hope of power and prosperity; that in attacking solidarity you prepare revolt against laws which protect you and your children. Patriotism is the sun which makes a country flower to its fullest prosperity; discontent withers roots of brotherhood and disunites families. But you

cannot understand, perhaps, that the real socialism is for peacemakers."

"All men have equal rights," burst forth Jean Paul.

"All men have not the equal intelligence to prove their rights," answered the old gentleman quietly. "It is not by destroying others' rights that you can protect your own, Monsieur. Your God, your country, your army, do not interfere with your chances or your children's chances in life. . . . . See, here they come running toward us now . . . . so young, so ready to be influenced. Teach them respect for honest strength, Monsieur, I implore you. Teach them to look at social institutions as a whole, not as a part of good or evil. A man may have a withered right arm, and yet be a brave man, and a necessary one in his place."

"It is easy to talk that way," said Jean Paul, and turned toward his children.

The old gentleman was tired. He leaned his chin on the gold-headed knob of his cane, and looked gently at the boy. "Ah, well . . . . ." he said, "I hope that you will be as proud of your son as I am of mine."

"Every man his way," said Jean Paul, and with some dignity of his own, took his leave.

After that whenever he came to the Gardens he assumed toward the old gentleman a reticence which was almost rudeness; nevertheless, his children continued to accept two sous for their ride on the merry-go-round, and the old gentleman continued to be kind and patient in his advances.

A great unrest seemed to have taken possession of Jean Paul's spirit. . . an unrest which translated itself sometimes into excesses of violence. When he was with his fellow strikers he raved at things as they had been, as they were, as they should be. He kept the strike alive, grim, obstinate and dangerous. It was as if he vented many rages upon it. He also beat his wife more often, as if to convince himself of a right over her.

One fine afternoon, when he and his children came to the merry-go-round, the old gentleman did not rise from his bench as usual. He seemed feeble and sick that day and shivered, although the sun was warm and the Gardens full of scents.

"I am not well today," he said, "but I had promised the children to be here."

"You should not have come," grumbled Jean Paul. He himself was sallow and gaunt and strained of face.

"I came to ask you a favor," said the old gentleman. "I wonder if you and the children would come home with me today, for a little

visit. I live near the Gardens. I have ordered tea and cakes for them . . . . ." he added.

Jean Paul did not answer at once.

"It is modest and poor, my little apartment," continued the old gentleman, "but if you will pardon that. . . ." He rose slowly and put a hand on Jean Paul's arm. "Do not refuse me, Monsieur."

"We will come." Jean Paul held out a hand to the youngest girl, who seized it and allowed herself to be towed. He jerked her after him, as he walked beside the old gentleman, through the Gardens to the gate near the Boulevard St. Michel. His boy hopped ahead, turning occasionally an impish face toward his father.

Now, marching down the Boulevard, came a squad of soldiers. Their feet shuffled in regular tramp. They were short men and their uniforms fitted badly. As the officers rode by, the old gentleman saluted them, but Jean Paul drew back and scowled, and his son imitated him. Jean Paul knew why these soldiers were marching through the streets. They were the enemies of his friends, the strikers; they were sent out to enforce law and order. The old gentleman seemed to divine his thoughts. "A uniform would become you," he reflected, gently. "If there were need of brave men, *all* of you would go . . . . . all."

"To be shot like pigeons . . . . . never!" snapped Jean Paul.

They walked the rest of the way in silence.

The old gentleman lived on the third floor of a house set back in a courtyard. His concierge was a kind stout woman who sat sunning herself at the entrance of the house. She smiled at her lodger, but gave a surprised glance at Jean Paul and his children. Jean Paul scowled at her.

The old gentleman's apartment consisted of two rooms and a kitchen. The sun streamed through the neat curtains of a window in what was evidently the living room. This room seemed a humble shrine for souvenirs. A pastel of a sweet-faced woman hung opposite the fireplace; there were many photographs of a brave-looking young man in officer's uniform. There was a snapshot of what seemed to be nothing but sky, with a black dot in the middle. On closer inspection, the black dot proved to have wings perilously outstretched—a man-bird in flight.

On an easel draped with a flag stood an enlarged photograph of the old gentleman in general's uniform, wearing a brave string of medals. These medals and other fascinating trophies reposed in a cabinet near the window. From the next room a canary could be heard trilling.

A little table was set out with a gay yellow teacloth. Hot water

simmered in a brass kettle, and there were two plates of cakes. "That good Jeanne," exclaimed the old gentleman, gratefully. "I told her to have everything ready for my guests." He was as elated as a child.

Then, as the children stood gaping in the doorway, he took Jean Paul's son and led him up to the flag which draped the easel.

"Here is a flag which my wife made for me. It has been through the war of seventy with me, and has known many a battle," he said. "It has been on weary marches with me. It has stayed with me in days of peace . . . . it has been my faith." He turned toward Jean Paul. "You have never fought for your country, Monsieur, and so perhaps you cannot realize what a flag represents. A flag symbolizes its country's ideals, Monsieur. It rallies those who are brave and faithful, those men who are good citizens. A flag is not only of use in time of war. It is an emblem of race and faith." He drew Jean Paul's boy nearer the flag. "Look, little man . . . . . you belong, whether you will or not, to this flag; its colors are in your blood. You are a Frenchman and this is the flag of France."

"Papa says," shrilled the boy, "that France is a country for tyrants."

The old gentleman hobbled over to where Jean Paul stood. "Monsieur, you are my guest. I may not say all that I would like to say, but some day perhaps you will realize what harm men like you can do to the coming generation."

"I have a right to teach my children as I will," retorted Jean Paul.

"No, Monsieur, you have not the right," said the old gentleman with sudden authority. Then in a gentler voice. "Now we will talk no more of this. I am an old soldier, and I love my France. You do not understand. . . . Come, my little ones, come. . . . we will have our tea."

The children edged nearer the table, and Jean Paul, at a wave of his host's arm, sat rigidly in a chair. The old gentleman did the honors, as if he were entertaining personages, but his manner had changed from its former eagerness to a quiet melancholy. His smile was sad as he watched the girls eat the cakes; his eyes were sad as he looked at the boy.

Soon everything was eaten, and the teacups were emptied. The old gentleman offered Jean Paul a good cigar, which the latter, with mumbled appreciation, put in his pocket. There was an air of constraint in the room. The children, having eaten, sat staring silently about them, with wide, cruel eyes.

Then Jean Paul rose and walked sideways to the door. His

children followed him. They stood, a small group, aliens among the souvenirs in the room. "We thank you, Monsieur," said Jean Paul. "You have been very amiable."

The old gentleman stood also, his hand on the back of a chair. "God be with you, Monsieur," he said solemnly. "And I pray that your children lead honest lives."

Jean Paul seemed about to speak, checked himself, opened the door softly, and walked out.

The next day the strikers held a monstrous meeting in a public square. The police were present, ready to interfere. Jean Paul was the chief speaker. He harangued vehemently, brandishing wrongs, discovering injustices, and preaching rebellion. He was grim and terrible and disseminated trouble by arousing the eternal discontent in men, the primitive and cruel instincts in them. He took the meeting by the throat and shook it until it frothed with rage, and then he let it loose with hatred alive in its eyes; he cracked whips over its head; he incited it to crouch and spring. The presence of the silent watchful guardians of peace drove him to madness. He would have seen them torn to bits by the mob.

His men felt his will. Faces darkened to scowls, arms waved, voices rose. The shuffle of feet grew rougher, quickened. A fist was raised, a blow struck. It was the signal. A fight grew sudden, sharp and violent, like a storm that strikes and sweeps across a country, devastating it. Jean Paul, gaunt and waxen of face, was driven back, victim to the thing he had unchained. Men stronger than he brushed past him, their faces twisted and savage with the lust of war. There was a dry, crisp revolver shot. Then in the hubbub someone cried: "The cavalry!"

They came, riding down the street to the square. Their horses' feet clicked on the pavement; their helmets shone in the sun; their sabres were ready to leap from the scabbards.

The little rabble in the square became suddenly afraid. It squirmed and retreated from the unbroken line of horses' heads; it struggled, turning helpless masks to the riding powers; its voice was hoarse like that of a mad dog about to be suppressed.

Jean Paul, breathless, his clothes torn, swept like a leaf in a panic of wind, staggered against a wall. A policeman surged in front of him and seized him by the arm. With a last burst of strength and hate, he wrenched from the grasp of the policeman, raised his fist high, and brought it down with a crunch. The man fell. Then Jean Paul ran away.

He ran like a hunted thing, leaving his friends to be vanquished, leaving the fight at its ugliest. He ran, dodging and skulking down

the streets, until, lost in more peaceable crowds, at last he found his way home, climbed his six flights of stairs and burst into the room where his wife, his brood, and the evening soup awaited him.

That evening he turned his face to the wall and slept like a dead man. The next day he sent his boy out for the morning papers. In them the fight was described. A policeman had been killed and eight of Jean Paul's friends badly hurt. There had been several arrests.

For three days Jean Paul, somber and tragic, stayed in hiding like a sick animal. None of his friends came to see him. Then on the fourth day, as if nothing had happened, he took his boy by the hand, and his girls trailing after, he went to the Gardens.

The old gentleman was not in his usual place on the bench under the tree. Jean Paul wandered aimlessly near the merry-go-round. His children whined because there was no one to give them two sous for a ride. Two more days passed, and upon each of the afternoons Jean Paul went to the Gardens. None of his friends had come near him, nor did he seek them. He grew haggard and savage. Then one afternoon he did a singular thing. Taking his boy by the hand, his eldest girl by the hand, the two others following, he walked from the Gardens to the house where the old gentleman lived.

This time the concierge was not sitting in the doorway, although the sun was shining brightly and the day was warm. Jean Paul trod clumsily up to her door and knocked. When she opened the door and saw him her face settled into instant gloom as if she were donning a suitable expression for an occasion.

"Ah, Monsieur did not know?" she exclaimed. "He is dead. He died yesterday."

Jean Paul stood silent and gaunt in the doorway, his children grouped around him.

"He would go to the Gardens every day," continued the worthy woman, and began to sniff, with ready tears. "He was too old and too weak. He took cold one day. . . . I always told him, 'Monsieur should be careful these spring days.' 'Ah, Madame, I am expected by friends,' he would answer. And now he is dead. There will be a military funeral . . . . a fine funeral," she added, with obvious satisfaction. "His son arrives tonight."

Jean Paul stared at her, as if he did not understand what she was telling him.

"Ah, death is strange," reflected the concierge, and would have philosophized upon the uncertainty of life. But Jean Paul, barely touching his cap to her, strode from the house out into the sunshine. His children ran to keep up with him. He did not say a word.

Only when he reached home he told his wife, "Make black things. We go to a funeral tomorrow." Then he turned his face to the wall and pretended to sleep. But his wife sat up all the night, clipping and sewing on an old dress of hers which would do for the oldest girl. There would not be enough black in the house to make mourning garments for the others.

The next morning the oldest girl, clad in rusty black, and the three other children and their father, with black bands sewed on their sleeves, went to the funeral.

It was a beautiful day.

Then, behind the band which played a funeral march, behind the soldiers, who, with their guns pointing downward, kept step to the march; behind the great dusky carriage hung with wreaths, bearing a shrouded quiet body draped in a flag; behind the silent and pale young officer who resembled strangely the pastel of a sweet-faced woman, hanging in the old gentleman's living room, and who, bareheaded, walked behind the bier; behind other officers and fine solemn gentlemen wearing red rosettes;—behind all these outward and visible signs of grief and reverence, trudged Jean Paul, with bowed head. Beside him, his children, each carrying a two-sou bunch of violets, the price of a ride on the merry-go-round. The procession was long and wound slowly down the street. At its passage all men bared their heads and women made a sign of the cross.

It was like Fate abroad, on a bright day.

So the old soldier was borne bravely onward amid pomp and respect. Jean Paul only spoke once. "Keep step," he whispered to his boy, who was lagging behind and seemed tired. The two-sou bunches of violets were already withered.

Soon it was all over. The black carriages and the black-clad people dispersed as if the sun had melted them. The soldiers marched, the officers rode away.

Then Jean Paul stalked home. A man stood in the shadow of his door. As he passed, this man stepped forward and tapped him on the shoulder. He was a comrade.

"I have come to warn you," he whispered; "Pierre Leroux saw you strike the policeman who died. He has told on you. You may be arrested any moment." Then, as if afraid of being seen, the man slipped away.

Jean Paul, followed by his brood, climbed the six flights of stairs; evening soup awaited him.

"How was the funeral?" asked the wife.

He sat heavily down to the table, hid his face in his arms, and wept like a child.

SOME WATER-COLOR PAINTERS WHO HAVE ESCAPED TRADITION

E have grown accustomed to thinking that water-color painting is something delicate and ephemeral, something done to express a pleasant dilettante interest in art, not in life. With this point of view in the mind of the aquarellist as well as the public, it is natural that water-color painting has not progressed very far beyond what it was in those drab, mid-Victorian days when every "real lady" must do one water sketch before she married. Fortunately for the progress of art in this country, none were expected of her afterward.

Art matters are changing so in America, artists are refusing so absolutely to accept European standards of beauty for this country, and our vigorous men with brush and chisel are so insisting upon seeing things honestly and presenting them truthfully that the stationary attitude expressed in the average water-color exhibition throughout the land fills one with astonishment.

When our landscape men are painting canvases drenched with nature's moods, when our portrait men are realizing character as well as costume in their work, when our sculptors are carving the heart and soul of the country in their marble memories, why is it that our painters in more delicate mediums, in water colors and in pastels, must adhere to the dead and gone purpose of doing only the preëminently pretty subject with a technique suited to the tender ideals of our boarding schools of eighteen hundred and sixty-four?

Of course generalization of this nature can apply only to the *mass* of work presented at the water-color exhibition in New York or elsewhere in every exhibition. There are always exhibitors who furnish hope to those who are still interested in this phase of art presentation. At the Water-Color Club Show held during November at the Fine Arts Building in New York, we discovered a number of vigorous, interesting drawings. It is quite possible to draw as well with a brush as a pencil, and yet, although there were over four hundred sketches at the recent show, there were really very few that seemed to have escaped the blight of the water-color traditions—the pretty conception of the pretty subject.

In "The Eastside Group" by Miss Squire; "Graining Horses" by Mahonri Young, the sculptor; "The Village of Monhegan" by George Wharton Edwards; and "The Old Homestead" by Edmund Garrett, we feel that there is manifestly the modern spirit and the open mind as well as the brilliant, vigorous technique that expresses freely and frankly the artist's point of view about his subject. Any one of these subjects would have been equally suitable to an oil study

and not one would have been handled with any great difference if painted on canvas. Surely these four sketches are sufficient to explode the old idea that the water color may not present life as it is, but prettified to suit some fantastic ideal of the painter. "The Village of Monhegan" is *really* the beautiful old fishing town that lies on the edge of the island; the busy life of the people is going on, the wind is blowing up from the sea to dry the wash on Monday morning, and either some fisher's daughter or some art student, is carrying from a spring nearby a heavy pail of water. Not as though it were a burden or a shame, but with the joy of the fresh morning visible in her poise and swinging walk. It is a picture that makes one like Monhegan, as well as the artist's point of view.

IT is many miles in spirit as well as in travel, from the wonderful blue and gold morning at Monhegan to Miss Squire's "Eastside People," but the artist's vision is as clear here, the truth is as intimately presented and the sense of reality is as vivid as though the sketch had been done with all of nature to swell the inspiration, for, after all, human nature can touch the fancy and the brain as curiously and as sharply as the swell of the ocean or the sweetness of the wind.

We have seldom been giving such a drenching sense of sunlight as Mr. Garrett has poured over his water-color sketch of "The Old Homestead." It is hard to see how oil could give us a more suffused light through the trees and over the house, or a richer sense of warmth than has been accomplished through water-color medium in this painting. Throughout, the house is so well constructed. There is a sense of life back of the windows and doors, although the feet of the visiting friends have not worn a very definite pathway to the old brass knocker. Mr. Garrett has so admirably done what he has started out to do. He has made us feel the way he felt about the old house, and this is the utmost that we ask of the artist in any medium. In most all of the other pictures (not quite all of course) we find very little of interest, and some, of course, are hopelessly bad. Apparently there is no jury of admission to membership in the Water-Color Club, and, though there is a hanging committee, and we judge that often it must have had to face the problem of hanging certain pictures that came in with a red stamp, because the names of the hanging committee make it clear that they could not have had much joy in presenting to the public some of the pictures which were on the line at this exhibition.

It would seem as though what the water-color painters need is some splendid spirit interested in the work as Monet was in his lily fields or as Millet, the man of vision, proved himself to be on the potato fields at Barbizon. Beautiful water-color paintings are done and hung

"EASTSIDE PEOPLE," FROM A WATER COLOR BY M. SQUIRE.

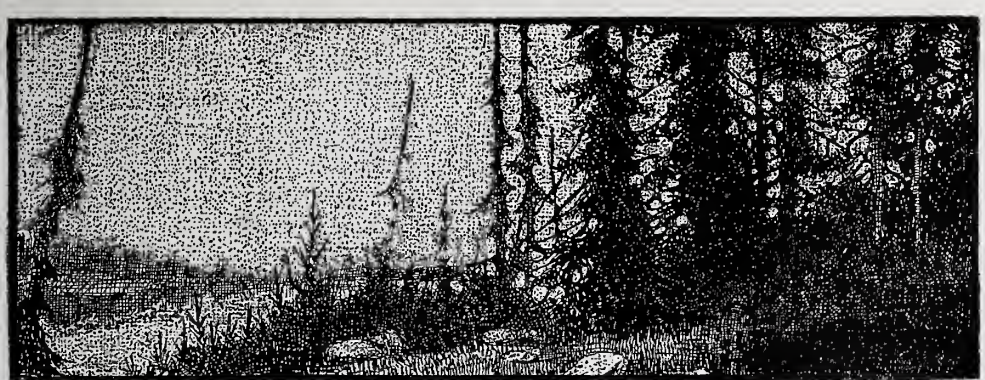
"THE OLD HOMESTEAD": FROM A WATER COLOR BY EDMUND GARRETT.

"THE VILLAGE OF MONHEGAN," FROM A WATER COLOR BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

"GRAINING HORSES," A SKETCH BY THE SCULPTOR MAHONRI YOUNG.

every year, but as yet they have not been revolutionary enough to gain a following, to sweep off their feet the dull and the commonplace men, to gather up a great interest in the work and infuse it into the hearts of the aquarellists. Very little change in art comes from the slow desire of many mediocre people to do a little better. It comes rather from the smashing down of old ideals and methods, by some one great enough to lead the mass of the people into new fields. We need a Cézanne in the New York Water-Color Club, a man whose originality of spirit stirs the atmosphere wherever he moves or speaks, and in no other way can we hope to make our work at these exhibitions vigorous enough and true enough to awaken in the public a widespread interest in this medium of art endeavor.

From a technical standpoint, perhaps, many of the pictures shown at the recent water-color exhibition may be irreproachable. They may have well-balanced composition, the drawing may be accurate, the colors correct, the tone gradations skilfully manipulated, the details carefully wrought. But after all, are these things enough? Do not such points constitute merely the shell, not the soul of art? And would not a little less attention to academic requirements, greater freedom from traditional influences, deeper insight into modern realities and broader methods of handling them, result in a bigger, more truthful and at the same time more individual reflection of American life through American art?



THE GARDEN CITY IDEA THE WORLD OVER: WHAT IT IS AND HOW IT GROWS: BY ESTHER MATSON

"That one may see the heavens wide,
And grass, and grass so green."
—*The Bard of the Dimbo Vitza.*

HE magic of property," Arthur Young has said, "turns sand into gold. Put a man into a precarious possession and he will turn a garden into a desert. But put him into a state where he can securely anticipate the fruits of his labor, and he will turn a desert into a garden." This is the essence of the Garden City movement—"*to give to every inhabitant an interest in his holding.*" As we know, alongside with a sense of proprietorship always goes a sense of responsibility. Believing this intensely, the advocates of copartnership housing aim to arouse in tenants a new sentiment which has been aptly termed "estate patriotism," and they consider this a stepping stone to the development of a higher civilization.

In England, where this copartnership plan is being tried, the tenant is enabled, by means of federation, to become a member of the society which owns his house and the other houses of the estate. In other words, he is enabled to participate in the general interests of the whole community as well as to become in greater or less degree his own landlord.

"But," it is objected, "this is all very well and good for the toiling masses, and of course it's sound philosophy. But who's to pay for it? And if somebody does pay for it, isn't he simply increasing the grand army of hangers-on?"

On the contrary, the advocates of the new system hope to decrease it. To be sure, the initial bulk of capital for such undertakings is necessarily supplied by non-tenant capitalists. And to these the societies pay a four per cent. return—which should surely disarm the prejudice against them as "charities." Moreover, the proportion between the number of non-tenant and tenant shareholders is a constantly varying one, the ideal being confessedly that which Godin worked out at Guise in France over a quarter of a century ago: "ultimate ownership by the tenants themselves."

The garden city, it is important to note, is for both the more and the less wealthy. The idea, as exemplified at Hampstead, is to provide homes that vary as much as may be in value, in order, as Mrs. Barnett puts it, "to bring about a better understanding between the classes." Who will dare deny that we need such understanding?

At the Garden Suburb, Hampstead, for instance, accommodations are offered to business men and women, to artists and to arti-

A GROUP OF HOUSES FACING A GREEN IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN CITY.

"WINDSCOMBE CRESCENTS, EALING TENANTS," ENGLAND, SHOWING THE CHARM OF A CURVING LANE IN A GARDEN CITY.

M. H. Baillie Scott, Architect.

GARDEN CITY HOUSES ALONG AN OLD ROADWAY AT HAMPSTEAD, JUST OUT OF LONDON.

SEMI-DETACHED HOUSES IN MEADWAY HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB.

MODERN GARDEN CITY HOUSES THAT HAVE THE CHARM OF ANTIQUE DWELLINGS, AT PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

GARDENS BACK OF A LINE OF HOUSES IN ONE OF THE NEW ENGLISH SUBURBS.

BRICK AND CONCRETE HOUSE IN THE HAMPSTEAD GARDEN CITY NEAR LONDON. AN ESPECIALLY INTERESTING COMBINATION OF BRICK AND CONCRETE IS SHOWN IN THIS STRUCTURE. THE BRICK IS NOT ONLY USED FOR THE SUBSTANTIAL WALL AND FOUNDATION, BUT AS A TRIMMING TO THE CONCRETE, FRAMING IN THE TWO LARGE BOW WINDOWS.

DETAIL OF A GARDEN AND DOORWAY IN THE GARDEN CITY AT HAMPSTEAD. IN THIS DETAIL WE GET A CLOSE VIEW OF THE USE OF BRICK IN A DECORATIVE WAY ON CONCRETE. THE FRAMING OF THE CASEMENT WINDOW AND THE WOODEN DOOR IS SINGULARLY CHARMING, AND WITHOUT HAVING THE SET PURPOSE, IT SOMEHOW SEEMS TO CONNECT THE HOUSE TO THE GARDEN. PERHAPS THIS IS ACCOMPLISHED THROUGH THE BRICK PATHWAY WHICH RUNS FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE GARDEN GATE.

THE FRONT VIEW OF A CHARMING HOUSE IN THE GARDEN CITY AT LETCHWORTH, ENGLAND, IN WHICH BRICK AND CEMENT ARE COMBINED: IN THIS CASE THE BRICK IS NOT USED IN THE DEFINITELY ORNAMENTAL WAY, BUT AS A BASIS FOR THE FOUNDATION. THE FIRST STORY, THE PATHS, THE ENTRANCE WAY, THE PORCH SUPPORTS, AS WELL AS THE CHIMNEY.

sans. There are single and goodly sized houses, semi-detached houses, groups of small homes; and there are even one or two interesting quadrangular structures where tiny apartments may be rented. If one cannot afford an outlay of more than five shillings sixpence, or about a dollar and a half a week for rental, one can here find something far better for the money than in crowded London. If one can pay nearer fifteen hundred dollars a year, one may also find here the worth of the money plus immensely more freedom and breathing space.

Mrs. Barnett (who is known, by the by, as Hampstead's fairy godmother) says: "It is refreshing to know that every cottage, villa and house are planned from the point of view of the people who are going to live in them, not from the point of view of the builder who is going to sell. . . . ."

"But," you may object again, "the point of view of the builder has to be considered, whether or no. Builders aren't philanthropists, and they have to make their projects pay."

ANOTHER crucial point for the economic viewpoint is, unquestionably, a basic one; the Garden City Idea must satisfy financial demands or fail. The astonishing fact is that it is making good. It is proving that the speculative real estate scheme with its drearily laid-out sites, hacked-down trees, miles of stolid sidewalks, is not more sure of success than the newer and better plan. It is proving, on the contrary, that well-planned areas, with trees and natural advantages conserved, and houses built for comfort, durability and attractiveness do pay.

We are obliged to give the credit for the working Garden City Idea to England. To be sure, it is not a new thing. France can show its village of Menier and its peculiarly significant Familistère at Guise. Germany can tell a story of her own in the matter of housing her citizens; while in Great Britain certain philanthropist-manufacturers, such as Mr. Lever of Port Sunlight fame, and Mr. Cadbury, who has established the model village of Bournville in connection with his great chocolate factory outside of Birmingham, have long been claiming that the welfare of their workers was a business concern to themselves. But not till about a dozen years ago did the matter receive systematic and scientific attention.

The inspiration for it came from a book called "To-morrow," written by Ebenezer Howard in eighteen hundred and ninety-eight. The second edition of it came out under the more suggestive title, "Garden Cities of To-morrow," and in nineteen hundred and one a little group of idealists gathered together and determined to translate

the book into reality. They decided to try an experiment—to create a town that should combine the attractions of city and country, and provide both industrial and social opportunities in an area where there would be "fresh air, sunlight, breathing room and playing room."

The site chosen for the experiment was in Hertfordshire, where, within thirty-four miles of London, a property was bought consisting of about six square miles. The first Garden City, Limited, was there born, and christened Letchworth.

The scheme included the setting aside of a belt of small farm holdings around the edge of the estate, the laying out of various areas for manufacturing and other industrial purposes, of other areas for residential sections that should be kept quiet and free from smoke, and a necessary business section for shops and offices.

In addition to these reservations numerous others were made for open spaces and recreation centers, so that out of nearly four thousand acres of property, two hundred will always remain open.

An interesting feature of the Letchworth plan is the care with which trees and shrubs have been planted. Near the railway station, for instance, no less than two hundred different kinds of plants have been set out. Another experiment has been tried in certain sections in the planting of fruit trees along the street instead of merely shade or ornamental trees.

Most of the designs for the houses have been made by Messrs. Parker and Unwin (whose work is familiar to THE CRAFTSMAN through a series of articles by Mr. Parker); they are of gray rough cast, with tiled roofs, red brick chimney stacks and green painted woodwork. There are never more than twelve houses to the acre and the rentals run from a dollar and a quarter and two dollars and a half a week up.

WE must remember, when mentioning figures, that rents are undeniably less throughout England than they are in our own country; therefore the prices are a little misleading. Nevertheless, if we will stop to picture to ourselves the sort of "accommodations" which would be available in either London or New York City for anything approximating such rentals as these, and will then contrast them with the offerings at Letchworth, we shall get a notion of the difference. Picture the hall bedroom which might be commanded by the dollar and a quarter in one of our cities, and contrast it with a Letchworth living room, scullery (with bath) and three bedrooms. This, to be sure, will come under the head of tenement accommodation; but what a tenement!

Always there is some space in which to cultivate a garden, be it for flowers, vegetables, or for both. The objection inevitably crops up that it doesn't pay to do your own gardening—that it is far cheaper to buy your food at the greengrocer's, cheapest of all to buy it in tin cans. Perhaps it is, in many cases. But it is also cheaper to die than to live. Listen, however, to the words of an essentially practical manager as well as a philanthropist of peculiarly clear vision—one moreover whose own model village at Bournville has set a standard for all future garden towns.

Mr. Cadbury reports that his tenants, with garden plots of about an eighth of an acre each, make a fair profit of twenty-five cents a week. More than this, he says: "The benefit, physical, moral, and even spiritual, is so great that it would have been worth while cultivating the gardens even if there had been no profit for the labor expended. I would also point out that *the adoption of garden cities would materially increase the food supply of the country, as one acre of garden ground produces as much food as thirteen acres of pasture land.*"

We have in this country taken with avidity to tearing down slum districts in order to rebuild in better form. This may be interesting—but it is expensive. They are showing us in England that greater returns can be realized by expending such money and energy on the development of wholly new areas. This in a nutshell is the principle on which the founders of Letchworth have worked.

By starting out with a "clean slate" they have been able to secure their wished-for belt or agricultural zone (consisting of some two thousand five hundred acres, or about two-thirds of the property) around the edge of the town; they have been able to separate the business, industrial, residential and social interests, to secure proper sanitation and modern conveniences, and to preserve and enhance the natural advantages.

The ground being thus prepared, into the new city came persons who were weary of the "awfulness of London;" anon came manufacturers eager for a location entailing less waste of human health than in the great cities. Following the factories and the workers, came shops, churches and clubs.

Some of the results may be noted here. We are well aware that light and air affect the growth not only of plants, but of human beings. It is a scientific fact that children grow faster in summer than in winter. So it ought not to surprise us to find that the height and weight, the general health and even the mental capacity of the boys and girls at Letchworth show a far higher average than those of children in the crowded parts of London, Birmingham or Liverpool. On the other hand, at Letchworth, as in Bournville and other enlightened

communities, the statistics of death and of infant mortality are amazingly lower. According to the latest reports, Letchworth is now not only the healthiest town in the kingdom, but is also at length on a paying business basis.

EALING gives us illustration of the garden suburb project as applied to the outskirts of London—the "dormitory" idea—and it deserves special notice because it was the pioneer in the application of the copartnership principle to housing problems. As mentioned at the beginning of this article, under the copartnership plan, the tenant pays his rent to a society instead of to a landlord. He is able, by investing his savings in the society at five per cent., to become in greater or lesser degree his own landlord. As a result of this he will be fired with ambition to make the utmost possible of his home. The very fact that he does not own it outright, means that if his occupation requires his moving away from the locality, he will not be saddled with a piece of unprofitable real estate.

From the viewpoint of the tenant, then, the project appeals. He here gets for the same or less rent than he would have to pay in town, a pleasanter and healthier place to live in. At the same time that he develops a community spirit, he becomes a capitalist, and by so doing assumes greater sense of responsibility.

On the other hand, from the view of the philanthropic investor who makes the society possible, the cause is good because it "encourages thrift and tends to put capital into the hand of the working-classes."

The pioneer copartnership suburb began in a very humble way by the formation in nineteen hundred and one of a small society. It was not until a year later that it was able to buy sites for about fifty houses and thus materialize under the title, The Ealing Tenants, Limited. In the next year an increase of capital made feasible the purchase of an adjacent estate of some sixteen acres, on which a model village was erected under the supervision of Messrs. Parker and Unwin.

Five out of the sixteen acres were devoted to outdoor life and recreation purposes, on the rest were built cottages renting from about a dollar and a half a week—"exclusive of rates and taxes"—and upward. Today the association owns a little over sixty acres, twelve in all being given over to recreation purposes and open spaces, while the idea of associated ownership which it projected has spread so rapidly that there are now fourteen societies in the Kingdom where the principle is being tried out. In all of them stress is laid on the creation and maintenance of the social centers. There are cricket field and bowling green, a central hall for indoor games and meetings, both

social and educational, and plenty of spaces for outdoor sports and pageants.

It would not be fair to ignore a distinction which exists between the terms garden city and garden suburb. The first would transport the work as well as the worker into the new conditions. The second contents itself with offering the worker a haven beyond the pale of his working place.

No longer insignificant, the Garden City movement now enrolls as many as twenty societies under its wing in England alone. Among them the example of Liverpool is of interest. There, a shameful slum district was razed to the ground and completely rebuilt at a cost of over four million dollars. The new structures are chiefly tenements with a few "self-contained cottages."

Near Birmingham are a number of examples the most important of them being in all probability that of Bournville, which consists of over five hundred acres, includes houses, schools and shops, and has the further distinction,—its keenness for little individual gardens. In this respect it stands out in contrast with Port Sunlight, where the front gardens are maintained by the company's gardener at the company's expense. While this method secures the uniformity aimed at, it secures at the same time a lack of charm. The visitor misses the "personal note."

Like Ealing, The Harborne Tenants, Limited, gives illustration of an undertaking on a small scale. This estate comprises but fifty acres, and it was prophesied that in exactly three years it would come to bankruptcy. Instead it was in precisely three years that it won financial success. As a standing proof that decent dwellings do find appreciation, witness the fact that when one of these fell vacant a short time ago no less than twenty applicants straightway appeared upon the scene.

At the Brent Garden Village an attempt is being made to go one step further. A facetious personage has dubbed this project "A Short Cut to Domestic Felicity," but it only means that here is to be found a club house where the members who wish may avail themselves of a coöperative laundry and kitchen service.

In the vicinity of London there are, besides Ealing and the famous Hampstead Suburb, a newly started Ilford Garden Suburb and the Romford Suburb which created something of a stir by its competitions and the symposium which called forth opinions from such significant men as Pinero, Thomas Hardy, and H. G. Wells.

But as yet the most striking and picturesque illustration of the Garden City Idea is after all that of Hampstead. Some notion of the rapidity with which the idea has spread at Hampstead may be had

from the fact that in the short space of two years there were built five hundred houses. Moreover, according to the report of January nineteen hundred and eleven, the demand at the Hampstead Garden Suburb was in excess of the supply, and it was found advisable to add a new area of one hundred and twelve acres.

The location was especially favorable. Not only is the land itself undulating and good to look upon, not only does the famous Heath preclude the danger of ever being closed in by nuisances, but there is the additional charm of literary and artistic association. To mention Hampstead is to call up recollections of the many noted men and women who once lived there,—recollections of Keats, of Shelley, of Mrs. Siddons, of Dickens, of Constable.

With the eminently practical feature, its nearness to the center of London, we have a combination of advantages particularly felicitous. To be specific, Charing Cross can be reached by "Underground" in twenty minutes. Some little confusion is likely to rise in the mind of the visitor to Hampstead because of the very variety of activity there. As a matter of fact, several different associations are working there each at its particular phase of the housing problem. There is the Garden Suburb Development Company, the first Hampstead Tenants Limited Society, trying out copartnership principles this, and a second Hampstead Tenants, Limited. And there are various individuals who have bought and built for themselves.

Nonetheless there is a real unity of purpose through all. Everywhere the visitor is made conscious that here is a new impetus at work and a new meaning being infused into that much maligned word "land development."

As the London Times succinctly put it the garden suburb (and we must now add these other organizations as well),—shows "proof of what can be done when order and design take the place of anarchy and chaos."

GERMANY positively bristles with garden city ideas. At the place where the Krupp gun is being made, schemes for the housing of the workmen are under way which cannot hope for even approximate completion under twenty years. The vast number of employes has already given rise to a number of coöperative stores and to some workingmen's colonies. What has been called the German Bournville has a feature quite different from most of the English garden city plans—an arrangement of straight streets, and of houses without even a suspicion of a front yard, the space for gardens being concentrated in the rear.

In the Margarete Krupp Foundation provision is made to accom-

modate from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred workers on an area of about one hundred and twenty acres with a zone or park land about it of the same acreage.

Germany prints a journal devoted to the garden city cause, and while fully cognizant of her own superiority in the matter of organization, she does not fail to refer to England as the pioneer in this cause and to turn to Great Britain for models. This is especially to be observed at Hellerau, a copartnership town, following largely the example of Letchworth in its plan, and being built up outside of Dresden. At present Hellerau consists of about three hundred and forty acres and accommodates very nearly two thousand people.

It is natural for Germany to be less nervous than the rest of us about applying copartnership systems to housing. Whether reasonably or not, most of us are chary of any experiments which could in a way be constructed as having a socialistic tendency. Undoubtedly, there is in this new idea a leaven of the old ideal of democracy. Undoubtedly, too, there is hope that by its means may be fostered more fraternal relations between man and man. It is natural, too, for the idea to have grown, especially among the English, into a propaganda—the garden city movement. And there is no denying whether we are English, German or Norwegian, French or American, whether we are extreme radicals or staunch conservatives—that there is urgent necessity for social amelioration.

The garden city ideal has been beautifully voiced by Whittier in a poem which might have been addressed directly to the workers in this field.

"The good which bloodshed could not gain
Your peaceful zeal shall find. . . .
Blessing the cotter and the Crown,
Sweetening worn Labor's bitter cup;
And plucking not the highest down,
Lifting the lowest up."

There is no disparity between this and the practical dictum of J. S. Nettlefold;

"Create all over the country a strong body of small house-owners, and you will do more than the most eloquent speeches to combat unsound socialistic pretensions."

THE ECONOMIC VALUE OF BIRDS: THEY COULD SAVE US THREE HUNDRED MILLION A YEAR: BY T. GILBERT PEARSON

A SHORT time ago a lady in Washington City went to Alexandria, Virginia, to spend the day with friends. She was accompanied by her husband who, intending to enjoy the day with a tramp through the fields and woods, took with him his gun. As the happy pair were returning on the car that evening, they chanced to meet a member of the Audubon Society who was appalled to see the lady carrying not less than one dozen dead song birds. When asked what she intended to do with them, she sweetly stated that they were for her cat, and glancing fondly at her husband said: "Wasn't it dear of Willard to shoot them for me? Kitty will be so pleased." Possibly she may feel a little different about it when the local game wardens have finished their work on the case.

Every few days we read in the newspapers that Italian hunters in New Jersey, New York or perhaps New England have been apprehended for killing thrushes, woodpeckers, orioles and other small birds with which to adorn their dinner tables. Such accounts arouse in the average reader a feeling of resentment that the birds should be thus sacrificed, and at the same time develop a keen sense of satisfaction that the bird killers have been arrested and fined.

There is in this country today a wonderfully strong sentiment for bird protection which is growing with tremendous rapidity. Tens of thousands of people are teaching their children that wild birds should not be molested. Many thousands go beyond this and seek to increase the number of birds about their homes by establishing feeding tables for them in winter and constructing nesting boxes and fountains for their accommodation in summer. These people enjoy having the birds about the place, and often recount with pride and joy the names of the birds which frequent their lawns. If asked why they go to such pains to protect their feathered friends, many would probably go no farther in their explanation than to say that the birds gave them pleasure and that they like to see them around. Their interest in the birds is somewhat the same as their interest in the roses, the violets and the chrysanthemums that beautify their lawns, or the paintings which adorn the walls of their homes.

Is this great subject of bird protection then merely a matter of sentiment? To answer this question, let us apply a test which rarely fails to answer conclusively a similar question applied to any of the other interests of mankind. In short, let us apply the legal test—

SKOWHEGAN, ME

what does the law say about bird protection? The man who killed the song birds in Virginia and the Italians who did the same in the North violated the laws of their States at every discharge of their gun. Wander where you will, through every province of Canada and almost every nook and corner of the United States, you will find that the lawmaker has been there before you and has thrown over the birds the sheltering arm of prohibitory statutes. Legislators are not generally supposed to spend much energy on drafting and enacting measures unless it is thought that these will result in practical good to at least some portion of their constituents. Legislative bodies are not much given to appropriating hundreds of thousands of dollars annually for the enforcement of a law which is purely sentimental in its nature. It is clear, therefore, that our lawmakers regard the wild-bird life as of great value to the country from the standpoint of dollars and cents.

IF we go back a few years and examine certain widely read publications issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, we can perhaps understand more fully why our legislative bodies have regarded so seriously the subject of bird protection. In the year book of the department for nineteen hundred and four, we read that the annual loss to the cotton crop in the United States by insects amounted at that time to sixty million dollars. We learn, too, that grasshoppers and other insects annually destroy fifty-three million dollars worth of hay, and that two hundred million dollars worth of cereals are each year eaten by our ever-ravenous insect population. In fact we are told that one-tenth of all the cereals, hay, cotton, tobacco, forests and general farm products is the yearly tax which the insects levy and collect. In some parts of the country trucking and fruit growing are the chief industries of the people. Now, when a trucker or fruit grower starts to count up the cost of his crops, one of the items which he must take into consideration is the twenty per cent. of his products which go to feed the insects of the country.

Not all insects are detrimental to man's interest, but as we have just seen, many of them are tremendously destructive. Anyone who has seriously attempted to raise apples, for example, has made the unpleasant acquaintance of the coddling moth and the curculio. Every season the apple raisers of the United States expend eight and one-quarter million dollars in spraying to discourage the activities of these pests. In considering the troubles of the apple grower, we may even go farther and count in the twelve million dollars loss in insect-eaten fruit despite the effect of the spraying. Chinch bugs

destroy the wheat crop to the value of twenty million dollars a year, and the cotton-boll weevil costs the Southern planters an equal amount. Every now and then we read of great plagues of insects which literally lay waste a whole section of country. History tells us of these calamities which have frequently troubled the civilized world from the days of Pharaoh down to the present time. The past summer there was a great outbreak of the army worm in South Carolina. In innumerable millions they marched across the country, destroying the vegetation like a consuming fire. In the year nineteen hundred, Hessian flies appeared in great numbers in Ohio and Indiana, and before they subsided they had absolutely destroyed two and one-half million acres of the finest wheat to be found in the Middle West, and wheat land dropped forty per cent. in value.

Closing the nineteen hundred and four year book, with its long tables of discouraging statements, we may find more cheerful reading if we turn to another Agricultural Department publication entitled "Some Common Birds and their Relation to Agriculture: Farmers' Bulletin number fifty-four." We need peruse this only a few pages to become impressed with the fact that our national Government has been making an exhaustive and exceedingly thorough investigation of the feeding habits of the wild birds which inhabit our fields and forests. The reports of the economic ornithologists given here are almost as astounding as the sad array presented by the entomologists in the year book. We learn that birds, as a class, constitute a great natural check on the undue increase of harmful insects, and furthermore that the capacity for food of the average bird is decidedly greater than that of any other vertebrate.

MOST people who have made the acquaintance of our common birds know the friendly little chickadee, which winter and summer may be found a frequent visitant in groves of deciduous trees. It feeds on borers living under the bark of trees, on plant lice which suck the sap, on caterpillars which consume the leaves, and on coddling worms which destroy the fruit. One naturalist found that four chickadees had eaten one hundred and five female cankerworm moths. With scalpel, tweezers and microscope these moths were examined and each was found to contain on an average one hundred and eighty-five eggs. This gives a total of nearly twenty thousand cankerworm moth eggs destroyed by four birds in a few minutes. The chickadee is very fond of the eggs of this moth and hunts them assiduously during the four weeks of the summer when the moths are laying their eggs.

The nighthawk, which feeds in the evening and which is equally

common in the pine barrens of Florida, the prairies of Dakota, or the upper air of New York City, is a slaughterer of insects of many kinds. A Government collector shot one in whose stomach were the remains of thirty-four May beetles, the larvae of which are the white grubs well known to farmers because of their injurious inroads on potatoes and other vegetables. Nighthawks also eat grasshoppers, potato beetles, cucumber beetles, leaf hoppers and numerous gnats and mosquitoes. Surely this splendid representative of the goatsucker family deserves the esteem and best wishes of all American citizens.

Among the branches of our fruit trees we may sometimes see large webs which have been made by the tent caterpillars. An invading host seems to have pitched its tents among the boughs on all sides. If undisturbed these caterpillars strip the foliage from the trees. Fortunately there is a bird which is very fond of these hairy intruders. This is the cuckoo, and he eats so many of them that his stomach actually becomes lined with a thick coating of hairs from their woolly bodies.

Another well known bird which plays an important role in making this part of the world habitable is the flicker. It is popular in every neighborhood and is known by a wide variety of local names, over one hundred and twenty-five of which have been recorded. Golden-winged woodpecker some people call it. Other names are highholder, wake-up, walk-up, yellowhammer and pigeon-woodpecker. The people of Cape Hatteras know it as wilkrissen, and in some parts of Florida it is yucker bird. Naturalists call it *Colaptes auratus*, but call it by whatever name you may this bird of many aliases is well worthy of the esteem in which it is held. It gathers its food almost entirely from the earth, being different in this regard from other woodpeckers. You may flush it from the ground in the grove, the forest, the peanut field, or the unbroken prairie, and everywhere it is found engaged in the most highly satisfactory occupation of destroying insect life. Over half of its food consists of ants. In this country, taken as a whole, flickers are very numerous, and the millions of individual birds which have yet escaped the guns of the pot hunters constitute a mighty army of destruction to the formicidae.

Let us not forget that any creature which eats ants is a decided boon to humanity. Ants, besides being wood borers, invaders of pantries, nuisances to campers and barefoot boys, care for and perpetuate plant lice which infest vegetation in all parts of the country to our very serious loss. Professor Forbes, in his study of the corn plant louse, found that in the spring ants mine along the principal

roots of the corn, collect the plant lice and convey them into these burrows and there watch and protect them. Without the assistance of ants, it appears that the plant lice would be unable to reach the roots of the corn. In return for their kindness, the ants are permitted to feast upon the honey-like substance secreted by these aphids. The ants which have the reputation of being no sluggards take good care of their diminutive milk cattle, and will tenderly pick them up and transport them to new pastures when the old ones fail. Late in the summer they carefully collect all the aphid eggs which are obtainable, and taking them into their nests keep them safe during the winter. When spring comes and the eggs hatch, the ants gather the young plant lice and place them on plants. It may be seen, therefore, that the flicker is not without value in an agricultural community.

THE work of the chickadee, the nighthawk, the cuckoo and the flicker are only examples of the good being done by at least eight hundred varieties of birds in the United States, while the remaining four hundred forms are almost, if not quite, as beneficial in this or other directions. When the approach of winter brings a cessation of insect life, many birds turn to the weed patches for a food supply. Especially is this the case with the many varieties of native sparrows. No one has yet determined just how many weed seeds one of these birds will eat in a day. The number, however, must be enormous. An ornithologist, upon examining the stomach of a tree sparrow, found it to contain seven hundred undigested pigeon-grass seeds, and in a similar manner it was found that a "snowflake" had taken one thousand seeds of the pigweed at one meal.

Mr. E. H. Forbush, a Massachusetts naturalist, frequently amuses himself by observing the birds near his house as they feed on the millet seed which he provides for them. He says, "A fox sparrow ate one hundred and three seeds in two minutes and forty-seven seconds. A song sparrow ate thirty-four seeds in one minute, ten seconds; one junco ate twenty-eight in forty-eight seconds; another one hundred and ten in three minutes, forty-five seconds; while still another song sparrow ate one hundred and fifty-four in the same length of time. This sparrow had been eating for about half an hour before the count began and continued for some time after it was finished." It is readily seen that thirty seeds a minute was below the average of these birds; and if each bird ate at that rate for but a single hour each day it would destroy eighteen hundred seeds a day, or twelve thousand six hundred a week. Some day our economic naturalists

will give us an exhaustive account of what the various birds of America do for us in the way of keeping down the great scourge of grass and weeds with which farmers have to deal. In the meantime, however, we may bear in mind that enough evidence has been discovered to prove that as destroyers of noxious weed seeds the wild birds are of vast economic importance.

In addition to weeds and insects, there is yet another group of pests, some representatives of which may be found in every neighborhood. It is composed of rabbits, ground squirrels, prairie dogs, rats, mice and many similar forms. They all possess long front teeth for gnawing, and constitute the order of rodents. Some species destroy fruit trees by gnawing away the bark near the ground, others attack the grain stacked in the field or stored in the granary. As these little sharp-eyed creatures are chiefly nocturnal in their habits, we seldom see them. We simply gaze by daylight upon the ruin they have wrought. In some of the American ports today many incoming vessels are systematically fumigated to kill the rats for fear they may bring with them the bubonic plague. In short, the rodents, as a class, are regarded as decidedly detrimental to the interests of mankind. Among their chief natural enemies are the nineteen species of owls, untold numbers of which are abroad every night searching the fields and forests with their big eyes. The anatomy of owls is such that the hard, indigestible portion of their food is disgorged in the form of balls and may often be found beneath the roosting place of the birds. One of our most oddly appearing birds is the barn owl. Being almost entirely nocturnal in its habits it is rarely seen unless perchance one takes the trouble to climb into disused church towers, the attics of abandoned buildings or similar places which the birds inhabit. Some years ago a naturalist in Washington City discovered that a pair of barn owls had taken up their abode in one of the towers of the Smithsonian Institution building. He found the floor thickly strewn with pellets composed of bones and fur which these birds and their young had disgorged. He collected two hundred of these and took them to his laboratory. A careful examination showed that they contained four hundred and fifty-three skulls. Here is his list made out at the time: Two hundred and twenty-five meadow mice; two pine mice; one hundred and seventy-nine house mice; twenty rats; six jumping mice; twenty shrews; one star-nosed mole and one vesper sparrow. It is plain to be seen that great good was accomplished in the community by this pair of owls and their young, for the evil effects of the rodents must have far over-balanced the good service of the one lamented vesper sparrow.

THE ECONOMIC VALUE OF OUR BIRDS

THERE are some large predatory birds which destroy the lives of many game birds and other weaker species. At first thought, it might seem best to wage war on these offenders in the interests of the more desirable birds. Yet, so unexpected is the ultimate result of their predatory activities that on the whole they are probably of decided value to the species upon which they prey and consequently of good to mankind. Birds are subject to sickness and disease like all other creatures, but wise Nature it appears does not plan that such afflicted birds shall long survive. Their quick removal is desirable if they are not to breed and pass on their weakness to their offspring. Sometimes the hawk, dashing at the covey of game birds, doubtless captures one of its strongest and healthiest numbers, but the chances are that the afflicted member which is not so quick on the rise or is a little slower on the wing is the one to be taken. Just as savages in many countries put to death the incompetent and unfit, so do the laws operate which govern wild life. If, therefore, we should destroy all the hawks, owls, wildcats, foxes, skunks and other predatory creatures, it is an open question whether in the long run our game birds would be the gainers thereby.

Some years ago the writer visited a large game farm in North Carolina where the owner had for several years been engaged in an undertaking to raise English ringed-necked pheasants. The gamekeeper stated that there were about six thousand of these brilliantly colored birds on the preserve at that time. He also pointed with pride to an exhibit on the outer walls of a small outhouse. An examination showed that the two sides and one end of this building were thickly decorated with the feet of hawks, crows, owls, domestic cats, minks, weasels and other creatures which were supposed to be enemies of the pheasants. Two men were kept busy on the place trapping and shooting at all seasons and the evidences of their efforts were nailed aloft that all might see that the owner of the big game farm meant that no wild bird or animal should steal his game birds.

A year later I again visited the preserve and found sorrow and lamentation to be the daily bread of the energetic gamekeeper and his men. Over five thousand of the precious pheasants had been swept away by disease within a few weeks. The gunmen and trappers had overdone their work, for no hawks or owls or foxes had been left to capture the first afflicted birds; these, being thus permitted to breed, had increased the number of weaklings until the general health tone to the entire flock had been greatly lowered. The pheasants then readily succumbed to the devastating wave of disease.

Birds all have their part to play in the great economy of the earth, and it is a dangerous experiment to upset the balance of Nature.

ANNA BOBERG: THE SEA PAINTER OF THE NORTH: BY HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

TINY hut on a wind-swept knoll of the Lofoten Islands is where Anna Boberg lives and paints. She draws her inspiration from the Arctic sea that stretches to the westward with breakers frothing almost at her feet and from the mountains that stand guard around her home. For several months of each year this delicately nurtured woman of gay Stockholm braves such hardships as men endure in order to put a new dot on the map or to plant the flag of their country where flag never waved before. She has made herself the little sister of the fisherman, living their lives of privation and listening to their tales of *draugs* and elves and all the hostile forces of nature. She has faced the lashing of the winter storms and dreamed in the glory of the summer nights. Her art has struck deep root in the heart of our common humanity and drawn from it the brilliant pigments of life.

Anna Boberg's father was a distinguished architect. Her husband, Ferdinand Boberg, is also an architect and one of the foremost in Europe. She has traveled with him over the greater part of Europe and visited Asia and Africa. Their home is the center of a circle representing what is highest and finest in Swedish culture as well as a meeting place for visitors from abroad.

The realization of her life work came to her as suddenly as a call to arms. She was traveling with her husband through Lapland in the summer of nineteen hundred and one, and they crossed over to Lofoten for a brief visit. These tiny islands off the coast of Norway, well within the Arctic circle, have the best fisheries of Scandinavia, and have preserved the old picturesque features in spite of the modern leveling influences. The vivid beauty of the Arctic nature appealed to her artist's sense as nothing had ever done before; the homely toil of the people gripped her heart. Something within her said: "This is where I belong; these are my people; this is my work."

Since then no year has passed when she has not visited Lofoten three or four times, accompanied by her husband whenever possible, but very often alone. In the beginning she took pot luck with the fishermen. She slept wherever a bed was to be had and did not inquire too squeamishly. At some posts the local trader is required by law to furnish beds for travelers; in other places she was met by a curt denial, caused not so much by unkindness as by awe of her supposed fine-ladyism. But it needed only a pleasant word to the old man at the fireside,—or a baby dandled in her lap,—or

a kind word to the mother,—and the house was hers with all that it contained. There was her spoon to dip in the common porringer, and her share of the potatoes and salted herring. There was a bench, if nothing better, where she could roll herself in a blanket, and sleep as well as was possible in a room with mother, father, and various sizes of children.

To give her as much of a home as was possible under the circumstances and save her from unnecessary hardship, Mr. Boberg has built his wife a studio near the fishing station at Svolvär. It is a little wooden house standing on a hundred-foot hill, facing the edge of a precipitous cliff, with a panorama of sea and mountains stretching before it. There the artist couple spend their summers together.

But the happiest summer of all their lives the Bobergs count the one when they lived in absolute solitude among the mountains. As both wanted to work, and could not risk the possible wetting of their sketches in a tent, a load of timber was hastily hauled together, and the famous architect attacked it with hammer and saw. The walls were raised in one day, but for a roof there was only the starry vault. With her sleeping-bag, however, Mrs. Boberg is prepared for any such emergency, and though it was bitter cold, she did not feel troubled. Before the second night the roof was up. It was a life of primitive division of labor; the husband carried water and chopped wood, while the wife prepared the meals, which were eaten out of doors. The hut had been placed so that a mountain shut off the sun during the short northern night, which is but a paler day with mists as soft as a dove's wings. It is the time when nature concentrates the life of a year in a few intense weeks, when one may almost hear the heart beats of the blades of grass straining to the light, while the wild flowers pay homage to the sun in a fragrance more pungent and elusive than anything the south knows. In this atmosphere the Swedish artist couple worked during one long, delightful summer, until they were obliged to pack their brushes and go to await the occasional steamer that called in its own good time and brought them back to the village.

FOR mere pleasure trips Mrs. Boberg has her own little boat *'Fru Boberg*, which she can handle alone. In search of material she often goes out with the fishermen on long expeditions that are far from being pleasure jaunts over sunny seas. For sometimes it happens that a storm will blow up, and Mrs. Boberg knows just as well as the experienced fishermen that it would be death to try to approach land. The high courage with which she faces ordeals,

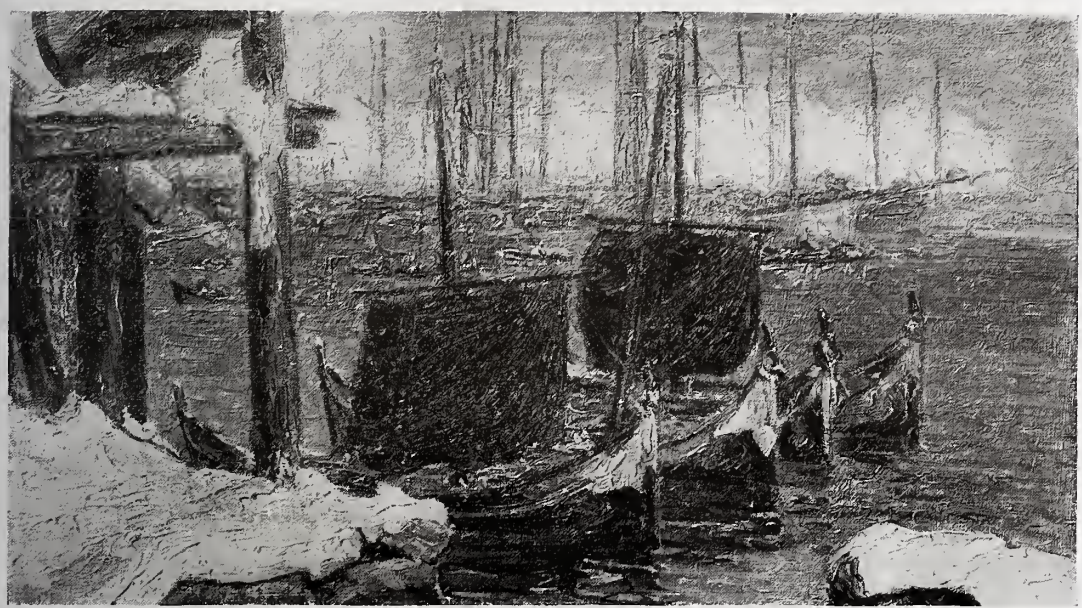
ANNA BOBERG PAINTING IN WINTER ON LOFOTEN ISLAND: IN PAINTING THESE WINTER SCENES IN THE INTENSE COLD OF THE NORTHERN COUNTRY, MRS. BOBERG WEARS A COSTUME WHICH SHE HAS ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THIS OCCASION—FUR, OF COURSE, WITH FUR LEGGINGS, FUR CAP AND GLOVES.

ANNA BOBERG IN HER LITTLE BOAT, "LOFOTEN." SHE IS A GOOD FISHERMAN AND OFTEN OUT WITH THE FISHERS' FLEET IN TERRIBLE WEATHER. SHE HAS CONSTRUCTED A SPECIAL TYPE OF PALETTE AND EASEL WHICH CAN BE STRAPPED TO HER PERSON, SO THAT SHE CAN PAINT ON A ROCKING BOAT AND MISS NO PLAY OF SUN OR SEA.

TWO PICTURES OF ANNA BOBERG, THE GREAT SCANDINAVIAN SEA PAINTER.

"AT REST—SUNDAY," FROM A PAINTING BY ANNA BOBERG.

"FISHING BOATS IN THE NORTHERN SEA," FROM A PAINTING BY ANNA BOBERG.



"SUNLIGHT AFTER STORM," FROM A PAINTING BY ANNA BOBERG.

"AFTER THE DAY'S WORK," FROM A PAINTING BY ANNA BOBERG.

PHOTOGRAPH OF ANNA BOBERG'S SUMMER HOUSE, WHICH WAS PUT UP IN SEVENTY-FOUR HOURS WITH THE HELP OF HER HUSBAND, WHO IS A FAMOUS ARCHITECT OF SWEDEN.

ANNA BOBERG'S STUDIO IN LOFOTEN, BUILT ON THE CREST OF A HILL. THE FIGURE TOILING THROUGH THE SNOW IS THE GREAT ARTIST HERSELF ON HER WAY TO A BUSY DAY'S WORK IN THE LITTLE WORKSHOP.

THE HOME OF FERDINAND AND ANNA BOBERG; THIS HOUSE IS IN VERY REAL CONTRAST TO THE LITTLE PAINTING LODGES THAT THEY HAVE BUILT HERE AND THERE, FOR HARD WORK. THE HOUSE IS ONE OF COMFORT AND LUXURY, AND THE GARDENS OF SURPASSING BEAUTY.

THE HOMES OF ANNA BOBERG, SWEDISH PAINTER.

such as even their own women, the hardy mothers of fishermen, would shrink from, has won her the adoration of the men of Lofoten. When there is a good haul before them, necessitating long hours of night work, she allows no consideration for her own comfort to interfere with the work that means their livelihood. Often she helps to throw a net or hold a tiller. She has constructed a special type of palette and easel, which can be strapped to her person, so that she can paint on a rocking boat and miss no shifting play of sun and wind on the churning sea.

Her costume, too, is of her own invention. Skirts are left behind among the luxuries of the mainland. Instead she wears in winter fur trousers coming up to her armpits with a fur jacket and a close-fitting cap that leaves only her eyes and mouth free. For painting she cuts the fingers and palms from her fur gloves. When the snow is soft, she straps skis to her feet to keep from sinking deep into it, as she stands at work, often in a whirling snow-storm, till the paint freezes, and her stiffening fingers can hold a brush no longer. Then she is glad to escape with nothing more serious than frosted fingers or face.

The fishermen laugh at her uniform and never tire of their joke: "Are you man or woman?" Sometimes they venture criticisms such as: "The number of that boat isn't right—it should be a six instead of a seven,"—or: "That ship's too red." Mrs. Boberg enjoys the criticisms and culls from them whatever is of value, for she aims to reproduce with absolute faithfulness the implements and methods that are passing with the older generations.

All seafaring people and all who love the sea have a strong sense of the personality of ships. A waterfront reporter once said, when the edict went forth from the managing editor's office that ships must be referred to in the paper's columns as "it," not as "she," that he "would as soon insult a lady friend." The fishing-boats, as Anna Boberg paints them, are personalities, eloquent with stories. In "Putting out to Sea" the little boat plunges bravely into the swelling waves with sail tense and bulging as if it knew the moment had come toward which the fishermen had strained for months, the beginning of the big fishing, the moment that means hunger or plenty for another year. Everything is tense with excitement, the gathering boats, the straining at the nets, the eager eyes, the crowding of the fishermen on the little decks. "Sunday Rest" is a fleet of fishing-boats in harbor, lying peacefully, sails furled, in a circle of sunlit mountains, their decks heavy with snow and deserted by the men. Again the infinitely shifting beauty of the waterfront is portrayed in "Sun after Snowstorm," with the sunlight glittering

on icy ropes,—or its elusive poetry, its suggestiveness in the forest of masts and spars dissolved at last into a far-off mist,—or its hard labor in the heavy, dark hulls anchored at the wharf after the day's work.

THE brilliant, ever-changing hues of Arctic nature have given free play to Anna Boberg's marvellous sense of light and color. There are cliffs like jagged opals in the sun, a sea that rivals the wine-colored ocean of Homer in its deep reds and purples, quiet waters gathering the reflections of the fishing-boats into pools of iridescent color.

She paints the fishermen not so much as individual types, but rather as a part of the environment, an outgrowth of the life of mingled toil and adventure that has shaped them to its own uses. She has steeped herself in the atmosphere of Lofoten, its superstitions, its tang of fish and salt water. She works with the more breathless haste, because she feels that the place is undergoing a sea change, and that soon its most interesting and picturesque features will have passed into oblivion. Her aim is to preserve with pen and brush what otherwise would perish.

The old femböring or ten-oared boat of the fishermen has come down from Viking times. Its perfect lines were probably seen in the boat in which Leif Erikson first crossed the Atlantic and are still incorporated into the best of modern racing-boats. To possess a femböring the Nordland fisherman a generation ago would deny himself the necessities of life. Before long the famous boat will be nothing but a saga.

Something of the same change has come into the lives of the people. The old fishermen were fatalists. It rested with the gods of the winds and waves to say whether a man should "stay," as the saying is of those who meet death at sea, or whether he should return with a boat-load of silvery fish. It behooved no man to quarrel with the cruel sport of those who hold vessels and men in the hollow of their hands. The young men shrug their shoulders at the old years; they have hydrographic institutes and have reduced fishing to a business to be controlled with modern scientific efficiency. The ghosts of the sea have no terrors for them.

ALL nations have their phantom ships. The Chinaman would rather cut off his queue and insult his ancestors than enter a derelict junk, for he believes that such boats are manned by snakes. Our old friend, the Flying Dutchman, has fled before the liners that cross and recross his haunts around the Cape of

Good Hope, and has gone to Cape Horn, where some of the mystery of the sea still lingers. Even here science pursues him, and the fabled Ghost Ship of Le Maire has been found to be only a ship-shaped rock.

The Norwegian fisherman has his own ghost ship, the Half Boat of Draugen, which, like its fellows, is fast being dissolved into mist by the rays of modern knowledge. Its skipper is a burly ghost, partaking more of the nature of the monsters of old Norse mythology. In fact he is supposed to be the lineal descendant of the giant who carried the dead in his boat Naglfar (nail-ferry, built of dead men's nails) to the Underworld. His head is of seaweed, his eyes like small red coals of fire in his formless face. He wears a sailor's leather jacket and sou'wester, but though he has the form of a burly man, he is clammy, and when he passes there is a breath like a gust of air from the opening of an ice-cold vault. By that many have known his presence, the old fishermen say, though no one has seen him and lived; for he who sees Draugen dies within the year and goes to join the crew of the ghostly Half Boat, which is manned by those not buried in Christian earth.

Such superstitions have deeply colored the minds of the fishermen in the north. The stories that center around Draugen have been touched by Jonas Lie, the Norwegian author, an uncle of the American painter by the same name. Lie has used them most effectively as a basis for some of his best short stories, but no one has made a complete collection of these legends. Anna Boberg has set herself the task of gathering all the weird, wild tales that will soon have faded even from the minds of the old salts in Nordland.

Her special friend and ally in this work is an old fisherman, who lives in a little house made of a boat resting, keel up, on a foundation of rocks. At her call he comes out of his den, and she has painted him so, an ancient mariner, with his body bent till his long silvery beard almost touches his knees. Sitting with his sightless eyes turning toward the sea, where he can scarcely perceive the familiar glitter of the sunlight on the waves, he ponders in his mind the old stories, and as they come back to him on the returning tide of his memory, he imparts them to Mrs. Boberg, waiting patiently for the slow working of the old man's mind.

There are stories of the land as well as of the sea; for on this border-land the matter-of-fact Teuton has mingled his blood with that of the fiery Lap. From this dark-skinned, glib-tongued Ishmael of the far north comes the strain of poetry, of weird superstition and sensuous imagery that distinguishes the Norwegian of the Arctics from his brethren farther south. The Laps have a strange erotic

attraction and sometimes an hypnotic power, which has given them the reputation of being, one and all, possessed of the power of witchcraft. There is no doubt that they still sometimes worship pagan gods, though their children go to school and can recite the catechism as fluently as their tow-headed companions. High in the mountains one may sometimes even yet come upon a stone raised as an altar to the old gods, and the ground strewn with bones and antlers of reindeer show that the sacrifice has not been long cold.

YET another strain of the south has left its trace in the black beetling brows and flashing dark eyes met with occasionally in the fishermen of Nordland. If the old blind man is to be believed, it is due to a shipwrecked crew that was driven on the shore, remained in the village, and took possession of everything, including the women and children, whose husbands and fathers had perished in the same storm. Anna Boberg has gathered up all these raveled yarns and means to knit them into a mesh of fishermen's tales, "when she can no longer paint," for she fully realizes that even her splendid strength of mind and body cannot for many years stand the strain she is putting them to.

In Lofoten she works incessantly and with a spirit of enthusiasm that makes her insensible to fatigue or hardship. When her strength is absolutely spent, she returns to her home in Stockholm to conquer by massage and hot baths the ills that come of exposure, and to build herself up physically,—only to go back to the battle with undaunted courage. During the last ten or eleven years she has been a remarkably productive worker. She has more than four hundred small sketches in a fireproof vault in Stockholm, carefully preserved not only for their artistic value, but also for the accuracy of detail which make them historically valuable.

The painstaking study of her subjects has given Anna Boberg's art not only freshness of local color, but a great and rare sincerity. Her pictures are not painted in a spirit of dilettante interest, but from a deep and intimate knowledge of the life she attempts to interpret. In this she is essentially northern. It is the greatest merit of northern art that its productions are not mere studio conceits or clever observations of the passing show, but seem to have been actually lived by the artist, to be flesh of his flesh and spirit of his spirit. The work of the painters of the north has a gripping reality, infinitely greater than mere realism. Few if any even among Scandinavian artists have made such personal sacrifices for their work as Anna Boberg has, but she feels that it has been well worth while in the richer, deeper life it has brought her.

DOES VOCATIONAL TRAINING FAIL TO BUILD CHARACTER, OR CREATE A CONSCIOUS CITIZENSHIP? A STUDY IN EDUCATION: BY RAYMOND RIORDON

OME sixteen years ago William B. Powell—now deceased—was Superintendent of Public Schools of the District of Columbia. This man recognized the salient faults in modern education. He was a forerunner in emphasizing the great need of nature study. Today we call this tendency toward the exact and the economic—efficiency and scientific instruction. W. B. Powell, furthermore, attempted to introduce in simple form the then unknown science of eugenics. I remember a newspaper cartoon picturing the apparently inquisitorial superintendent in the act of forcing confession from children of their parents' weaknesses, their own birthmarks, etc. The furore was terrific and Mr. Powell was removed from the Washington schools. The loss to the school system can best be realized when we look at education through today's school eyes.

Nature study and a consideration of the pathological in child's development in the schoolroom were the first steps toward an upheaval of the old. The pioneer who gained his knowledge of the three R's in the log schoolhouse, had no need of other than this fundamental teaching. He was a naturalist—he was a product of hardy ancestors, made hardier through a determination to be unshackled. The youth of old went to the schoolhouse to get knowledge—he was serious-minded. The schoolboy of today goes to school through habit. The standard of the boy of the woods, the boy whose day was eighteen hours of work, was not a grade standard, but a recognition of knowledge as power. The standard of the schoolboy, the youth in the high school, the young man at college, resolves itself around a mark, a mark so set that any dullard can reach it with little effort. The boy of the past made his learning a necessity; the boy of today is largely trained in school so he will not have to work; and the result of such training must be race degeneracy and a national integrity impaired.

Mr. Powell's pioneer work in introducing nature study has made for good in education, but its greatest value has been largely limited through the incapacity of normal schools to train teachers for scientific work. The science teacher, as a rule, is not a human teacher; the sociological teacher is not a scientist.

The logical step for the recognized necessity of making education real through giving the child a conception of nature and teaching him to see that he is a part of nature, is now common in both

public and private schools of definite instruction along scientific lines. Business has become a science; farming has become a science; child study has become a science. Other lands have been doing for many years just what we are now striving to attain. So we look abroad for our models.

Germany at once attracts attention. Germany is thorough; Germany rules through force; Germany's society is of many degrees; Germany leads in industrial occupation of its people. If we are to become as Germany, then we too, must rule through force; we too must further accentuate caste. If we are to lead in industrial occupation as does Germany, then we too must make the many work for the few.

Investigators return from Germany fully convinced that should we pattern after the German we would remove all our faults of wastefulness, of idleness, of inefficiency. But foreign school ideals will never fit American schoolrooms. If we attempt to fit monarchical educational systems to democratic forms, then just the thing our forefathers sought—liberty of mind, of action—individuality—will be stamped out forever.

VOCATIONAL training, in brief, is the result of our efforts to see what they do across the water. Vocational training seems to meet all the conditions scientific training demands as its aftermath. A bill is now pending in the Illinois Legislature providing for vocational training throughout the public schools of the State. Germany is to be used as pattern. The movement is backed by the Manufacturers' Association. Indeed, the manufacturers are willing to pay the cost of much of this type of education.

If the public-school system allows itself to become vocationalized it will turn over to the "interests" the one thing in public life not yet controlled by them—our schools. It is very true politics has already sapped the genuine from the children's right to be taught to live, but the control of the politician is a fluctuating thing—for there are good politicians as well as bad and the appointments strike the happy medium. But once let our school system become saturated with vocational training and we shall but be turning out skilled laborers for the "interests." True, the boy and girl will have occupation when their school days are over, but that they are useless—most of them—now when they leave the high school is no plea for a system which shall tailor them to order.

The school life of boys and girls should render them capable at the age of sixteen of seeking for themselves the thing that most appeals in the line of work. The success or failure of such seeking

will teach them through experience what niche the world has labeled for their occupancy. This period of learning through seeking is as vital for character building and for the training of intellect and intelligence, as the previous ten years in the schoolroom.

Vocational training would have us center our attention on developing a boy's skill that he may be useful to his employer at once. But in order to do this there will be a sacrifice of the basic principles of character building—and without character in citizenship no commonwealth can prosper—for helpfulness to others, sacrifice of time and strength for the good of all, is lost sight of in the selfish motive of self-preparation.

Wherever and in whatever form you offer a bait in concrete form, you catch the microbe of graft. Vocational training has—in the mind of the boy—the one goal, a salary soon. Vocational training has in the mind of the manufacturers—another goal—more product and greater returns. Returns to whom? Without ability to sacrifice, daring is lacking; with tangible return for effort always in mind, honesty is on dangerous ground; with product the outlook for the day, energy is sapped; and when this day and its follower and on to the end is over, and the summing up is comfort to the employer, bare sustenance for the worker, then man's mind becomes revolutionary; but his soul lacks daring, and he steeps his sorrow in strong drink or mumbles in the corner.

THE function of public-school training is not to turn out carpenters, mechanics, skilled laborers—the function of the public school is to turn out men and women of sterling character. Education during the formative years should be a process of standardizing character traits. Honesty, usefulness to all, self-confidence, determination, fairness, industry, and these made possible through a balance of mind and body. Such balance can never be attained through a separation of the industrial from the classical. The product today of trades and manual-training schools is lacking in all sense of literature, of history, of art and the beautiful. A livelihood of this sort soon means drudgery. It is the mind of the drudge that leads to dissipation. The boy from the classical school has no sense of physical usefulness—cannot understand the mind of the man of the pick and the hoe. The former becomes our factory worker; the latter our professional protector of capital, as lawyer, banker or minister.

Divide school life into the period, from six to sixteen, when a concrete knowledge of principles—academic and moral—is made a part of the child, and the excursion period into an real world, six-

teen to twenty-one, when youth will find itself, if fundamentally grounded during the formative years. For the full development of the child, both academic and moral principles are essential; one coming more from books, the other from work, that is, from an unselfish devotion to the task at hand. I have often thought that the less personal return the task brings to the child, except in joy and accomplishment, the greater the moral lesson taught.

Child-power is world-power—that the world is the sordid place it is, is due to over-much attention to horse-power and too little to the child. Horse-power is a money maker—child-power is a race maker. Which do you choose? Shall we make our schools into man-mills, where the planed and molded product comes out ready to nail in place, or shall we use our schools as youth's playground where in addition to the preparation for life's struggles, beauty and poetry are practised through usefulness and kind deeds. Shall we send our boys out into our land fitted to earn a living with the hands, but with absolute knowledge that a daring thought, a cry for fairness, an inclination to vote as they please, means dismissal? Or shall we send them forth inquisitive to see for themselves the social inequality of this land; and with a physical and mental capacity to arise and cry aloud, "this can no longer be, for the coming generation has been taught how to live!" Shall we manufacture our art, or shall we encourage it to spring up out of native soil? Do we want a society composed of rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief—or do we want a human society awake to kindness—satisfied with enough—strong in time of stress and joyful ever?

WHEN William B. Powell said—"Live with nature," he said, "Love God." When the country's bosses say—"Vocational training," they say, "Fill our purses." All that is involved in vocational training that should become a part of education in the school, is contained in nature study. See mountains and hills and forests and draw them; watch falls and hitch them up; admire the swell of fields, but harvest the hay; let a burning building fascinate you through its horror and roar, then clean up the debris and build it anew; listen to the roar of the storm and marvel at the sweep of the wind, then make good the wreckage. To study nature one must live, and to live rightly, one must do. But such doing is the unconscious doing of the necessary, not the study of individual gain.

Child-power is world-power—vocational training will mean industrial slavery.

A vocation is that for which one seems most fitted. Such fitness cannot be recognized until one has passed through the adolescent

as a rule. During the formative years of a child's life, the teacher can mold character into whatever channel seems wisest. Thus the child can really be prepared to face life with interest and capability, or he can be turned merely into a carpenter, a skilled laborer of the sort that can get an immediate position on leaving school, but without the interest in life or the development ever to make progress. As a matter of fact, the employers themselves, if they were to look deeply into this matter should feel that the boy with the all-round education seeking his place in life, say at sixteen, is far more useful to any business, far more capable of doing with spirit and judgment and interest what he undertakes, than the deadened product of pure vocational training.

A BALLAD OF GOD'S TOWN

MY love that dwelt in London, she sent me word to say
That I should speed to greet her before she went away,
O fast I hastened to her as feet and heart could fly,
But she was fled to a far townland, ere ever I could come nigh.
To God's Town, where 'tis weary to follow, O there was she gone,
To God's Town, that lies west o' the sunset, and east o' the dawn!

My love that dwelt in London, I broke the roses red
And daisies white-and-yellow, to wind about her head,
But ere I had them gathered and braided in a ring,
She was weaving wreaths on the lawns o' Heaven, in sight of the Holy King.
In God's Town, where lives many a maiden, O then was she there,
In God's Town, with a ring of gold glory above her gold hair!

My love that dwelt in London, she sewed her wedding-gown,
All shaped of silks and satins, with laces hanging down,
But when they set it on her, O very still was she,
And she wore it into the far townland ere ever she married me!
In God's Town, O it's there I shall wed her, while all the saints sing,
In God's Town, where the silver-clad angels shall cry welcoming!

MARGARET WIDDEMER

THE CHRISTMAS TREE AS A SYMBOL OF LIFE—ALSO A LESSON IN CONSERVATION

THE tree, like the sun, seems always to have been a symbol to primitive man for his ideas about the mystery of Universal life. Back in the dawn of years trees were held sacred to some god or spirit, good or evil, and gifts were hung upon them as offerings or prayers for health. The very deities were supposed to live in the trees, and the earliest altars were made from the trunks of trees roughly hewn, on which were heaped the gifts and sacrifices with which angry gods were propitiated. Back to India and Egypt, may be traced the beginning of tree worship, Egypt holding the first tradition which connects the tree with the sacred festival of the winter solstice, when branches of date palms were hung in the temples and houses as emblems of immortal life. Later, at the Roman Saturnalia, the ancient pagan festival of the Sun (and joy at his returning strength) green boughs were carried in procession and placed in the temple. It is interesting to trace this connection of the pagan celebration of the Sun and triumphant life, through the Druid worship of the sacred trees in which the spirit lived (the evergreen boughs as an emblem of triumphant life) down to the modern Christmas.

The Christmas tree as we know it today is an outgrowth of the mingling of the ancient beliefs and the Mediæval legends of North Germany that center about St. Winifred who lived in the eighth century. St. Winifred, filled with religious enthusiasm and with desire to destroy the pagan forms of worship, dared one Christmas Eve to defy the ancient gods, and hewed down the sacred oak of the Druids. From the center of the fallen oak sprang a young fir tree with shining lights on its branches and the face of the Christ Child above. St. Winifred gave the tree to his followers as a symbol of the new spirit of religion—the young tree meaning the Christ Child, the lights on the green boughs, the light of everlasting life in the soul of man.

Another story is that Martin Luther, walking alone one Christmas Eve, was so overwhelmed with wonder of the stars that they seemed a revelation to him of the nearness of God to man. On returning home, he took a little fir tree and put lighted candles on its branches to make clear to his children the thought that had been given him. Since then the Germans have used the Christmas tree in their Yuletide celebrations more generally and enthusiastically than any other nation. The tree was not widely used in France until about the time of the Empress Eugénie. In England it was not until Victoria married Prince Albert, a German, that the fir tree laden with gifts and toys for the children and glowing with candles, became popular.

BUT in the midst of all this romance a very practical problem presents itself. The Christmas tree is not only the symbol of a beautiful ideal; it is a definite factor in twentieth century trade. This will be readily appreciated when we recall that four million Christmas trees are used each year in the United States. What is being done to conserve or replace the young trees that are cut down so ruthlessly? That the need for preservation is vital will be realized after seeing some of the depleted mountainsides in the Catskills and Adirondacks. In Germany, where mostly spruce trees are used for Christmas, they are all artificially planted and under Government control; but there is no organized protection for the fir trees in America.

The problem then seems to be how the children may have their Christmas trees every year on one hand, and on the other how we may keep our mountainsides and pasture lands green with the fir trees. First of all we must accept as final the fact that the children must have their Christmas festival, the pinnacle and final glory of which is the Christmas tree. For whether our little folks realize all that the Christmas-tide represents, whether the Christmas tree symbolizes to them eternal life or just eternal joy, nevertheless the fir tree with its lighted stars and its gifts is the center of the greatest romance of youth the world over, and the sternest economist would indeed need courage to face the thought of removing from childhood the least, to say nothing of the greatest, romance encircling it. And so we would not lessen the sale of the four million Christmas trees or the joy of the twenty million or more children who are breathless over their advent on Christmas Eve.

But a thought has come to us that would leave the romance of the Tree undimmed and yet lessen the terrible waste which threatens our countryside wherever the fir and the balsam flourish. Why should we not imitate our French brothers in their care of the Christmas tree, as we do their love of its beauty and romance? For over in France not only the peasant people but the simple village people all over the country *replant the Christmas tree* after the holiday has passed. It is taken up carefully with the soil about its roots in the first place; it is cared for tenderly during its days of elevation to the symbol of Christmas happiness, and then later it is carried reverently out into the little garden and planted along with the other Christmas trees, which stand a green and fresh memory to former holiday festivals. So far as we know the French people were the first to practice replanting the sacred tree. This habit was probably born out of the thrift of the French heart, rather than out of the imagination; but perhaps out of both, for the French peasant dearly loves his festivals. And yet they

are spoiled for him if it is not possible to have them with true economy.

The replanting of the Christmas tree, the putting it out in the earth to remain green for years to come, should accomplish three very definite things for the children of the household. And if the tree is to be replanted, children should share in the labor as they have shared in the joy of the decoration and the lighting of it. First of all, the Christmas tree in the garden will bring happy memories to little children throughout the years. It would also appeal to their imagination, and would teach them that the thing which has life and is growing, is more valuable and more beautiful than the thing which is used merely for a moment's pleasure and then destroyed. It is impossible for a child to play about a garden where one or many Christmas trees have been set out, without a little sense of intimate pleasure, a thrill for bygone happiness that can never come from the ordinary tree—the tree without a memory.

In addition to rendering the memory sensitive to pleasures, the replanting of the Christmas tree should teach children a lesson in economy. For why should this emblem of life, this beautiful green symbol from the heart of nature be used for a day, or two or three at the most, and then destroyed, not even as a rule made into a beautiful blazing fire for an evening's happiness. Surely, there is every reason why a child should learn the first lesson in economy from the preservation of something that is inherently beautiful and that has also given some special kind of pleasure. And so we have two lessons from the saving of the tree.

The third could easily be found in the interest in nature, sure to follow the setting out of the Christmas tree. (This, by the way, could be made quite a ceremony for the children.) A child who has been taught to plant one tree, and do it right, will want to know more about the planting and the growth of other trees, and a child who has been made to feel that the life of a tree is worth saving, is very likely to grow up with some interest in conservation, the saving of the great woods of his own country.

As a matter of fact, there is really a fourth reason for the replanting of the Christmas tree, that it will add greatly to the beauty of the home garden. What could be finer than a hedge of Christmas trees, or a clump of them in just the right place near the house? And a lesson in gardening may be included if the children are allowed to take all the care of these trees, water them or clip them, as the case may be. And when they have grown bulky from good care and love, the under branches could be cut away at holiday time for house decoration, and again children could be taught that evergreen decorations may be had without destruction to the trees.

SKOWHEGAN, ME.

THE PHOTOGRAPH BELOW SHOWS THE CARRYING OF A CHRISTMAS TREE INTO A HOUSE, CAREFULLY PACKED FOR SUBSEQUENT REPACKING. THE FACT THAT TWO MEN ARE HANDLING IT INDICATES THAT THE UTMOST PRECAUTION MUST BE TAKEN NOT TO MAR THE TREE IN GETTING IT INDOORS FOR THE CHRISTMAS EVE FESTIVITIES. IT IS A GOOD PLAN AFTER THE TREE IS ONCE SAFELY HOUSED TO HAVE IT PLACED NEAR A WINDOW WHERE IT WILL GET SOME LIGHT AND AIR, AND THE SOIL SHOULD BE SLIGHTLY MOISTENED DURING ITS STAY INDOORS. IN FACT IT MUST BE TREATED AND CARED FOR A GOOD DEAL AS THOUGH IT WERE A HOUSE PLANT.

THE PICTURE JUST ABOVE SHOWS THE TREE BEING TAKEN AWAY AFTER ITS HOLIDAY EXPERIENCE WITH THE CHILDREN. IT SHOULD BE SEEN THAT IT IS IN EXCELLENT CONDITION AND THAT IN NO WAY HAS THE CANVAS OR THE CORDS BEEN DISTURBED. IT MUST BE CAREFULLY LIFTED FROM THE PORCH ONTO A LITTLE CART TO BE TAKEN TO ITS FINAL RESTING PLACE OR IT CAN BE CARRIED IF THE DISTANCE IS NOT TOO GREAT. IT IS BETTER, IF POSSIBLE, TO USE A LITTLE CART AS THE LESS JOLTING THE ROOTS OF THE TREE GET THE BETTER.

THE PICTURE BELOW SHOWS HOW A CHRISTMAS TREE MAY BE HAULED, AFTER IT IS CAREFULLY PACKED, OVER ROUGH GROUND WITHOUT INJURY. OF COURSE IT WOULD BE A GOOD PLAN TO MAKE A LITTLE PATH FOR THE TREE TO BE HAULED IN THIS FASHION, IF THE GROUND IS COVERED WITH CRUSTED SNOW OR BADLY FROZEN IN UNEVEN RUTS: IT IS ALWAYS A WISE PLAN TO SELECT A FAIRLY SHORT, STOUT TREE FOR THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL WHEN THE THOUGHT OF REPLANTING IS TO BE ENTERTAINED.

THE PICTURE ABOVE SHOWS US THE VERY CAREFUL METHOD OF REPLANTING THE CHRISTMAS TREE NEAR THE HOUSE. OF COURSE THE QUESTION OF DEPTH AND PREPARATION OF SOIL MUST BE CAREFULLY CONSIDERED; BUT NOTHING IS MORE ESSENTIAL THAN THE UTMOST CARE IN REMOVING THE CANVAS WRAPPING FROM THE EARTH-BOUND ROOTS, AS ANY INJURY EVEN TO THE ENDS OF THE ROOTS MAY RESULT IN SICKNESS, IF NOT DEATH, TO THE TREE.

THE PICTURE AT THE LEFT SHOWS A VERY WISE WAY OF GETTING A CHRISTMAS TREE SAFELY FROM THE WOODS TO THE HOUSE OR BACK AGAIN TO A HEDGE-ROW WHERE IT IS TO BE PLANTED. TO HANDLE A TREE IN THIS FASHION MEANS THAT THE BRANCHES CANNOT BE BROKEN OR THE EARTH JOLTED AWAY FROM THE ROOTS.

WHERE THE FIR IS TO TAKE A LONG JOURNEY TO OR FROM THE HOUSE, A WISE THING IS TO PLACE THE CANVAS-BOUND ROOTS IN A SQUARE BOX, MADE TO EXACTLY FIT SO THAT THE ROOTS MAY NOT BE SQUEEZED ON THE ONE HAND, OR LEFT TO JOLT ABOUT ON THE OTHER.

A ROW OF SPRUCE TREES USED AS A WINDBREAK, EACH ONE OF WHICH HAS IN TURN SERVED ITS PURPOSE FOR THE CHRISTMAS EVE FESTIVAL.

ANOTHER METHOD OF REPLANTING THE CHRISTMAS TREE TO SERVE AS A SPECIAL DECORATION FOR THE LAWN IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE.

HAVING AND SAVING THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Here in America we owe the idea of replanting the Christmas tree to Mr. Isaac Hicks, whom we have long known as our friend in the spring-time, who helps us to plan our gardens aright, and tells us of new joys for the flower beds and vegetable rows. Mr. Hicks has explained to us exactly how to preserve the roots of the trees with earth and canvas bag, and how to replant them. His advice is worth presenting word for word as it came to us.

The best way to transplant is first to dig around the roots of the tree and deep enough to be sure of getting all the roots. Of course the depth and circumference of the ball of earth taken up, depend upon the size of the tree. Canvas, gored and shaped to a taper, is securely fastened by clamping the roots around with a rope and tying. The roots are then set in a square box made for the purpose. In shipping, the tree is protected by winding burlap around it, or by crating, if very large. For the smaller trees it is not necessary to have a large ball of earth, but the roots when carefully taken up should be dipped in thick mud and wrapped in burlap. Trees thus protected will last days and even weeks without replanting. December is an excellent time for replanting fir and spruce trees, and the little frost that is in the ground then helps rather than hinders in transplanting.

A few days after Christmas the tree should be planted in the grounds, if one lives in the country, or if in the city and the tree is sufficiently large, it could be sent to the city parks for replanting. In replanting, trees less than six feet high, which have comparatively small balls of solid earth, should be well mulched so that the dampness will not dry out. The mulching will protect and fertilize the newly planted trees which should be set a foot and a half deep. During the summer, for a year or two, they should be carefully watered every two weeks.

Evergreens are one of the most ornamental and useful kinds of trees. They are beautiful in autumn as a contrast to the brilliant foliage, and in winter a welcome relief to the bare branches of the deciduous trees. The spruces and firs can be utilized as a protection against the wind in an unsheltered spot, or planted as a screen for unsightly out-buildings. But to plant the Christmas tree which, as a decoration, has been the center of festivity and merriment, on the lawn or near the house to soften the lines of the landscape, is a practical as well as poetical idea.

Since our Government does not take sufficient interest to plant spruce and fir trees for Christmas use as is done in Germany, right here is an opportunity for the enterprising farmer to make a good deal of money. The farmers who live in States that are particularly favorable to the growth of evergeens could, at a small expense to them-

selves, with a few days or even a week's work in the winter season when there is not so much to be done on the farm, take up the small trees growing on public lands and transplant to their waste or barren land. Evergreens will grow on soil that is not profitable to cultivate. On every farm there is some part of the land that is not fertile. This could be utilized with profit by planting with the fir trees taken from estates from which permission had been obtained to remove the seedlings that otherwise would grow up and choke out the larger trees. If these trees are kept a few years, they can be sold for a large profit. They require very little care in cultivating and will grow in fairly rocky soil, useless for most products. Young trees are easy to transplant and need but little help even the first summer.

In some sections, of course, there are no natural nurseries for the little fir trees. The estates are all over-cultivated and the woods have been wiped out by the fires and the lumbermen. In such a case as this it might even be a profitable thing for the farmer to secure the necessary trees, little ones of course, from some nurseryman where they could be obtained at reasonable rates. Eventually he would more than get his money back, and while the trees were growing he would have the pleasure of their beauty and their usefulness. But for the farmer living near the wild woods it is much better to help himself, with permission of course, from the little forest seedlings, for then he can be sure that they are suited to his climate. Their very presence on the nearby hillside or in the deep woods proves that they are fitted for the soil in which he would place them.

The fir and the balsam are especially adapted to certain sections of the United States, that is to say, they will grow practically without help in these quarters, in Maine for instance, in the Adirondacks, in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Colorado, up in the northern part of Illinois and in Ohio, also in the more mountainous regions of New York and Pennsylvania. Already vast sections throughout these States have been devastated by forest fires or destroyed by the man who is converting the woods into cash. Many a farm is practically devoid of timber, and the sight of a green hillside would add value to the selling quality of the farm land and æsthetic joy to the farmer's wife as well as afford a pretty playground for the farmer's children.

Of course when it is possible, the farmer should eventually market the trees in his own neighborhood. This saves the cost of transportation and does away with the farmer's dividing his proceeds with the middleman. And if the trees cost him little or nothing in the first place and their cultivation but a few odd hours' labor, surely in the sale of his Christmas trees to his own friends and neighbors the farmer will find a new and pleasant source of revenue.

ONE- AND TWO-FAMILY CRAFTSMAN HOUSES COMBINING UNUSUAL COMFORT AND ECONOMY OF CONSTRUCTION

IN planning the Craftsman houses which have been presented in the magazine every month for the past nine years, we have tried always to get as wide a range of designs as possible, so that they might be available for home-builders of varied needs, tastes and incomes all over our land. We have shown homes for city, town and village lots, some small and inexpensive, others larger and of proportionately higher cost. We have shown log camps and tiny cottages for mountain, seashore or woodland sites, some intended only for summer homes, others suitable for all-year habitation. We have planned houses for middle and corner lots, both wide and narrow, for sloping hillsides and level plains. And the materials chosen have been as varied as the nature of the buildings themselves—logs and slabs, clapboards and shingles, brick and stone, stucco and concrete, and many different combinations.

With all this variety, as a glance through our book of plans will show, we have always tried to keep that frankness and sturdiness of structure, that homelike simplicity of plan which have now come to be regarded as essential characteristics of Craftsman architecture.

This month, however, we are presenting something new—a semi-detached Craftsman house. We have never before planned a dwelling of this particular type, chiefly because, like the "row," it has been looked upon so long as the legitimate province of the speculative builder whose motto has been "Build—to sell"; whereas, we have had in mind the needs of those who wished to build primarily for themselves—homes to live in, homes planned with close relation to their own individual needs.

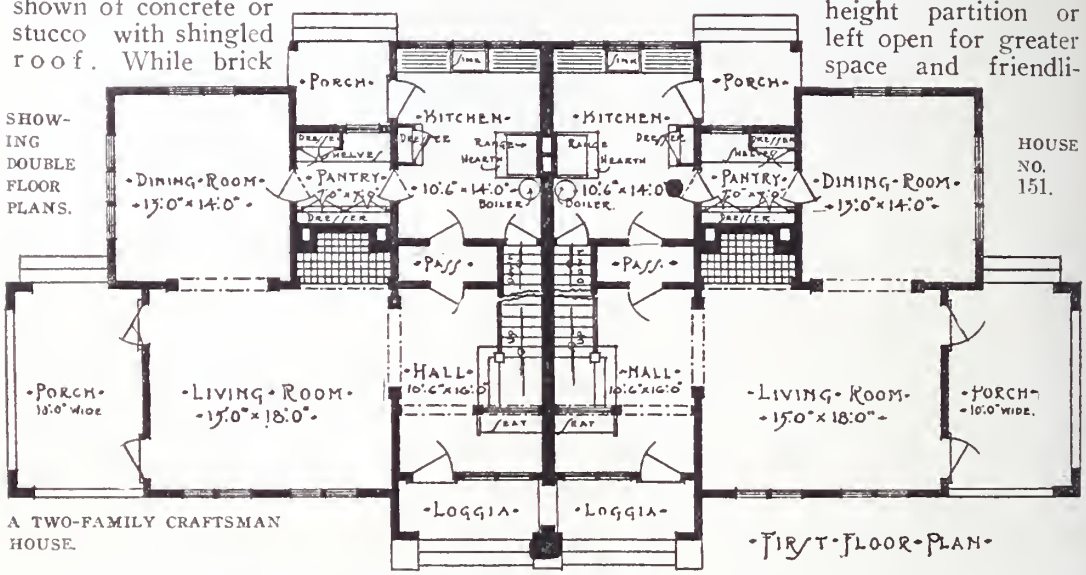
But as some of the recent coöperative and garden city movements here and abroad have demonstrated, there is no reason why the semi-detached building should not be made as satisfying, from both a practical and an artistic standpoint, as the single house. It is certainly more economical in construction, owing to the middle partition which serves for both houses in place of separate outside walls. Such a building also needs less fuel for its heating, being sheltered on one side from wind and cold.

There are many instances where the semi-detached type of dwelling would be preferable to the single house. Take for example the case of a family with a married son or daughter who wished to live near the parents and keep in close touch with the old familiar home life; or two friendly families who wished to build their own homes and who selected this sort of house for the sake of economy and neighborliness.

Then there is the advantage from the architect's point of view. The double house gives him the chance for attaining greater beauty of proportion, variety of detail and dignity of mass than a smaller building could usually afford. The garden, too, may be laid out more effectively than that of a single detached house, for the wider spaces will permit greater interest and friendliness in the planning of paths and placing of arbors, garden steps and other features, and

in the planting of shrubs and flowers—especially if there be no separating fence or hedge to limit the gardener's opportunities.

And so, with these points in mind, we have planned the first double house published here—No. 151. The building is shown of concrete or stucco with shingled roof. While brick could be substituted if desired, the general form and lines of the structure seem to lend themselves best to concrete or stucco construction.

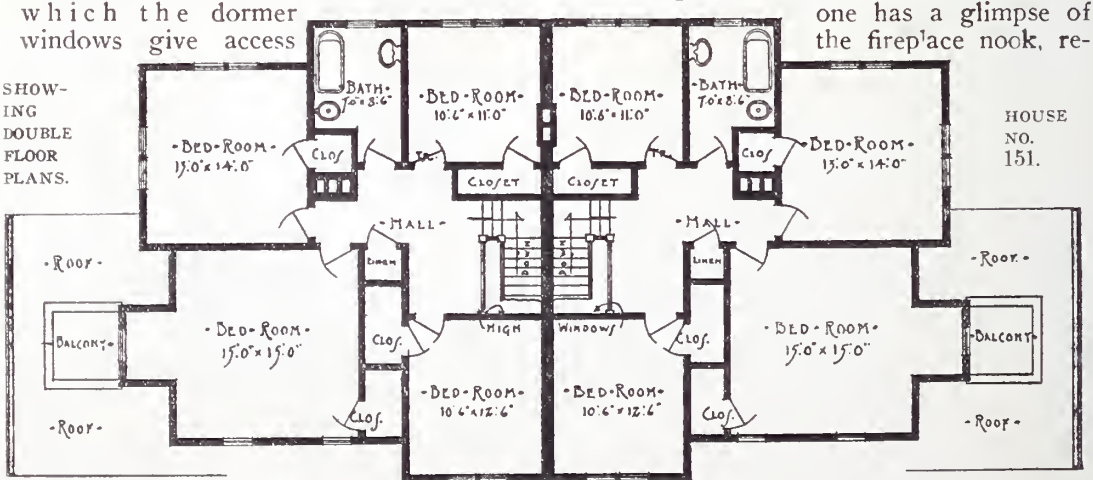


A TWO-FAMILY CRAFTSMAN HOUSE.

The symmetrical arrangement of the exterior combined with its solid and well-balanced proportions gives the place an air of dignity without being at all severe; while the inviting shelter of the recessed entrance porches and those on each side, the tiny dormers that break the slope of the long roofs, and the little sunken balconies to which the dormer windows give access all contribute to the homelike appearance of the building.

In looking over the floor plan, let us take the left-hand house. One enters from the small loggia, which may be either divided from its neighbor by a full or half-height partition or left open for greater space and friendliness. In the roomy hall one finds a hospitable seat beside the staircase which goes up three steps to a landing before turning up to the second floor. A double closet which may serve for wraps and umbrellas is conveniently near, and through it one may pass to the kitchen—an arrangement which allows the maid or housewife to answer the front door or run upstairs without disturbing the people in the living room.

Through the wide opening on the left one has a glimpse of the fireplace nook, re-



A TWO-FAMILY HOUSE.

Gustav Stickley, Architect.

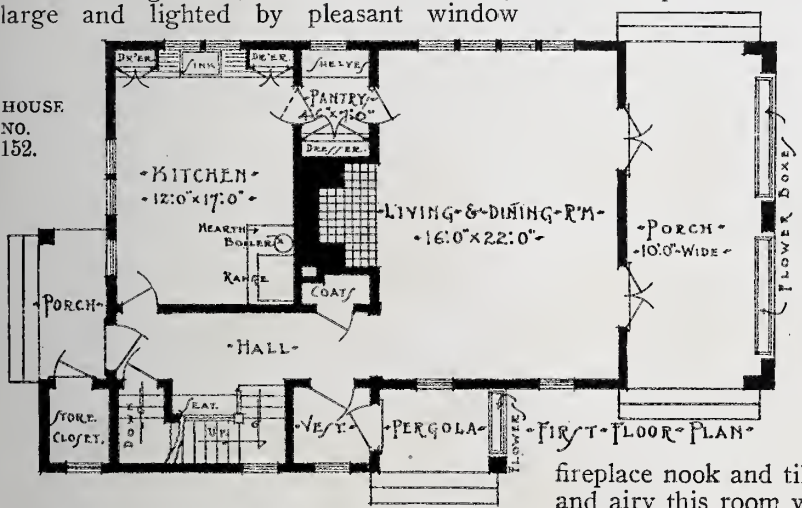
A TWO-FAMILY CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, AFFORDING AN OPPORTUNITY FOR ECONOMY OF CONSTRUCTION WITHOUT LOSS OF ARCHITECTURAL BEAUTY : NO. 151.

Gustav Stickley, Architect.

A CONCRETE CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, PLANNED ESPECIALLY FOR SIMPLIFIED HOUSEKEEPING, AS WILL BE SEEN FROM THE FLOOR PLANS ON PAGE 467: NO. 152.

cessed sufficiently to emphasize its sense of cosiness, yet not enough to shut it off from the rest of the room. Glass doors open onto the porch which is so well protected from sun and rain that it will prove a popular place for outdoor living.

The dining room, which is comfortably large and lighted by pleasant window



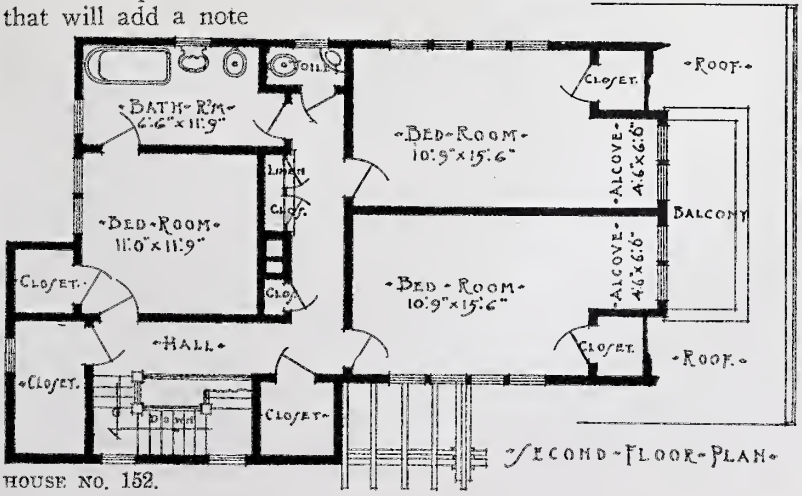
groups overlooking the garden, communicates with a small pantry equipped with dressers and shelves. By placing the pantry window rather high in the wall, room may be left below it for the ice-box, which may be filled through a door accessible from the kitchen porch. The kitchen is also fairly large and from it the cellar stairs descend below the main staircase.

The second floor comprises four bedrooms and bathroom, all opening out of the central hall and being provided with fair-sized closets. The small sunken balcony referred to before will afford a place for ferns or flower-boxes that will add a note of cheeriness to the outlook from the largest bedroom. The windows in this room and the one behind it permit cross-ventilation, but for the other two bedrooms and bathroom we would place glass transoms above the doors. In the case of the front bedroom (above the entrance) we have indicated a large glass transom in the top of the partition so that it may furnish additional light to the hall.

In the second house, No. 152, which is planned merely for one family, the same materials — concrete and shingles — are shown, a touch of variety being added by the wood pergola roof and post in the small entrance porch. While this building is intended primarily for a corner lot, it could be readily adapted to a middle one by changing the steps of the entrance pergola to face the street.

The small vestibule opens into a hall with a coat closet directly opposite, and the well-lighted staircase winds up on the left beside a recessed seat. On the right is an opening into the large living room with its fireplace nook and tiled hearth. How light and airy this room will be, is evident from the windows in two opposite walls and the glass doors which open onto the long sheltered porch. The latter has flower-boxes between the pillars and steps at each end leading to the garden.

An interesting feature of this plan is the fact that the living room and dining room are combined in one, thus eliminating the cutting up of the floor plan into smaller spaces. If desired, of course, portières or a screen could be used to separate the farther end of the room (used for dining) from the living portion. In any case, the absence of a partition will help to lighten the house-



HOUSE NO. 152.

work—a point that will be appreciated by the housewife, for in a dwelling of this size the probability is that no servant would be kept. Then, too, if the family is one of simple, unaffected tastes and fond of the little intimate domestic things which can be made a source of so much home happiness, the breakfasts and sometimes the other meals may be served in the kitchen. With this idea in mind we have planned the latter room large, light and cheerful, with groups of windows on two sides and plenty of room for a central table.

A small porch is built at the rear, and the nearby closet will serve admirably for the keeping of garden tools. The glass door leading onto this back porch, it will be noticed, gives additional light to the hallway within and permits a pleasant vista toward the garden; while the arrangement of the hall itself provides ready access from the kitchen to both the stairs and the front door.

Upstairs there are two large and one smaller bedroom, and in addition to the bathroom a separate toilet has been provided at the end of the hall. An especially attractive feature of this plan is the ampleness of closet room, each bedroom having its own closet and additional storage space being provided in the hall. The large closet in the left-hand corner is lighted by a window beneath the eaves.

The sunken balcony besides adding to the friendly appearance of the exterior, will serve as a sleeping balcony, as it is fourteen feet long and four and a half feet wide—thus giving just enough room for a couple of three-foot cots. In bad weather the balcony can be further protected by a temporary awning fitted to a pipe form. If preferred of course a screen can be placed between the cots. While the perspective view of this house shows double casement windows in this dormer, the oversight has been corrected on the floor plan, which indicates glass doors opening onto the balcony.

While the first building illustrated here—No. 151—could be heated by any suitable means, steam, hot water or warm air, the second house is especially adapted to the Craftsman system, for the fireplace is so centrally located that the warm air could be carried to the various rooms with very little piping.

It will be noted that in both interiors an unusual opportunity for decorative structural effects is afforded by the woodwork. In each case the arrangement of the staircase, landing and built-in seat is especially interesting, while the fireplace nook, window groups and wide openings suggest a variety of treatment.

TIMOTHY AND CORN TESTS AT CORNELL AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION

EXPERIMENTS in breeding new and improved varieties of timothy were started in 1903 by Cornell's Agricultural School and have been steadily pursued ever since, resulting in much improvement that is of practical value, especially to New York State, where timothy is the most extensively grown product.

Beginning by obtaining timothy seed from 163 places in the United States and 60 places in foreign countries, Cornell grew 17,000 plants from this seed, and these have formed the basis for study of variations and selection of improved types. In the first step of experiment, individual plants selected as superior or promising were grown in trial rows of 16 to 24 plants from each individual, by using slips or suckers obtained by digging up a part of the plant. The average yields of these plants were followed for two or three years in each case, the best sorts determined by comparison. In the second experimental step, similar rows were grown from inbred seed of each type, the average yield tested for two or three years. In the third step, plants that seemed promising by the above tests were grown in broadcast plats, and the yield from these plats formed the final basis of selection.

Besides increasing the yield other important improvements have been attained, as resistance to rust, a disease that damages large New York crops; and the development of successive crops, early, medium and late. Green-leaved types on which the leaves remain green and fresh until the seed is matured, have been secured, producing superior hay. Varieties of commercial value are being rapidly propagated for distribution to the farmers of New York.

In the corn experiments, coöperative tests of several varieties have been made by the College during the last three years. But the climatic conditions vary so in different parts of the State that the best variety to plant in any given locality must be determined by local experiments. No varieties of corn for general use can be recommended.

POPPY STENCIL DESIGNS IN RED AND GREEN OR RED AND BROWN.

CRAFTSMAN DESIGNS FOR STENCILING SIMPLE HOUSE FURNISHINGS

AS the effort toward making homes simple, yet beautiful, becomes more general, the interest in crafts increases. We have begun to realize the joy of creating the things that go to make our surroundings an important part of our lives. We want to make things that will be in harmony with our daily existence, and mean something more than mere ornament.

Color is perhaps more potent in its influence than is often realized. An interior that seems a bit dreary may be wonderfully improved by introducing color in the decoration; just a cheerful note here and there in the room, in drapery, cushions, table runner or square. To accomplish this is often a question of being able to do the necessary work at home, simply and inexpensively. Stenciling is a handicraft that meets these requirements and may be learned quickly. We need only observe and study some of the marvelous effects obtained by the Japanese in their use of the stencil for fabric decoration to realize how little we have done toward really utilizing this means for decoration in our own way.

Stenciling may be used in various ways for practical home decoration. In its simplest form it lends itself most readily to furnishings, to curtains, portières, dresser and bed sets, etc. It may also be used for rugs, but its main use with us has been upon walls. That phase of the work will be treated in another article.

For those who have some ability to draw and wish to undertake the work from the beginning, designing is the first step. Stenciling has its limitations; this must be realized and taken into consideration from the outset. The design itself must conform to the demands of the materials, medium and process to be used. It must be such that it will not, in its very nature, interfere with keeping the stencil practical; that is, it must not require such cutting as to leave loose ends, or long projections, liable to turn back with the first movement of the brush. But its very limitations, the ties themselves, may be taken advantage of and converted into an important part of the decoration. They are best kept of uniform width, as an outline would be, and wherever possible made to accent and bring out the character of the motif, whether flower or other form. For instance, the ties may carry out very perfectly the veining in leaf and petal, the eccentricities of growth in stem or stalk, enabling the worker to express much more than at first seemed possible under the restrictions placed upon him.

It is readily seen that the parts of a design must be separated by ties in the stencil. Indeed this is often the charm of it; but in using two or more colors, with a separate stencil for each, this can be partly overcome if desired, in cutting the design, just as for block printing. Proper joining depends entirely upon perfect registering. This is a most important detail, for the repetition of the motif or portion of a continuous design must be exact. Overlapping colors or broken lines spoil the effect.

In cutting, care should be taken not to put any strain upon the cut portion, or the ties may be torn or broken. The smaller parts of the design should be cut out first, so that the stencil is not weakened. If the larger portions are cut first the ties must bear the entire strain of cutting. If broken, or if cut wrong and it is necessary to

THE RED STENCIL FOR THE POPPY DESIGN.

mend, the ties may be reset, or the cut portion replaced and held by small strips of paper brushed over with shellac. This must be allowed to harden before the stencil is used.

Where two or three colors are to be used, as many stencils are cut. That portion of the design to appear in each color is traced on a separate piece of board. A small part, such as the tip of a leaf or stem, to be in another color is cut for register.

A margin of at least two inches all around is necessary to make a stencil substantial. It is desirable to allow wider spaces at the ends for handling. The life and usefulness of a stencil which has been successfully cut, depend greatly upon the way in which it is handled. Never grasp it as though holding a book; keep in mind the fact that it is frail and cannot be expected to stand erect, so it must not be held at the bottom. Take it between thumb and finger, letting it swing easily so as not to buckle or break it.

Immediately after being used stencils should be laid flat and wiped carefully on both sides with a soft cloth dampened with benzine. The color is then easily removed, and no trace of it will be noticeable when the stencil is used again for a different color. If not properly cleaned before the color sets, it may prove quite annoying.

Stencils should be kept perfectly flat, never rolled, as success in using them depends much upon their lying even and close upon the material being stenciled. Otherwise color is likely to run under the edges and blur the outline.

In all work it is of prime importance to be properly equipped with every facility for accomplishing the desired result. In stenciling this is absolutely essential. Success cannot be attained in this apparently simple

THE GREEN STENCIL FOR THE POPPY DESIGN.

handicraft without setting about the work in the right way. Because this is not done is the chief reason why many an amateur has been discouraged in his efforts to produce a pleasing decoration. As the requisites for this work are inexpensive, and the process is easily learned, the woman with even small talent, but skillful fingers, should be encouraged to add to her home the embellishments made possible by stenciling various furnishings.

VIOLET STENCIL DESIGN IN GREEN AND VIOLET.

GREEN STENCIL FOR VIOLET DESIGN.

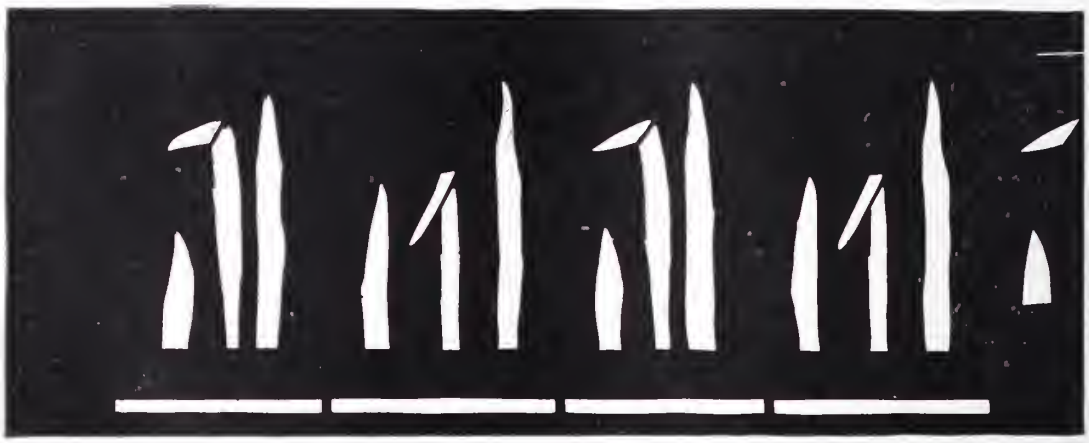
VIOLET STENCIL FOR VIOLET DESIGN.

The following equipment is necessary for stenciling: oiled board (such as used in letter copying); a sharp pointed knife for cutting; several stiff, square-cut brushes about an inch in diameter; carbon paper for tracing the design on the board; a piece of

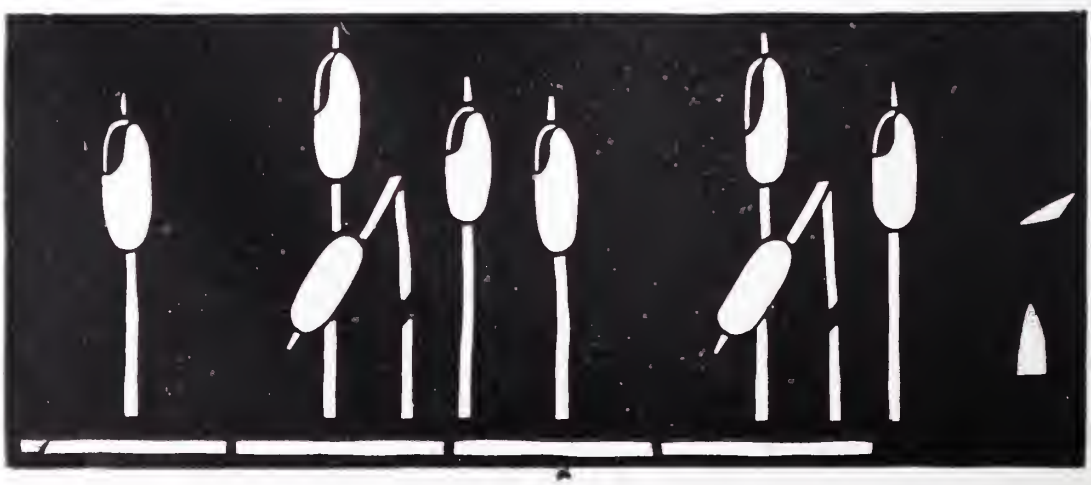
CATTAIL STENCIL DESIGN IN GREEN AND BROWN.

glass over which to do the cutting; a pliable palette knife for mixing colors; saucers; white cheesecloth for pads; a good supply of sharp thumb tacks; reliable colors and benzine.

Oil colors are most satisfactory for use on cotton or linen fabrics, on account of the greater permanency and the simpler process required. As the colors must be converted into a stain or dye so as to avoid any



GREEN STENCIL FOR CATTAIL DESIGN.



BROWN STENCIL FOR CATTAIL DESIGN.

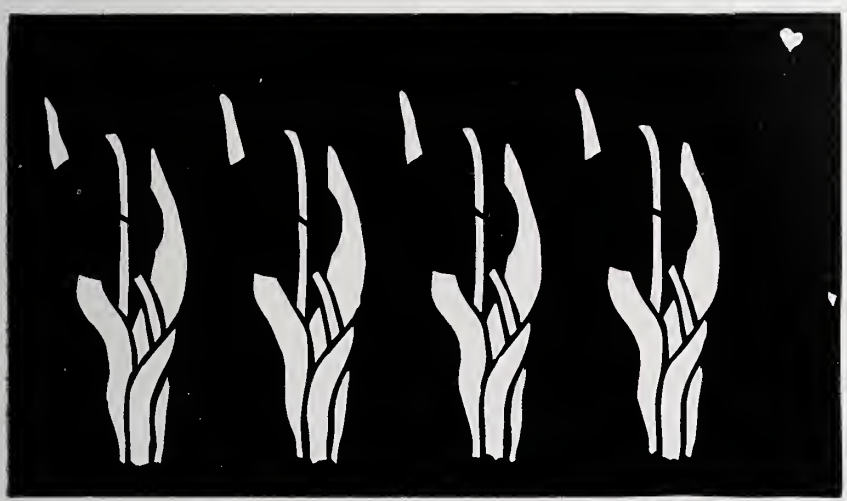
possibility of having the appearance of paint, benzine is used for reducing to a creamy consistency, not too thick.

As there is a marked difference in pigments, in choosing those for stenciling two things should be considered — permanency and transparency; the former for durability, the latter for effect. The best blues are ultramarine and indigo; carmine and madder for reds; van Dyke and burnt sienna for browns; sap and cinnabar for greens. Of the coal tar colors, the alizarines are the most dependable, and the shades very desirable.

Some colors, though lacking transparency and so appearing "painty" when stenciled upon large spaces, may be used for brilliancy or accent. Among them are yellows, emerald green and vermilion. It must never be forgotten that the color of the fabric has much to do with the tones which may be produced upon it. Only when working upon a white ground can the exact shades of palette be reproduced on the cloth.

The great problem in working

TULIP STENCIL DESIGN IN YELLOW AND GREEN.



GREEN STENCIL FOR TULIP DESIGN.

YELLOW STENCIL FOR TULIP DESIGN.

with liquids on fabrics is to prevent "running." This can only be done by using a pad for the color, always taking it up with the brush from the pad. Never put the brush directly into the liquid as it becomes saturated; it must be merely moistened for successful results on cloth. This and a well-cut stencil make the whole secret of the sharply defined edges, which give the stenciled pattern its forcefulness, and announce work well understood and executed.

Curtains, portières, table covers, runners, bed sets, etc., should be made before being stenciled. Allowing for hems and spaces often proves unsatisfactory, for in stretching the material to fasten it down tightly, its length and breadth change considerably, varying according to the firmness of the fabric. If the hems are finished, it is simpler to adjust the design in relation to the space to be left between the two.

A large table or draughting board into which thumb tacks may be pushed easily and freely, should be available upon which to stretch the material. The hemmed edges, laid flush with the edges of the table top, are fastened first. They can stand the strain better than the single selvage, especially if the material be scrim or something similar. Tacks should be used at intervals of two or three inches, so that the weave of the cloth is kept straight. Always stretch gently. Strips of cheesecloth folded several times may be used where tacks are put through a single ply of material, to prevent pulling holes. If the width of the curtain or other article is less than that of the table top, after securing the hemmed edges along the bottom and one side, draw a line on the table at right angles with the bottom hem from the point where the selvage reaches, and stretch to this line when tacking the edge. The cloth must be smooth and taut, with perfectly straight edges when ready for stenciling. Except when working on left curtains, it is usually more convenient to work from left to right; but registers may be cut at both ends of the stencil, so that the order may be reversed without the least difficulty.

Lay on the stencil so that the space between the hem and design is as desired. Before putting on any color, pencil a line around the registers, take up stencil and place for repeat, as in actual work, across the entire width to be decorated. It is thus determined whether the full repeat may be made at the end, or if only a part of it can be got into the given space. Comparing the spaces left at the beginning and the end, the required adjustment to equalize them is easy at this time, but not after a motif has been stenciled. Fasten the stencil securely at two corners before beginning with the brush work.

It is expedient to have the colors and color pads on a separate table to avoid the possibility of an accident or of spotting the material. Eight-ply pads of cheesecloth cut in four-inch strips are sufficiently large. They should not be saturated, but only enough of the benzine color mixture put on with the palette knife from time to time to thoroughly moisten the brush rubbed upon it. The test of knowing whether the brush is too wet, is to pass it over a plain part of the stencil; if a watery mark is left press the brush on a dry part of the pad; if only apparently dry color is shown, it is safe to try it on the cloth.

A circular motion of the brush incorporates the color into the weave of the fabric more readily than any other and is less likely to injure the stencil. When an up and down movement is employed, the direction of the ties must be followed. Rubbing across them is hazardous. As the appearance of the color is different when surrounded by the stencil, it is wise to lift at the loose side occasionally to see whether the desired color has been attained. To guard against any "paintiness," too much rubbing must be avoided.

When the brush work is finished, release the material by removing the tacks from the thinner and weaker edges first to protect from overstrain. Place a thin sheet of paper over the stenciled decoration and run a hot iron over it. A cloth dampened in alum water (a teaspoonful of powdered alum to a pint of water) laid under the material while ironing will create steam, and the alum will act as a mordant and "set" the colors. This should not be used with blues, as it has a tendency to purple them. When laundering stenciled fabrics, care must be taken to rub no soap immediately upon the design, and no strong washing powders should be used. With the ordinary care given other dyed fabrics in laundering, pieces stenciled in oil will be found not to fade.

It is well in planning stencil designs to start with but two colors, as the greater the number of stencils the more difficult the registration and the management of colors.

MAKING OUR BIRD FRIENDS AT HOME

IT sounds as though we were encouraging laziness in our bird friends when we suggest doing their building for them. Also it seems a trifle arrogant of us to imagine that any house that we could build with our big blundering manhands would compare with the real bird house, the practical artistic nest, woven with such incomparable craftsmanship and according to the traditions of birdkind from the beginning of the world.

But as a matter of fact, we have no thought of pampering our little feathered neighbors, working injury to their self-esteem, neither do we wish to vaunt ourselves before the bird world as superior architects, pretending that concrete is better than corn floss and brick than horse hair. We have but one purpose in suggesting the man-made bird house, namely, that by appealing with our unworthy structures to the birds' sense of ease and comfort we may win them back to our gardens and fields, to our vine-clad eaves and habitable trees.

We have in the past, through our thoughtlessness and cruelty driven the birds away from human habitation and surely there is no ethical reason why we should not hold out substantial inducement for their return. If left to their own devices they would quite rightly seek more secluded bowers for their nest-making and child-rearing, than our big city parks and country estates.

A COZY LITTLE BIRD HOUSE WELL HIDDEN BY SHRUBS.

A BLUE BIRD LIVING IN A RENTED HOUSE.

And so it is in this matter between man and bird as in human relationship—we try to win what we have wantonly lost, by appealing to qualities we understand. The desire is in the animal kingdom, as with mankind, for luxury without too much personal effort, and so we offer these little friends who have commenced to avoid us, substantial houses, food and security, hoping to reëstablish a friendship which holds so much for us in the way of music, good cheer, beauty, and a certain spiritual development, for we have learned to know that the love and protection of animals must inevitably enlarge our humanitarianism.

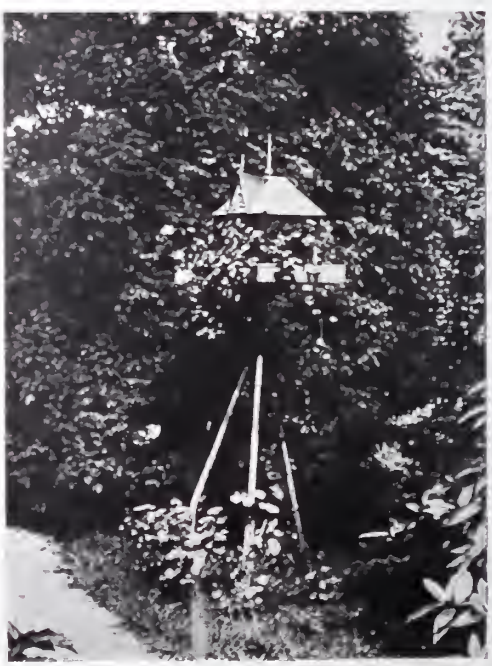
Unfortunately we do not always have any greater insight in the making of gifts to our bird friends, than we have in presenting pleasure to our human friends. We are apt to do the thing our way, which is not always the bird way. Thus in building bird houses, we do not inevitably study the ways of the birds, their need of protection, their desire for seclusion. Even in the pic-

A BIRD HOUSE PROPERLY PLACED.

tures which we are using to illustrate this article we are compelled to show some imitation Rococo architecture; a suggestion of a bungalow, a hint of the Queen Anne idea, and then instead of hiding these sprightly buildings, we put them up on the top of a pole in view of all the world and guaranteed to attract every bird enemy known to the kingdom.

Now if we are putting up bird houses really to win the bird, not merely to ornament our gardens or exploit our philanthropy, we must build as a bird would build so far as our human limitations will allow. We must study first of all the kind of birds that live in our neighborhood. Then we must find out the kind of nests that they would build for their own hearths. Always the nest must be made as inconspicuous as possible in color and outline and then it must be placed where the bird would like to live and bring up its family. Nature may provide the bird with brilliant plumage to attract the necessary mate, but I have yet to know of a vivid colored nest for any bird in any land in the world. The nesting time is the time for quiet, seclusion and safety. If we want birds to come and live with us, make music for us, we must treat them with the consideration that they show each other at the building time. How many of us have gone hunting for birds and bird nests in the springtime failing to discover a single bird home because the birds know how to hide themselves and protect their nests. In some of the pictures which we are showing in this article some attempt has been made, in placing the house in the shadow of a branch or with a training of vines over it, to follow the impulse of the birds in these matters, but mainly we find nature has thought out the matter very much better.

Also I notice in practically all the pictures that there is inadequate ventilation. Surely it would be hard to find the bird who covered over his nest, leaving but one little peep-hole for air and sunshine. Yet this is what we often do in the houses to which we hope to lure our bird friends. Now if we really want all the happiness that birds can bring to us, and especially to our children and the spiritual development which our children may gain in their care of the birds, it is essential that



A BIRD HOUSE DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED IN A SECLUDED GARDEN NOOK.

we should study carefully bird architecture and bird ideals, that we should go further, and study their daily needs in the way of comfort and food. It is only after we have given our time and thought and real interest that we may hope to deserve their companionship.

Boxes should be in place in time for the earliest builders. They will be adopted more readily if placed high enough in the trees to assure the birds the safety they seek from possible intruders from below. Topmost and outermost branches are oftenest chosen for their nests. It is important that the boxes be very securely fastened to limb or trunk, for disaster may come to the little home through a stormy day if they are carelessly placed.

Something besides the boxes themselves may be necessary to encourage their use by the birds. Surrounding conditions may not be conducive to their welfare. Both food and nesting material may be lacking, and these, too, will be looked after by him who builds the boxes. Feeding and drinking pans, as well as straw and twigs for nests, placed in some open space where they may be seen easily, will soon be made use of, and what pleasure to watch the building of a nest! Well fastened upon a low post set firmly in the ground, a feeding or drinking pan is more conspicuous to the birds and less likely to be disturbed by small animals.

A BADLY PLACED BIRD HOUSE IN WHICH NEVERTHELESS WRENS HAVE NESTED.

It will be a delightful revelation to the uninitiated to discover how quickly the birds respond to these little attentions to them. Word of a satisfying meal, a refreshing drink and a good bath at the kind hands of a friend seems to be heralded among them as by wireless, and they come flocking to your little station to claim your favors in unexpected numbers, bringing with them so much merriment of chatter and joy of song as to repay you

ONE WAY TO ATTRACT BIRDS TO THE GARDEN.

A LITTLE WREN INVESTIGATING A MAN-MADE HOUSE.

tenfold. Every garden with but a single tree will have an added pleasure if a box set in a limb crotch, and water and feeding pans nearby on the ground attract a pair of birds seeking a nesting place.

The simpler a bird box is kept, the less obtrusive will it be, and certainly more desirable from the birds' point of view, as it should be from our own. Some of the boxes shown here are particularly pleasing in appearance, and planned simply for the birds' comfort and convenience. Sloped-in

A SONG SPARROW DISCOVERING A GARDEN DRINKING POOL.

sides afford the possibility for a widely extending top or roof without unseemly proportions. This provides sheltering eaves over a perch, where, as the pictures show and as has been noted by any observer of birds, the occupants enjoy resting. It seems worth while calling attention to this means of attracting and protecting bird life, as well as to the delight in store for the donor of such comforts to the birds.

SCIENTIFIC SEED CULTIVATION

IN the rear of one of the workshops of the botanical department of the University of Amsterdam in Holland, says the *New York Times,* there is a little garden much overgrown and fenced in with a wire screen. In this garden, if the visitor arrives at the right time, he sees bent over a cluster of uninteresting looking plants or perhaps digging the earth with a spade, a gaunt, middle-aged man with piercing gray eyes. He is Hugo de Vries, known by his fellow-experts as the world's greatest living botanist, hailed by them as the "modern Darwin," and the man whose work may be the means of furnishing the world in generations to come with its daily bread.

Dr. de Vries arrived in this country a short time ago, delivered lectures at the Brooklyn Institute and the New York Botanical Garden, was the chief guest at a dinner given by a group of scientists, and hurried on to Philadelphia and Washington. The special occasion which brought him to America was the opening of the great Industrial Institute in Texas founded by Mr. Rice of this city. Dr. de Vries will visit Alabama, where the original evening primrose, with which he has performed so many of his experiments, is said to grow. Later he will join an exploring expedition to be sent out by the New York Botanical Garden, and will make a trip into the wilds of the Everglades of Florida.

It is at the very root of the problem of increased production that de Vries is working. He is proving that new species come into being by leaps and bounds—in a single day, as it were. He has raised hundreds of species in his little garden in Amsterdam and actually beheld new species spring from them the like of which had never been imagined. He took what is known in Alabama as the evening primrose, and under his eye the plant gave birth to more than a dozen novel forms, at least nine of which have ever since remained constant and true to their various types.

De Vries took grains and fruits, bred them in large numbers, and found that they gave off the same remarkable forms. These sudden jumps upward from the parent type he named 'mutants.' In a field of corn, all of the same species, he would find perhaps one plant with heavy stalks, exceptionally

full ears and differently shaped leaves, and by isolating this seed he bred a superior kind of plant. So far as has been determined there is no end to the possibilities of this kind of development.

The discoveries of de Vries have opened up endless possibilities for the increase of the productivity of land, for by the careful selection of the "mutants" of offshoots of regular varieties a new species springs into being of a pure type, never degenerating, and perhaps of double or triple the yield of the parent plant.

Dr. de Vries says: "In Germany the slow method of improving grains is adhered to and has given admirable results. One of the best-known instances of which the historical records are complete is the famous rye of Schlanstedt, produced by Rimpau, and which is now largely cultivated all over the central part of Germany and the northern districts of France.

"In the year 1876 I visited Mr. Rimpau on his farm at Schlanstedt and studied his cultures. The best of his new rye was standing on a small parcel out in the fields, but surrounded by patches of vegetables and other plants not belonging to the cereals. These minor cultures occupied a large square, which in its turn was surrounded by a complete range of shrubs. Thus the rye, standing in the midst of the square, was sufficiently removed from the neighboring fields to insure it against possible contamination by pollen of other varieties. On the other hand, it had the same soil and almost the same cultural treatment as the average cultures.

"This race had been started by Rimpau nine years before, in the year 1867. At the time of the harvest of that year he inspected, as he told me, a large number of his rye fields, and selected all the ears which seemed to him to noticeably surpass the others. He brought home a handful of them, repeated the trial, and mixed their seeds. This mixed condition in the beginning of his race now becomes the weak point where the whole principle of his method is open to criticism, as I shall soon show.

"The seeds were sown the next year, and in the harvest the same selection of the best ears was repeated. Care was taken to exclude all those which, because of some external condition, would have been benefited by more space or more fertilizer than the rest, and would have grown larger by such accidental means. No care, however, was taken to isolate the individuals and to sow their seeds separately, the principle being that all the plants belonged to one race and that this race had been improved. This principle of improving a race without isolating its possible constituents seemed at that period to be the right one, though now it scarcely can be considered as scientifically correct.

"After twenty years of continued selection the elite strain was so much improved as to produce a race distinctly richer than the ordinary varieties of rye in Middle Germany, and slowly and gradually it found its way, first into the surrounding farms, and afterward over large parts of the country.

"During all this period Rimpau was enabled thereby to sell all his harvest as seed grain, attaining in this way a most satisfactory recompense for his labors. Shortly afterward the rye of Schlanstedt was introduced into France, where it soon overthrew the local varieties.

"Now, while Professor Schribeaux, of the Paris Institute of Agriculture, commenting upon Rimpau's achievement, takes this race of rye to be substantially constant, he explains that, in order to keep the Schlanstedt variety up to its original qualities, care must be taken to sow the seeds in a field which is as far removed as possible from all other cultures of rye. Moreover, the field should be large and protected all around by a hedge of trees and shrubs, for without this precaution the Schlanstedt would soon degenerate through accidental crosses with the local variety.

"Willet M. Hays has improved the wheat of Minnesota in this country by breeding from the local Fife and Blue Stem races which have been largely supplanted by the old types. 'In each of a thousand plants of wheat,' he told me, 'were a few phenomenal yielders, and the method of single-seed planting made it practicable to secure these exceptional plants and make new varieties from them.' We know, however, that if such plants had been isolated and they were of one elementary species the breeding would have led back to mediocrity and not to constancy, nor to an exact keeping up of the extreme type. Therefore we conclude that Mr. Hays's phenomenal yielders were, in reality, representatives of distinct elementary species which had been hidden until his time. In his work in Minnesota, however, what with his sowing the

seeds of individual selected plants separately, Hays gained a distinct advantage over the slow process of Rimpau and other German breeders. The American, by one single choice, isolated the best strains and observed them to be consistent and pure. The German breeder, on the other hand, by selecting a large number of ears, must have gotten an impure race, and needed a long succession of years and a constantly repeated selection to attain in the end the same result. He did not have our present knowledge of the theory of variability.

"Yearly more than 2,500,000,000 bushels of Indian corn, of a value of $1,000,000,000, are produced in this country, constituting about eighty per cent. of the world's total crop. Of this, more than 1,500,000,000 bushels are fed to cattle and other meat-producing animals, the remainder being exported and partly used for industrial purposes. The total number of beef cattle in the United States was officially estimated in 1904 at 43,500,000, with a total value of $660,000,000.

"More than a hundred different commercial products and fifty kinds of food are derived from corn and its various constituents, the glucose factories alone consuming over 50,000,000 bushels of corn. There can be no doubt that corn is the most valuable crop in this great rich country. Cotton, of course, bears the palm as a money crop, but corn is the main supply of food, directly as well as under the form of meat. No single cereal is of the same high importance, and the agriculture of the principal States of the Middle West is almost wholly dependent upon raising corn.

"In the corn States the production of corn has since some years ago reached the highest degree of development so far as its acreage is concerned. Almost all the land suited for corn growing has been given to this crop. Locally, some increase of this area may still be possible, but it is of no real importance for the total amount of the crop.

"Hence it follows that an increase of the harvest can be attained only by an augmentation of the yield per acre, and since the demand for corn is incessantly increasing, and the prices are becoming correspondingly higher, the question how to increase this yield has become most urgent. The land values are constantly rising, and, while handsome profits are possible, better methods must be employed to secure them.

"The use of fertilizers, more careful processes of preparing the land and handling the seeds and plants, and a proper choice of the seed-grain are the acknowledged means by which to attain this end.

"Now, no crop is more responsive to careful selection of the seed than corn. According to the condition of the land the treatment of the field may be of first importance, but good seed must always add to the yield, and the more so the better the condition of the soil and the care given to its culture. Some farmers are producing 60 to 70 bushels an acre every year, while their neighbors are contented with an average harvest of 30 to 35 bushels. In favorable cases the product might easily be increased to a hundred bushels an acre, and even more.

"In selection, uniformity is one of the main purposes; but the shape and color of the ears, their butt and tip ends, the number and direction of the rows, the width and the depth of the furrows between the rows, and many other points have to be considered. Now, science has determined that all the kernels of a selected ear have the same qualities. Also, direct experiments have shown that neither the yield nor the quality of the grain is essentially affected by choosing the seed grains from the butt end, the middle, or the top of the ear.

"In an experiment station we sow the kernels of selected corn in single rows, each ear to a row, and by this method arrive at the individuality of these rows. A whole row, grown from the kernels of a single ear, may produce numerous barren stalks, or weak plants, or small ears with imperfect yield, or be excellent in strength productivity and uniform in other peculiar characteristics. This is the basic main principle of corn selection. Each variety of corn is made up of many elementary forms, each of which is uniform and constant.

"Now, as soon as one of these elementary forms is sufficiently isolated and multiplied a uniform and constant race will be obtained. Climate and conditions work small changes. The main thing for the farmer, or even the scientist, is to be able to recognize these elementary strains and to compare their progeny with the main strain.

"Only he who is ignorant of Burbank's work would scoff at the practical value of horticulture scientific research."

" 'Among the breeders the most simple method of producing new varieties is by sowing on a large scale and then choosing the best individuals. The chosen samples then become the origin of a new variety, which will remain constant as long as it is propagated only in the vegetative way. Hybridization, however, is not always a means of increasing the variability which gives to the breeder his best varieties. In some instances hybrids are as constant and as uniform as their parent species, even when propagated from seed. In such cases the breeder has to be content if his hybrid proves to excel its parent species in some industrial quality, but without renewed crosses his work is limited to its production and propagation.

" 'By the Svalof principle the breeder is enabled to single out hundreds of valuable strains and to select among them the very best. The search in the field is made on the basis of marks, which can be recognized instantly by the experienced eye upon a simple inspection of the stems and their branching and of the shape and size of the leaves. Thus these distinctions take the place of agricultural tests, which embrace measurements and estimates that can hardly be made for single individuals and never can be applied to so large numbers of specimens as can be compared by purely scientific marks.

" 'The laboratory farmer has all sorts of devices in this new work of which the farmer, who some day will be the gainer from them, little suspects. The man in the laboratory has all kinds of instruments for measurement and comparison, and employs many collections of samples and photographs of selected plants. In the list of apparatus are what are called "classificators." These are small collections of say 15 to 40 ears of corn arranged according to a definite character. For each quality a special classificator is required; for instance, for the size and shape and density of the ears. In order to classify an ear it is shoved along the row until it falls between two ears of the classificator, one beyond and the other behind it, the intervals between every two succeeding ears of the apparatus being marked with figures. The figure on which the ear falls is the indicator of its degree of the character in question.

" 'The transparency of a grain of barley is measured by means of screens with holes. These are exactly filled by one grain each, and the "standard" kernels are arranged according to the degree of their diaphaneity. The grains to be tested are put into similar holes of a little separate screen, which can be shoved along the classificator until their transparency coincides with that of one of the standard types.

" 'The degree of mealiness is tested by a smaller pincer, which measures the pressure required to squeeze a kernel into pieces. Other instruments are so constructed that they collect from the ear all the lowest grains, all those of the second rank, and so on in order to determine the average weight of each group separately.

A TOWN THAT OWNS ITS THEATER

TWENTY years ago, E. H. R. Lyman, out of love and affection for the New England town of Northampton, made that city the first and at the present time the only municipal owner of a theater in this country. The receivers of this gift, however, did not seem to realize how fortunate they were; it never seemed to make much difference to them whether or not they owned the fine playhouse, standing in a little park of its own right on Main Street. They didn't do much for it, nor did it do much for them. The contract to run it they parceled out to some manager, who could then shift for himself, booking it for the season with the traveling productions of other managers. Some years there was a slight return to the city's exchequer from the manager, but usually he merely helped to add to the city's burden of debt.

"Each year it became more and more apparent that we were not getting the class of entertainments we wanted, and to which we felt entitled," said Frank Lyman, who succeeded his father, the donor of the theater, as President of its Board of Trustees. "The conditions from which we have suffered have affected all the smaller cities; they are the result of a gradual change, a tendency to collect all the theaters, plays and players at central points.

"The original deed with which my father gave this theater to the city stated that it should be used for lectures, concerts, operas and dramas of the better sort. We have had lectures and concerts here, but

little drama 'of the better sort.' We decided, finally, that the people of Northampton ought to have more to say about the use of their own theater, and after long deliberation further decided that the only way to make this possible was to provide a citizens' company of players to which they might dictate their wishes. We have started our new company under conditions which we regard as compelling, not from any vaulting ambition on our part of reforming the stage or elevating the drama, but simply from a desire to provide wholesome recreation at reasonable cost."

The Board of Trustees of this theater, which consists of the Mayor and the President of Smith College, Dr. Marion Burton, Chauncey Pierce and F. G. Spaulding, is financing this experiment for a season determined by the economy of the management. The house has 1,000 seats distributed through orchestra, orchestra circle, and a balcony unblessed with posts, and from each section everything can be seen and heard that is happening on the stage. The prices range from twenty-five, fifty, seventy-five cents for evening performances and twenty-five cents and fifty for the two weekly matinées. If the stock company and the community succeed in making the theater self-supporting under these conditions, the city will finance the enterprise next year, and the year after that, and as many years more as it sees fit. If they fail, then the Board of Trustees will have to devise another plan.

Through Professor George Baker, of Harvard University, and Henry Miller, who were called into consultation, the Trustees secured the services of Bertram Harrison and Miss Jessie Bonsvelle as directors. They and the company they have selected, which includes such players as Charles Balsar and Robert Homans, Miss Irene Oshier, William H. Pringle, Cyril Raymond, and George Dickinson, all of whom have already had valuable experience, regard it as a grave responsibility to belong to the one municipal theater in the United States.

That conditions at Northampton make the experiment perhaps more difficult—and that good results will therefore be all the more convincing—is Miss Bonsvelle's opinion.

"We have here three different kinds of audiences to please—the old inhabitants, the factory hands and the college people. At first everybody feared we were going to become an academic institution, but we have a higher purpose. We are the people's players, and this is the people's playhouse.

"We are really going to give them the best we can. There are 20,000 people in this town, only 1,600 of whom belong to the college. Of the remainder, the greater number are the workers in a big silk mill, a toothbrush company, a cutlery works and all the other big mills and factories in the neighborhood. We are chiefly concerned about them, for to them the relaxation and recreation we afford is worth a great deal more than to the more educated classes who have other resources. We make no distinctions for money in this theater; the one who pays a quarter of a dollar for a ticket uses the same exits and entrances, gets as comfortable a seat, and as neat a program as a boxholder. The only difference is the distance they sit from the stage—and many of us would prefer its enchantment!"

Miss Charlotte Bannon, a Smith College graduate, who is general utility woman for the management of the municipal theater, said recently: "A fine spirit of coöperation is manifest already. The college girls helped us decorate, climbed up trees to get autumn leaves with which to make a bower for the orchestra, and Amherst boys are already clamoring to be put into service as 'supes.' In 'Old Heidelberg' the corps students are members of the glee clubs of Williston Academy and the Massachusetts Agricultural Academy. The street car company has also agreed to help us by running an extra after-theater service every night, and to carry our notices of coming productions on their front platforms for sheer good will. The shopkeepers are vying with one another to lend properties, and even the private citizens are giving what may be needed out of their own homes.

"The owner of the big silk stocking mill bought 100 tickets for the first night. Two of the college societies have bought out the two front rows for Friday nights, and our subscription list is growing slowly but surely."

After an account of such coöperation and enthusiasm, we shall await with interest the outcome of this new venture in the theatrical world.

VESSELS OF CLAY AND FLOWERS OF THE FIELD: BY HELEN LUKENS GAUT

THE history of various peoples, from the early Egyptians to the American Indians, has come to us more positively through their art than through any other medium. The things which first lent themselves to an expression of a sense of beauty were objects of utility and daily use; thus art developed through daily life, was a part of it. The potter of all climes and countries has served us well. He has not only given us the useful and beautiful, but has recorded in clay vessels the ideals of his people as tablets of stone or bronze could never have interpreted them; has given us something far more intimate, more subtle, while at the same time creating an object to serve, perhaps, even a homely purpose.

Single pieces and collections of pottery, showing exquisite skill in design and workmanship, are usually arranged on the mantel, table or in cabinets as art objects, and for their artistic effect only; but each piece was made for some definite purpose, some utility in the home, and it is not until you discover this and make use of all its possibilities that you know and enjoy the true value. Sometimes you may put a bowl or jar to a different use than that for which

CLIMBING GERANIUMS IN A BRILLIANT EARTHEN JAR

CALIFORNIA FIELD POPPIES IN A JAR TO HARMONIZE IN COLORS.

it was originally intended, with very pleasing and satisfactory results. It is the usefulness of a vase or vessel that should be considered when placing it in your home.

One of the uses which but adds to the charm and beauty of a piece of pottery, is as a flower holder. Few things possess greater adaptability to places, conditions and people than flowers, and the home without them loses much of its rightful cheerfulness and attractiveness.

If one is blessed with a garden, there is nothing more delightful or mentally invigorating than to get out with birds and flowers before sun-up. There is then a wonderful freshness and dewiness, fragrance and melody that can be found at no other time of day, and the people who stay in bed for their eight o'clock coffee in preference lose one of the greatest delights, as well as one of the best tonics, in life. If you wish cut flowers for the house or for friends, early morning is the best time to pluck them; for, gathered when the sun is high, they must struggle to keep from drooping.

The potters of many nations have given us an illimitable supply of ware from which to choose for beautifying and enriching our homes, and much of this ware is, in a way, symbolic of flowers—the flowers of artistic thought. Although devils, dragons, snakes,

IRIS IN INDIAN WATER JAR.

tomahawks and even sword battles are incorporated in the designs of some of the most primitive, there is a suggestion of nature in the coloring and charm that ameliorates the fearsomeness of the subject.

The Pueblo Indians of New Mexico are credited with being the second best potters in the world, and their art dates back to the earlier days of our civilization. Their original method of making a vessel consisted of first weaving a basket the desired shape, then molding the clay over or inside it, and burning the basket away. Days, or even weeks, were spent in making this basket mold, which in the end was destroyed. Now, the Pueblo kneads and molds the clay with a wooden paddle, polishing it as best he can with a water-worn pebble. He then paints the decorations with mineral dyes and a feather, though in these days one sometimes finds him using a brush. These decorations usually incorporate floral or geometrical designs, or religious symbols. The artist has no guide for his work but his eye and hand; his achievements are principally a matter of individuality. When a number of vessels are ready he builds a fire outdoors and circles them around it, toasting them until they are well baked.

It is claimed that this Indian art has undergone no vital change for centuries. Chas. F. Lummis, writing of Indian art, says: "The potter is the dean of domestic artisans, the eldest son of the inventor of home. Before him, humanity was a wanderer. He arose with the dawn of the idea that it might be better to reside, and by giving his contemporaries useful furniture which would break if they went tramping again, he seriously helped to clinch the mode of life upon which all civilization rests, and which half the civilized world already forgets did not begin with creation."

From the earliest times clay vessels, *tinaja*, have been used in arid portions of the Southwest for holding and cooling water, a purpose for which they are peculiarly adapted, owing to their evaporative qualities. The best Indian pottery is always slightly porous, and when using it for flower holders it is necessary to put a glass or tin vessel inside for water, similar to those used in the basket flower holders. It is doubtful if the Pueblos, Hopis, Acomas or Navajos, tribes whose pottery work is best known and liked, intended their vessels for flowers. They were undoubtedly conceived for a more practical utility.

There is no room in a home, no matter how dignified or elaborate, how simple or homelike, that cannot be made more charming by the addition of a bit of pottery filled

ROSES IN A CHINESE VASE.

with flowers, and Indian pottery is adapted for almost any place in the average American home, except a drawing room, especially where simple Craftsman furnishings are in use, with which this pottery harmonizes well, both as to structure and color.

While almost all flowers may be effectively placed in these vessels of clay fashioned by artisans unacquainted with such a use for their wares, there are many which seem especially appropriate for displaying in them. Their color makes these pots, jars and bowls seem first of all

INDIAN PITCHER WITH PANSIES.

OLD HOPI JAR FILLED WITH CHEROKEE ROSES.

best suited to our interiors as we like to see them in winter—suggestive of warmth and brightness. Then immediately follows the idea of the late blossoms, marigolds, chrysanthemums and asters; feathery grasses, boughs of glowing autumn leaves, of rich green pine with its brown cones, sprigs of holly and brilliant clusters of sumac. Any of these find themselves at home and in harmony when presented in a piece of Indian pottery upon your table or stand, or given a place by your window-seat or chimney settle. The red geranium brought in from the greenhouse for the cheerfulness of its winter bloom looks well set in a Hopi pot; the fern or palm in a Navajo jar is doubly attractive, and a rubber plant is most suitable for an Indian pot in all its characteristic array of color.

China and Japan have given us much that is substantial in pottery, among which are many inexpensive grades delightfully

JONQUILS IN A NAVAJO JAR.

OLD INDIAN PITCHER FOR ROSES.

suited for everyday use in the home. They are invariably graceful in design, and when filled with flowers add a welcome note of color to the hall or living room. Some Japanese pottery has the addition of split bamboo, grass or wicker-work in a basket effect, which not only protects the vase or jar, but forms a decorative feature as well, its dark brown harmonizing pleasantly with the green, red, yellow or blue of such ware. The Japanese, appreciating to the full the minute, the simple, the single motive, make many vases intended for a solitary blossom or bud, and perhaps the pieces of finest clay, of most graceful mold, perfect decoration and clearest glaze are those intended for a single spray of cherry blossoms, a lonely lotus or one stately chrysanthemum.

It is well to have such a flower holder on your desk. The inspiration of a rose or one of your favorite blossoms will be found worth while. So varied in shape and color are these small bits of the potter's art that no difficulty will be had in selecting one suited to your individual taste and the particular place where you intend to use it. The flat flower dishes from which the blossoms seem verily to grow when held in place by the honey-combed pieces of bronze made for the purpose, may be filled with Chinese lilies or narcissi.

In some of our large manufactories pottery is made by the carload, not only in rough brown clay, but ware that is colored, modeled and glazed. The cheap, unglazed, brown vessels offer possibilities for the home decorator, who can stain and embellish them with birds or flowers, symmetrical or grotesque designs to match any color scheme of which they are to become a part.

The majority of children, especially those that have not been taught in too formal a manner, show a definite interest in modeling and decorating. A lump of clay and the simplest tools will give them the greatest delight, and it is quite interesting to notice how their understanding of life, how their impressions of detail are benefited by their own efforts to model something useful and worth while. If in addition to this simple creative occupation, children are allowed to ornament the bowls or jars that they model, their instinctive decorative feeling is intensified, their knowledge of color is developed and their understanding of the right use of decoration is given an edge that can never be acquired in later years. In other words, the first principles of decorative art are taught them,—that the thing they make should be useful, that they should be interested in making it and that any ornament or color applied should relate closely to the article.

FIELD GRASSES IN A YELLOW AND BROWN NAVAJO JAR

ALS IK KAN

"BORROWED PLUMES"

THAT young men and women should run into debt at the beginning of their lives seems to be, so far as one can sum it up, the gist of an address given by Dr. Simon N. Patten recently in a Unitarian church in Philadelphia. Dr. Patten, who occupies the chair of political economy at the University of Pennsylvania, is a man of distinguished reputation and highest culture. This man, whose point of view is listened to with respect all over the United States, not only advises young people to borrow money when they start out in life, at the time when their character is in process of formation; but he advises young working girls to borrow money merely that they may dress stylishly.

It does not seem to have occurred to Dr. Patten that for young people to live on borrowed money which there is little or no prospect of returning, is to start life bluffing, and bluffing is a very short step indeed from lying or stealing. If one understands Dr. Patten aright he is urging our young American boys and girls to start life, at that formative period, when their effort should be directed toward their best possible mental, spiritual and physical development, by deceiving those with whom they come in most intimate contact. Dr. Patten may be a political economist, but he is not a logical sociologist, and if he has studied human psychology, it certainly has been as a theorist, solely to develop ideas which chance to please him.

A very little thought will make it quite plain that young people at the susceptible age are not going to plan deceit along *one* line of action only. If a girl borrows money in order to dress well to impress her employer, she is going to borrow money for other purposes if she wants it, and she is going to build up her life to impress people rather than make good to people. She is going also to get absolutely away from the fundamental truth, that people in reality are entitled in life to those things which through their own efforts they win for themselves. A girl is entitled to dress, when she is earning her own living, just as well, within taste of course, as the results of her labor will permit her to. The minute she goes a step beyond this she is falsifying herself in relation to her employer, her friends, her own standards.

Perhaps it would make this matter a little clearer if we directly quoted from Dr. Patten's remarkable lecture in which he says: "Were it not for the fact that the girls who comprise the industrial classes crave the very best things in this world the sociological problem would be difficult to master." It is worth while to stop right here and ask Dr. Patten if he himself believes that clothes are "the very best thing that the world has to offer any girl." And if he does think so, *why* he conceives fashion the finest thing for a young working girl to desire, and also if he regards it as the better part of wisdom to tell her so? It is just possible that some of these working girls may have finer ideals than those which Dr. Patten's cleverly expressed point of view may tend to subvert.

He goes on to say that "every girl who earns her own living wants the best that money can buy, and if she does not get it by reason of her own labor then she is simply following the laws of nature when she resorts to other measures to obtain the things that other better dressed women have." Here again we find Dr. Patten suggesting that clothes are the "very best" that any girl can have. And we follow with absolute amazement his statement "that if she cannot get clothes through her own work she must get them *the best way she can.*" This is a point of view that does pervade certain sections in every city of the United States, where women care most of all for clothes, think them the best thing the world holds, and get them as Dr. Patten suggests—the best way they can. These women would probably prefer to borrow money and live decently, but money is not always easy for the unknown young woman to borrow. And "there are always ways of getting the clothes" which this eminent gentleman thinks so essential to young feminine life. If Dr. Patten has investigated the department store question he may also know how some of the young girls there get their stylish clothes; he may have discovered that girls who earn three or four dollars a week often dress extremely well. They probably do not borrow the money because they do not know people who would loan them money. But these girls and their employers agree with Dr. Patten that they must have "good clothes."

If it is true that every girl must dress well enough to impress her employer, it would be interesting to find out from what

source Dr. Patten expects her to get her money. He does not state where money is to be borrowed, in his lecture on the clothes question. Probably only one girl out of every hundred who starts out to earn her living in the usual occupations open for the young undeveloped girl, could under any combination of circumstances borrow fifty dollars. How is she then to get it? How is she to buy the smart tailored suit and the chiffon waist and the patent leather pumps to "impress" her employer? Surely this is a problem of morality rather than economics, and one that the enlightened Doctor would find it a little difficult to answer quite sincerely.

When Dr. Patten says that "it is no evidence of loose morality for a stenographer earning eight or ten dollars a week to appear dressed in clothing that takes nearly all of her earnings to buy," he makes a statement which conditions in business offices in America would not substantiate. Also when he says that "good clothes are a sign of a girl's growing moral development and that the well-dressed working girl constitutes a tremendous influence for good and is the backbone of a happy family," he is simply presenting his personal point of view, which any large business office, as we have before said, could refute without stopping for argument. As a matter of fact, all through New York City the elaborately dressed working girl is a definite sign of immorality, and she does *not* constitute the backbone of a happy family, because she does not belong to one. If she is still living with her family they either know nothing of her life, or are heart-broken, because their over-dressed daughter is elaborate on some one else's money, whether borrowed or gained in other ways. And once having started life with a lax moral attitude you may rest assured that a girl will not save money either to pay back what she has spent on clothes, to help support her family or do anything that does not directly cater to her own joy or self-indulgence.

Dr. Patten's statement that "it is a mistake for a working girl to continue to wear old clothes and hand over all her earnings to her own family" is little short of appalling. If a girl's family need her help there is but one decent thing that any girl of character can do, and that is to wear her plain clothes and help her people. By so doing she will develop the kind of character that will eventually help her in her work, and blaze a trail for the better conditions that she wishes and that her employer will not withhold from her because of her simple garments.

Naturally this article is no brief for careless dressing in any office. It is the better part of wisdom under any condition in life to dress as appropriately and as neatly as is possible in relation to expenses and income. But neat, careful dressing is a totally different proposition from the question of "good clothes" that impress friends and employers with the idea that you spend money beyond what you earn, or that you are earning far more than you do. There can be no permanent decent prosperity built up by a girl or a young man, for that matter, on a lying basis, for pretense is just another form of lying. When Dr. Patten suggests that a girl who is careful about her money, who does not bluff her family or her employer, who is generous to those who need her help, to those who employ her, must eventually become disheartened and morbid and fail in life, he indeed leaves one amazed at his misunderstanding of human psycology and his lack of appreciation of the fact that daily life must react upon character, as character must react upon deeds; for a girl who is careful for others, economical yet generous, must develop through the exercise of right living; while the girl who borrows what she *cannot* repay, one who makes a false appearance and who is selfish with her people, is pretty certain sooner or later to be thrown back upon them useless, dissatisfied and miserable.

Again we take issue with Dr. Patten when he says that "girls who live on borrowed money learn the use of it so that they become far more frugal and careful wives." Women do not learn frugality through extravagance, neither do they develop morality through the indulgence of selfish whims.

We are glad, however, to be able to agree with this gentleman when he says that "the working girl is a most useful member of society." None more so, but her usefulness is in exact ratio to the way in which she faces life, whether she expects from it what she is entitled to through her energy and her character, or whether to satisfy her vanity, she exacts what she has no right to and can never repay.

Later on Dr. Patten remarks that "girls

have a right to spend their money as they choose." That may be, if a girl chooses to spend her money in such a way that she gets the best results. Learning how to spend money rightly is one of the most important factors of a working girl's education. It helps her to understand the larger economic problems which later she must face; for in character as well as body the woman is the product of her girlhood, just as a girl is of her childhood, and it is not possible to develop a woman who is kind and generous and tender and wise out of a girl who is selfish and extravagant and self-centered and heedless. Life does not work that way, even though lectures by political economists do.

Just here, isn't it worth while looking into the question of dress and isn't Dr. Patten throughout his lecture talking of *stylish dressing* rather than *good and beautiful dressing*? Isn't he really suggesting to the young girl, very open to such suggestions, that she must wear clothes in *new* modes rather than really beautiful clothes; because very simple and inexpensive clothes can be very beautiful if one stops to consider color and line, which are the essentials of good dressing? But what Dr. Patten probably had in his mind is the latest fashion, the most up-to-date hair dressing, the smartest neckwear, the newest skirt and the tightest belt. None of these things is in any way essential to good dressing. The things that are inherent in right clothes for the office are good grooming, sweetness of person, garments appropriate to the work, becoming in color and outline and exquisitely fresh and neat. To accomplish this will take all the money and time an average working girl can afford to spend on herself, and the result will win the approbation of her employer far more than any fashion plate whimsicalities she may display in his office. The really proper dressing for an office must involve the sort of materials that will keep fresh, cotton preferably, but if wool, simplicity is essential in make and trimming. Furs, embroideries, laces are all unsanitary in an office as well as expensive; not beautiful or good. They cannot be of the best quality if honestly bought, and if not the best, they are tawdry and unbeautiful as well as uneconomical.

The world, including Dr. Patten, has with but few exceptions, grown to think that in clothes style is beauty, whereas beauty in dress is really grace, simplicity and appropriateness. One could not recommend too highly these three attributes in office dressing, but they are very different indeed from the thing suggested in Dr. Patten's article, and a girl does not require to borrow money in order to express them in her clothes.

Dr. Patten goes still further in his advice to young people and suggests that not only should the working girl borrow money in order to dress beyond her income, but that young men going to college should also start life borrowing. It would seem they are not to work their way through college, which is the finest kind of an opportunity for young men to prepare to work out in the world, but they must, in order to appear wealthy to the professors and the students, borrow money for their clothes and in order not to be looked down upon by the college as a whole, they must not work. Thus a youth must discard all that is fine about work, all that would enable him to strive to make good to himself while gaining his education and preparing for his trade or profession because according to Dr. Patten he will best succeed as a bluffer.

Dr. Patten at the end of his address, contends that the people who make quickest progress in this world are those who start on a false economic basis at the very beginning. It is possible to see how this may be true, and of course there is always the born bluffer who will go through life taking all and giving nothing. There is also the woman of the same vampire type,—the useless and degenerate type. So we do not question that a few who begin with false standards will make progress more rapidly, and others will even make permanent progress; but it is the fatness of the leech that is theirs. In most instances, and the writer speaks from a wide knowledge of working girls extending over many years, this sort of advancement is very superficial and temporary. Employers do not give their confidence to the people who bluff in their office, men do not give their confidence to women whom they have discovered to possess an artificial standard in life; neither do men who have founded their lives on their ability to get what they do not earn, to cheat after they get it, win love and respect from women. For whether one cheats in appearance or in bookkeeping, the effect upon the character is the same. And more, the young people who have won their little

successes without deserving them have lost the joy of winning through deserving, they have lost the happiness of getting on their feet through their own effort; they have lost their opportunity for discovering the greatest truth in the world—that peace and happiness can only come from the right understanding of labor.

From the point of view of THE CRAFTSMAN a more disintegrating piece of advice than Dr. Patten's has never been given to the young working men and women of America. Our only hope is that the democratic training which our young people should receive in their own homes may prove strong enough to counteract the vicious immorality of the teachings of the famous man of letters.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE FINANCIER: BY THEODORE DREISER

THOSE of us who are familiar with Mr. Dreiser's work and remember with keen interest and satisfaction the unusual psychological and literary power displayed in his "Sister Carrie" and "Jennie Gerhardt," naturally expected that his next novel would be equally vigorous and worth while. And we have not been disappointed. In fact, in some respects the new book may be considered even more striking than its predecessors, for the wealth and complexity of its material and the masterly and unaffected way in which a difficult subject has been handled, indicate not only a close study of local facts and details but an increasing ability in the art of graphic presentation. The logic of its events and the consistency of the sharply drawn characters show that Mr. Dreiser has been gaining deeper insight into our social and financial American life and into the minds, motives and hearts of certain types of American men and women.

The scene of "The Financier" is laid in Philadelphia, in the days when the street car, telephone and telegraph systems were still in embryo; when active and unscrupulous minds were gradually spinning those intricate webs of municipal politics and municipal finance which culminated in the amazing and open civic corruption that has only recently begun to be cleared away. As an historical record alone the book would be a significant one, for it portrays a chapter in our political life which has unfortunately been written into the annals of many of our cities.

The story follows the material, intellectual and emotional career of young *Frank Cowperwood,* whose clear-cut, unflinching and relentless personality, so vividly portrayed, stands out with an odd mixture of subtlety and decisiveness, dominating the entire book with the same kind of insistence that the man himself exercised on all those with whom circumstances and his own strong will brought him in contact. Not that the other characters are underdrawn; on the contrary they are as real and convincing in their own way as the central figure, and are described with just as minute attention to detail—almost too much, perhaps, for the descriptions are at times almost photographic in their accuracy.

The theme is frankly unconventional. It deals with the infatuation of the young financier for a high-spirited girl of Irish parentage and important political connections—a girl whose alert mentality and young physical beauty form a refreshing contrast to the languid futility of the good-looking but rather insipid wife. Along with the inevitable social entanglements of this adventure come even more serious business complications.

It is a picture of real life, real people and real events. There is no moralizing, nor is there any false sentiment. Even the most delicate situations are handled with a directness that is matter-of-fact without being brutal; yet at the same time there is in the attitude of both *Aileen* and of *Frank* an unswerving loyalty to their own self-appointed though unconventional ideals. In the impulsive, sensuous, but perfectly clear-minded girl you find an undeniable courage, a readiness for self-sacrifice and a whole-hearted devotion that win both sympathy and admiration.

In the end there is no artificial rounding out of the plot; the lives of the various persons concerned adjust themselves as they might in life. (Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. 780 pages. Price $1.40 net.)

MARK TWAIN: A BIOGRAPHY: BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

THE personal and literary Biography of Mark Twain by his close friend and associate, Albert Bigelow Paine, will prove a book of keen interest to the

hosts of friends and admirers of Mr. Clemens both in America and in England. It has the intimate personal touch that only a sympathetic friend could possibly give. The story of the early struggles of the Clemens family, their life in the Middle West, has the touch of reality. The numerous adventures and incidents of Mark Twain's life, so full of absorbing, breathless interest, are delightfully told. We are led by a kindly and appreciative touch which never degenerates into mere eulogy, through the increasing acquaintance of famous and literary people, the fascinating wanderings in the lands across the seas, the growing prestige that came with literary achievement, to "the return to the Invisible" when the whole world mourned. The author says: "No man had ever so reached the heart of the world. It was because he was so limitlessly human, that every other human heart responded to his touch. . . . No king ever died that received so rich a homage as his." The three volumes are as absorbingly interesting as a novel, they are filled with comments and incidental writings hitherto unpublished, with many new episodes and anecdotes. (Published by Harper Brothers, New York and London. Three volumes. Illustrated. 1718 pages. Price $6.00 net.)

EVE'S OTHER CHILDREN: BY LUCILLE BALDWIN VAN SLYKE

IT is a pleasure to present to our readers a complete volume of Mrs. Van Slyke's Syrian stories. It is quite possible that some of THE CRAFTSMAN subscribers will recall the first one of her Syrian stories ever published, "On the Housetops." Shortly after the appearance of this story Mrs. Van Slyke wrote us that her success as the historian of these Syrian emigrants was established, and now she is known, probably all over the United States, as the author who has most intimately, romantically and sympathetically presented the brilliant, tragic, tawdry, grave, irresponsible people of the Syrian quarter of Brooklyn. Mrs. Van Slyke must know these people very well, at least well enough to love them, for you feel in her stories the very qualities that they must present to each other, awakening interest, friendship and love. Her old people, still Oriental in heart and desire, are tragic figures in this colony of near-Americans, and yet there is always the compensation in Mrs. Van Slyke's stories that the sadder the old people are in their new life and homes, the more love they win from the young people, for the Syrians here, as well as in their native land, carry a heart full of devotion, love and respect for the older people of their household. Mrs. Van Slyke contrives to run a thread of old world romance and legends, songs and poems, that thrill the heart and touch the sympathies, in tales brimful of the life and love and intrigue of today. The stories are interestingly and convincingly illustrated by Wladislaw T. Bender.

One of the most captivating of Mrs. Van Slyke's Syrian stories appeared in THE CRAFTSMAN of October, 1912. In no one of the many episodes in which she has presented these people does she bring a stronger flavor of the Oriental character which persists beyond our kind of civilization and beyond the tragedies of being ground into the "Eastside" American. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 275 pages. Price $1.00 net.)

VENUS: TO THE VENUS OF MELOS: BY AUGUSTE RODIN

IT is always interesting when a great artist gives expression to the essential element in his art, hence it is of peculiar interest to hear what Rodin says of his art in "Venus."

"The glory of the Antique is in having understood Nature. To understand Life, to learn truly to *see*," this Rodin thinks is the essential thing—to portray it, the greatest art. His apostrophy to the "immortal statue" is eloquent, the twenty-five centuries of whose life seem only to have consecrated her invincible youth. Rodin sees in Venus of Melos, the source and expression of all life and beauty. "But you, you live, you think and your thoughts are those of a woman and not of I know not what superior being foreign, imaginary, artificial. You are made only of truth; and it is of truth alone that your omnipotence is born. There is nothing strong, there is nothing beautiful outside of the truth!" This essay of the great artist is pulsating with life. It comes straight from the heart of one who feels and thinks intensely, who perceives what lies beneath the surface of art. It has the force that is inherent in his sculpture. The excellent translation from the French is by Dorothy Dudley. (Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York. Illustrated. 26 pages. Price 50 cents net.)

KING-ERRANT: BY FLORA ANNIE STEELE

THOSE who are interested in the history of India, especially of the forming of the Empire of the Great Moguls at Delhi, will find stimulating reading in Flora Annie Steele's recent novel. She takes for her hero "Babar, the Conquerer," who in the sixteenth century swept down from the north and built up the great East Indian dynasty. Lovers of Mrs. Steele's stories of India will know how well she is prepared, by her residence in that country, to write this kind of a book and also how brilliantly she has written it. Superimposed upon this foundation of the most gorgeous history of any Oriental land is the romance of the boy king, his successes, his love affairs, his sorrows. At the end of the book the world is at his feet. Mrs. Steele writes of India as though it were her native land; of the people as though they were her brethren. Her knowledge of the life, of the customs is perhaps second only to Kipling's, and her love of the people, her understanding of the women especially, is far greater. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 355 pages. Price $1.30 net.)

A WANDERER IN FLORENCE: BY E. V. LUCAS

A MORE interesting holiday can scarcely be imagined than to wander about Florence with this delightful volume of Mr. Lucas as a companion. But even if this is not possible to busy workers, one can spend an evening or two of delight in reading Mr. Lucas' informal, humorous pages, and full of enthusiasm for the great artists of the Tuscan city. The author does not attempt to give a detailed account of the history of the city, plunged in bloodshed and turmoil for the greater part of the time; instead, he gives us crisp intimate stories of the lives of some of the great artists of the period. Mr. Lucas has the faculty of making the men of Florence living personalities. The chapter on the Bargello, the Lucca della Robbias and the tender Renaissance sculpture, is particularly sympathetic. The account of the Medici is illuminating. Lucas gives one a closer acquaintance with Florence and her children, as he creates for us the sense of their enthusiasm for life, their feverish artistic activity and the zeal for culture. The volume is enriched with colored illustrations by Harry Morley and reproductions from the paintings and sculpture of Florence. (Published by the Macmillan Company, New York. 390 pages. Price $1.75.)

THREE BOOKS OF VERSE AND PROSE FROM THE THOMAS B. MOSHER PRESS

"AMPHORA; a Collection of Prose and Verse Chosen by the Editor of the *Bibelot*," is indeed "filled with the wine of the spirit of Love and of Life." The editor ably fulfills his purpose of printing only "those things informed by the spirit of Beauty." He has gathered a rare collection of short poems and prose extracts from writers whose spiritual outlook is from a deep understanding of the soul of Beauty. It is a collection sure to delight the mind tuned to the subtle harmonies of the poetical world.

"The Silence of Amor" is a reprint of the concluding section of the first edition of "From the Hills of Dreams" by Fiona Macleod. This charmingly printed little book should be welcomed by all lovers of William Sharp. The "Rhythms" are subtle impressions of moods; vague and shadowy, or intense and palpitating, couched in that language of the imagination that Fiona Macleod has made his own.

"Lyrical Poems" of Lucy Lyttelton are fitting as a companion booklet to "The Silence of Amor." They are quite as exquisite in their way, individual and pervaded with a clearly marked lyric quality.

Amphora: Collection of Prose and Verse Chosen by the Editor of the Bibelot. 176 pages. Price $1.75 net. The Silence of Amor: Prose Rhythms by Fiona Macleod. 40 pages. Price 50 cents. Lyrical Poems: By Lucy Lyttelton. 52 pages. Price 50 cents. (Published by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine.)

FORGE WORK: BY WILLIAM L. ILGEN

AS the explanations and information in forge work are usually given orally, Mr. Ilgen, forging instructor of the Crane Technical High School of Chicago, has felt the need of supplying students with instruction in permanent form. "Forge Work" is the result. It is fully illustrated with cuts and drawings of tools, appliances

and machinery, supplied with formulas and tables, with explanations of the preparation and smelting of iron. This book is one of the first in this field and Mr. Ilgen is an authority in his specialty. (Published by American Book Company, New York and Chicago. 206 pages. Price 80 cents.)

THE WINNING OF THE BEST: BY RALPH WALDO TRINE

"THE great affair of man is *living*," Mr. Trine truly says in his recent book, which is full of the optimism of life. "Bid farewell to the 'Black Twins,' Fear and Worry, live in the constructive side of life. It is our duty to be happy," stoutly contends this disciple of the Science of Thought. "The one who is not happy has either failed to grasp some of the essential principles and forces in life or his courage isn't up." It is a mental tonic to read "The Winning of the Best." It is of practical value in helping one to preserve the sense of proportion in life. Mr. Trine's philosophy is sane; he does not teach that there are no minor strains in the daily music of life. He preaches the gospel of the "Creative powers of Thought," which he contends is the chief factor in changing the environment and character of man. (Published by the Dodge Publishing Company, New York. 100 pages. Price 75 cents net.)

MORNING WITH MASTERS OF ART: BY H. H. POWERS, PH.D.

A CAREFULLY compiled volume on Christian art from the time of Constantine to the death of Michelangelo has just appeared by Dr. Powers, the President of the Bureau of University Travel. The book interprets the art from the fourth to sixteenth century, portrays the development of ideals, tracing the forces of the social order that gave rise to this epoch in art. Dr. Powers is particularly fitted for this task, for he has acted as cicerone for years to the parties sent out by the University Travel Bureau. The book is authoritatively written and takes the reader in a series of agreeable journeyings through the galleries of Italy. It is particularly well printed, and illustrated with works of the great masters. (Published by the Macmillan Company. 445 pages. Price $2.00.)

TAPESTRIES, THEIR ORIGIN, HISTORY AND RENAISSANCE: BY GEORGE LELAND HUNTER

MR. HUNTER traces the weaving of tapestries from their origin in Homeric times, through the Gothic and Renaissance period, to the William Morris looms at Merton and the Herter and Williamsbridge looms in New York at the present time. The book is an exhaustive and scholarly exposition of the process of tapestry weaving, textile values, literary and pictorial interest, with stories of the great looms at Arras, Brussels, Gobelin and Mortlake. There are two particularly interesting chapters on William Morris' work at Merton and the tapestries at the Metropolitan Museum. The illustrations are excellent and numerous. (Published by the John Lane Company, New York. 438 pages. Price $5.00 net.)

JOSEPH PENNELL'S PICTURES OF THE PANAMA CANAL: REPRODUCTIONS OF A SERIES OF LITHOGRAPHS MADE BY HIM ON THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA, JANUARY-MARCH, 1912, TOGETHER WITH IMPRESSIONS AND NOTES BY THE AUTHOR

THE "Wonder of Work" grips one's mind in looking at Joseph Pennell's lithographs of the Panama Canal, recently exhibited in New York. The work of the Canal is colossal. Men of giant intellect conceived the idea of digging across a Continent; an artist of imagination was needed to portray the picturesqueness of this "great work which is also great art." Mr. Pennell has collected twenty-eight of his recent lithographs of the Canal and the Panama district, into an attractively printed book. He writes, in introduction, an interesting description of his going to Panama just at the right moment to capture the wonder that shortly will disappear under the waters of the great locks, and gives an interesting account of his experience while there—of hairbreadth escapes, while sketching, from engines and stones flung up by dynamite. It is of interest to know that the British Government has recently bought the entire series of the original lithographs for the South Kensington Mu-

seum. (Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and London. 110 pages. Price $1.25.)

FAMOUS PICTURES: BY CHARLES L. BARSTOW

MR. BARSTOW'S book on pictures will prove a practical help and an interesting guide to all who are attracted by the magic charm of the great masters in painting. Young people who have a natural love for pictures, and older folk who would like to understand them better could add no little pleasure to life if they would take a little time for the study of this art. Mr. Barstow has a charmingly simple way of making the pictures interesting and giving at the same time much valuable information about the different forms of paintings—portraits, landscapes, legendary and historical subjects. He has an original method of study which is so simple that even those to whom the subject is entirely new will find interest and enjoyment in studying the "Old Masters." He selects a few typical and famous pictures, explains them briefly, and tells something about the artists who painted them. The paintings are grouped according to subject in historical order. (Published by the Century Company, New York. 233 pages. Price 60 cents.)

WILLIAM T. RICHARDS' MASTERPIECES OF THE SEA: BY HARRISON S. MORRIS

THE marines of William T. Richards have had a marked influence on the young painters of America. He was the first painter of the sea who studied wave motion in an exact and scientific manner, and the relation of the wind and tide to the sea. For this reason Mr. Richards' seascapes have in them much truth and authority.

The monograph by Mr. Morris is a sympathetic presentation of the painter as a friend and as an artist. (Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and London. 60 pages. Illustrated. Price $1.00.)

STAIRCASES AND GARDEN STEPS: BY GUY CADOGAN ROTHERY

THIS is the third of the House Decoration Series which is published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. It is a technical presentation of the history of staircases from the time of the Egyptians through the Gothic and Renaissance periods to modern garden steps. Another volume in the same series is "Antiques and Curios in Our Homes," by Grace Vallois, who writes for the amateur an interesting explanation of Tudor, Jacobean and Chippendale furniture. Old china and silver, pewter and glass are dwelt upon with not only the love of a connoisseur but the accuracy and conciseness that should make the book one of value to the collector. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Illustrated. 245 pages. Price each $1.50 net.)

BOOKS RECEIVED

"THE Master-singers of Nuremberg." A Dramatic Poem by Richard Wagner freely translated in Poetic Narrative Form by Oliver Huckel. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 128 pages. Illustrated. 75 cents net; postage 8 cents.

"THE Stake." By Jay Cady. Frontispiece. 331 pages. Price $1.25 net. Published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

"THE One-Way Trail." By Ridgwell Cullum. Illustrated. 415 pages. Price $1.25 net. Published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

"TAPESTRY BRICK"

SO many inquiries have come to THE CRAFTSMAN office in response to the article on "Tapestry Brick," which was published in the December issue, that it seemed advisable to us to turn over all letters to Fiske & Company, the source of our information for the article. We have consulted with Mr. Fiske, the head of the firm, and he has kindly consented to take up for us the work of answering these inquiries and furnishing further information to architects and builders. The formulas which we published in December have proved especially interesting to builders, and Mr. Fiske is willing to give any further details which may be desired. This question of colored mortars is a matter which he has given very special study to and one of unusual interest just now to all the builders who have begun to realize the beauty and durability of building with brick. To facilitate matters for our readers we are giving the address of Fiske & Company as follows:—40 West 32nd Street, New York City.

THE GIANT XMAS TREE IN MADISON SQUARE AROUND WHICH THE CAROLS WERE SUNG DURING THIS HOLIDAY SEASON IN NEW YORK.

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RESCUING OUR NATIONAL FESTIVALS: BY JACOB RIIS

S dusk and darkness met on Christmas Eve a band of scarlet-clad mummers appeared in the streets of Richmond Hill in the Borough of Queens singing old-time carols. They carried Mediæval lanterns on long sticks and the crimson of their robes and their caps made vivid contrast with the deep snow. Wherever they passed curtains were drawn back and candles were lit in windows until the quiet streets shone with light. If the house harbored one shut in by reason of illness or age, the Christmas waits halted there and sang "Noel" or "Silent Night, Holy Night," breaking into the joyous strains of "O, Come All Ye Faithful" as they went on their way. They were neighbors bringing Christmas cheer to friends.

Three Yule-tides had found them thus "singing in" the holy season as harbingers of a better day, and this time their promise came true. In the same hour, even as their voices were raised in the little town a half score miles away, there shone out in Madison Square, in the heart of New York, a new star that was hailed with a fanfare of trumpets and the jubilant acclaim of thousands gathered about the people's first outdoor Christmas tree. A veritable giant it was from the deep Adirondack forests, with the snow on its branches as if it had never left its home there, and as the radiance of the star grew at its very top, sixty feet above the ground, the music swelled louder and chorus after chorus fell in singing the dear old songs, red lights and green lights blossomed on every bough, and up from the crowd went a sigh of content and admiration. Such a tree no one had ever seen before.

Gifts there were none on its branches, but the tree itself was the greatest of Christmas gifts to the metropolis. Its message sank deep. When the singers had gone home in the midnight hour and the breadline of cold and hungry men was growing, farther down Broadway, several new-comers were noticed there, men and women in great fur coats that hid their faces and with a sack between them from which came forth bright and shining half dollars, one for every aching empty pocket. Instead of bread and coffee, the homeless ones had turkey

and mince pie, all they could eat, and when the supply of help ran short, the fur-clad visitors helped wait upon the shivering file. Perhaps they saw, some of them, the great tree in their dreams that night and made out its trail of neighborly good will. What happier gift could Christmas have bestowed upon any one?

It was a woman's heart that saw the vision of the Christmas tree. Mrs. J. B. F. Herreshoff proposed it, the Adirondack Club sent the tree, a whole railroad put its shoulder under the transportation problem and solved it, willing hands set it up in the square, and the Edison Company lighted it and kept it lighted for the children of New York clear till New Year. Doubtless it was the first of many great Christmas trees in America—indeed, it was born a twin: its sister grew that same night in the Boston Common—but it was more than that: it was a milestone marking a new appreciation of the holidays that we have all longed for, even if we didn't know it. The campaign for early shopping has borne fruit; the post office records the welcome fact. The clerks and salesmen are at last to know the holiday; Santa Claus, too. His recent burdens have almost broken his back; but now the Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving, dubbed "the Spugs" by the popular wit, is rolling up membership like a snowslide. Sentiment and good sense have made common cause. "More and more," said a hotel proprietor, "Christmas is becoming a home day." Then let us all be glad, for so only does it come to its rights. It is the story-tellers of the home-loving peoples, Hans Christian Andersen and Charles Dickens, who saw its poetry and helped to make all the world love it.

THE new note rang through the country. In St. Louis society men and women led bands of little carolers through the streets singing for the benefits of the waifs of the Children's Aid Society, and warmed many hearts. The smoky old town never had so happy a night. In a score of smaller towns, East and West, the Christmas waits held their entry. Sometimes they sang to the people in their homes, sometimes in jails, in hospitals and in almhouses on Christmas morning. In Boston, where the waits have had their abode for a generation, Beacon Hill blazed out in lights and song on the Holy Eve in response to this invitation of the Christmas Committee:

Then be ye glad, good people,
This night of all the year,
And light ye up your candles,
For His star it shineth clear.

A famous physician led the carolers to the Christmas tree. But it

was the city by the Hudson that set the pace, and on New Year's Eve it took another and longer step to clinch the matter for all time.

New York's manner of speeding the old year and welcoming the new had become a reproach to civilization. A generation ago the fashion yet lingered of gathering on lower Broadway and listening to the chimes of Old Trinity in the midnight hour. Then some one brought along a tin horn, and now it is twenty years since any one has heard the New Year's chimes. In the wake of the all-pervading tin horn came a hoodlumism that made the evening a nightmare. Uptown, along the Great White Way, scenes were witnessed that were not good to look at, but all the world did come from far and near to look at what it was told was New York; to see the champagne, or what passed for it, spilled like water and to hear the cry echoing through the streets "To hell with the old year, hooray for the new." The thing had grown to be an offense against good manners and common decency. The police were powerless to stop it. If it were to be changed, the initiative must proceed from the people themselves.

As nineteen hundred and twelve drew to a close a committee of well-known citizens was quietly formed to enter a protest on behalf of the real New York. They knew better than to forbid the revelry, even if that could have been done. They put themselves into touch with the churches and the great singing societies of the city and obtained permits to hold meetings in the City Hall Park, Madison Square, Union Square and Herald Square, all along Broadway from Newspaper Row to Thirty-fifth street. And to these centers they summoned their singers, giving notice to the public that they proposed to sing in the New Year, and expected New York to join them.

The idea caught the public as they expected. What money was needed to pay for bands, etc., poured in. Three wealthy men sent checks for five hundred dollars each, and enough and to spare was obtained in a week. The year went out in a blaze of sunlight. California has no balmier skies than had New York on New Year's Eve. The streets were filled with an amazing throng. The children danced around the shining tree, for the snow had all melted and the turf underfoot was soft and springy as in early spring. When the hands of the clock in the great tower overlooking the square pointed to eleven, a multitude of eighty thousand camped on lawn and sidewalk and street. The children slept comfortably on the benches surrounding the Christmas tree, their elders seemingly loath to take them home.

The blare of a brass band and a thousand voices joining in the Battle Hymn of the Republic: "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord" awoke them to the most exciting hour of their brief lives. Before the chorus had half finished the second verse: "I

have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps," scattered groups joined them throughout the vast throng, and presently they all sang together. The braying of tin horns on Broadway ceased and men and women passing up and down with the human tide took up snatches of the song with some of the old war-time fervor. Soon the whole great Square sang and yet the effect was no such swelling chorus as its projectors had had in mind. One might be in the very midst of it all and yet hardly be able to say that he heard the people sing. Rather, one felt it and was irresistibly impelled to sing too. Nor was it that the volume of sound was drowned in the other voices of the night. Standing upon the platform, one caught something of it all; down among the people only the voices of those close by were heard and they conveyed no sense of the mighty rhythm. It was rather a feeling of being part of a great common purpose that swayed all alike. The sound itself was more like the deep undertone of the Horseshoe Falls one hears over and through the crash and clatter of the nearer Niagara when standing on the American side and listening to the majesty of its music. To some it brought an over-powering sense of solemnity. One felt it even among the throbbing automobiles that encircled the square as a huge wagon corral around an encamped army.

"O God our help in ages past" sang the great chorus. Then came the familiar strains of Auld Lang Syne. It was like bidding goodbye to an old friend and for once the thousands of voices blended into one and were heard. In the hush that followed, the clear notes of a trooper's trumpet sounded "Taps" as the old year went out. "America" hailed the new; the mighty crowd scattered, singing still.

IN the other squares the same scenes were enacted, with crowds smaller only because there was less room. The Salvation Army had withdrawn its troops from all the watch-night meetings throughout the city and camped in Union Square under the personal command of Commander Eva Booth. Everywhere the attitude of the people was orderly, even reverential. The very agitation for a decent New Year's Eve had borne fruit. The newspapers recorded the fact unanimously that New York had not in many years been so well-behaved in spite of the fact that no such multitude had ever been abroad before. The tin horns were there and the old turmoil as the clock struck twelve, but the aggravating challenge had departed from their bray. Something had come into the hour which even they instinctively respected. In the early morning hours the police had their hands full as of old. But the moral protest had been registered, and the people's temper proved.

THE WARGOD'S ART: CAN MODERN ART IN GERMANY SURVIVE THE COMMERCIALIZING IMPULSE OF THE NATION'S RULER?

GERMANY'S eminence for the moment is almost wholly commercial; her ruler is a Wargod who must have power, and who knows how to buy it. The old Viking spirit that once swept down from the North to the very heart of the Teutonic kingdom is today mainly manifest in the output of high explosives. Germany's pride is in her ships, her armament and her manufactured goods. Walhalla has toppled from the clouds, sifting through music and art in the fall; making room for the new religion of Trade.

Simple Bavaria may still glance with reverence at her little hillside churches of severe beauty and quaint ornament; but Prussia demands the new—new ideas, new business, new religion, new art; and the latter, novel and horrible, pays because it astonishes, and so Berlin with her money to buy, her desire only for the eccentric and strange, controls art as well as business throughout the Empire.

It is quite impossible to regard art merely as a side issue in the life of the people and ever hope to produce living art. For art that is born to supply a light-hearted desire for ornament, developed that the

"THE DANCE"—ONE OF A SERIES OF LITHOGRAPHS BY LUDWIG VON HOFMANN.

LITHOGRAPH IN COLORS BY EMIL PRETORIUS.

Wargod may be glorified, or amused, cannot hope to reach the heart of a nation. A plant does not bear fruit and then develop its roots, and art-life, like all other matters of real growth, is analogous to plant-life. To flourish and make beautiful the world, its source of strength must come from the soil; it must grow naturally or it will never put forth flowers of inevitable beauty. Art that has little to do with the people, that is born in the studio, that bears fragile bloom unnurtured of the earth, must forever be superficial, whimsical, more or less eccentric; for art that is artificially created to amuse or to deceive cannot, in the very nature of things reveal truth and satisfy a desire for beauty. An art conceived in the aimless vanity of man is bound to become eccentric and degenerate, as its merit lies in novelty rather than harmony, and novelty for novelty's sake inevitably ends in degeneration.

Hence, when we were told that an exhibition of the most important Graphic Arts of Germany was to be given in New York, we were naturally very much interested. We wondered just what Germany considers her most important arts today, what relation they have to her life, whether they would come to us bearing strength, revealing the force of the new Empire or the traditions of old Duchies, whether they are sincere or impertinent, whether Germany's attitude toward commerce as the soul of progress is realized in her pictures or whether they are keen with a truth and simplicity capable of cutting through the overlay of the Wargod's art, which amuses and defiles. These are the questions that we sought to answer in the recent exhibitions at the Berlin Photographic Galleries, which was gathered together in Germany last summer by Martin Birnbaum.

Courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Company.

"THE DANCE": A LITHOGRAPH
BY OTTO GREINER.

Courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Company.

"LES HALLES": A LITHOGRAPH BY ARTHUR KAMPF.

THE WARGOD'S ART

MR. BIRNBAUM tells us that his exhibition is a fair presentation of Germany's genius in the graphic arts today. But we feel this to be a point of view toward the academic rather than the philosophic phase of art. For this is an exhibition of technique rather than of inspiration, of new methods of handling brush and pencil and needle; it gives us new names in all the fields of black and white presentation, revealing the fact that some men in Germany prefer a very few lines on a great deal of paper and others a great many lines on very little paper; as witness Willi Geiger on one hand and modern Ernst Barlach on the other. We see also perhaps how little is color necessary to give one a survey of art conditions in a country; how the purpose and the effect of art can be practically revealed in black and white; we are made to realize the fearlessness with which German men and women today handle the most terrible or the sacred subjects. We find weakness in an artist's point of view combined with vigorous technique, and the vigor of an occasional man's interest in life, with a technique neither strong nor convincing. The man who sees all of life mathematically is in this exhibition, and the man who cannot see clearly at all the minute he handles color is nearby.

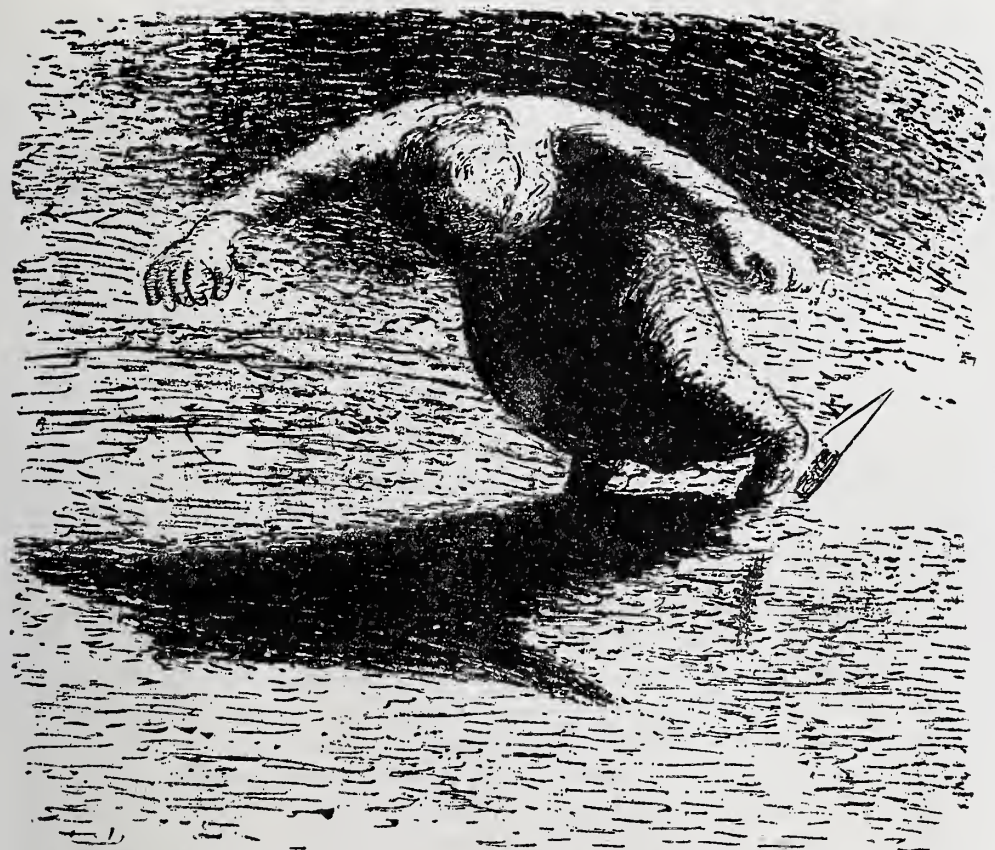
Mr. Birnbaum has been fair in leaving his wall spaces free to art's every passing whim and fancy. Tradition is not lacking in the tighter more conservative work of Klinger and Hans Thoma. But throughout the exhibition, from wall to wall, you search in vain for a new, vigorous, energizing spirit in art, for the man who with wide open eyes is looking out over the Wargod's land to find what is left of greatness and sweetness, who will have truth at any cost, whose vision sees beyond the warships and the factories and the art made to sell, straight into the heart of nature, and who would fain reveal this vision to the seeking eyes of the world, that courage may come back to his fellowmen, kindness to the hearts of women and gentle gladness to the children.

To be sure there are people in this exhibition who are saying by pen and pencil that all is not well with Germany, that commerce alone is not enough for a nation, that Art Nouveau is not sufficient for those who desire beauty; they picture men and women toiling without hope, dragging horrible chains after them through their daily labor, men and women idle and wretched, and idle and vicious, and working and wretched and vicious. But these pictures, though clever and true, are after all but little more than statistics of the wrongs of Germany's labor classes; they are without hope, they make no appeal to the imagination, they suggest no remedy. You recognize the conditions which inspire this life as deplorable and incredible, but you can't help it and you do not want to look at it. It is Germany's business

you say, and she wants more ships; and if the poor and the suffering old and the wretched young are to be presented in an art gallery, then you demand Rembrandt with his way of transmuting common things into beauty, even if he did not always stir your imagination, or Dürer who stirred at least your sense of beauty through his marvelous knowledge of light and supplementary shadow. Just well-depicted disease and misery alone are no compensation for lack of joy in the heart of the artist. After all, we say, give us preferably children under flowering trees or a bull-fight or a pretty girl or stupid happy lovers. Let us have *something* out of art, joy or amusement or sentimentality; the depiction of gaunt misery cannot be the artist's final mission.

AND as we went through the galleries we wondered what the final mission is of all these men (or perhaps purpose is the less offensive word), why they are drawing and etching. Is it enough that they should find a new pencil stroke, a new shadow with

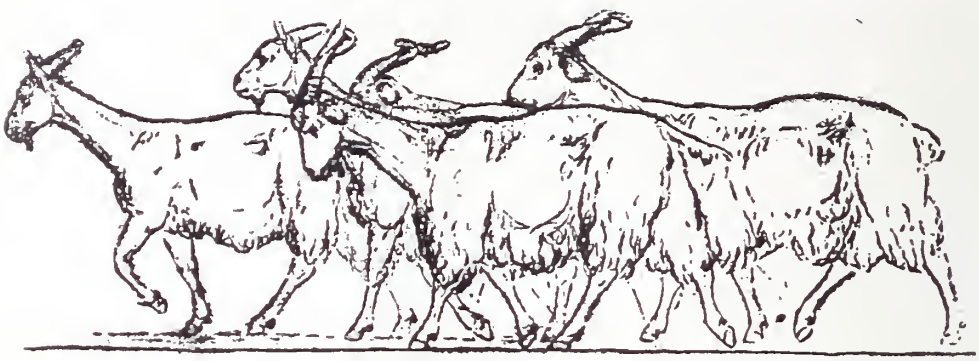
LITHOGRAPH FOR "DER TOTE TAG", A PLAY WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ERNST BARLACH.



LITHOGRAPH FOR "DER TOTE TAG", A PLAY WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ERNST BARLACH.

a needle, a new brilliancy in wash; that they should be daring in the subjects they handle, or that they should be color-blind or color-mad? Are we to be satisfied that the entire human figure is drawn perhaps without taking pen from paper, giving us the impression of a black and white pinwheel which will never explode? All of these things are interesting and curious, stimulating to the worker, piquant to the student. But what of that stupendous thing we call life, revealed through art that holds truth in solution, that the onlooker may see clearly, rationally, understandingly all that the ages past have meant and the future may mean.

Where are the men in this exhibition, or any other in Germany, who want to illuminate the understanding and the sympathies of the world, who want to help clear away the mists that shadow the eyes of the commercial-minded, who want to develop and enlighten the attitude of the nation toward the great beauty that lies within their reach? Surely it can matter very little in the final development



GOATS, DRY-POINT ETCHING BY AUGUST GAUL.

of life whether we have many etchers or few, many writers or few, many painters or many cathedral builders, but it must matter forever and overwhelmingly, that some great men by their art enable the mass of the people to see past artificial man-made conditions out to the real, splendid truths in which all are intended to participate.

It *might* matter greatly how many men were drawing and painting and etching and modeling if every craftsman used his tools to free the beauty that civilization has hidden. Then the more artists, the better for the world, the more exhibitions, the happier people's lives would become, and from the picture galleries people would go away with hearts alive, eyes glowing with this deeper vision of truth.

But this cannot easily happen where art is held merely as a means of ornamenting the useless, much less where ornament is made vicious, degenerate, distorted, where it represents the futile, impish impulse of minds nauseous with the cold dregs of artificial existence. We cannot get satisfaction this way, we cannot get joy, we cannot get value from what we call art. Germany may multiply her galleries, her studios, subsidize her artists, build palaces in imitation of the tombs of Egypt decorated with monstrous carvings of distorted imagination, but she cannot ignore the truth and produce anything but a superficial whim of the moment which meets the desire of the Wargod and his courtiers, whims paid for by the money gained from people whose lives are devoid of beauty, interest in beauty or power to create beauty.

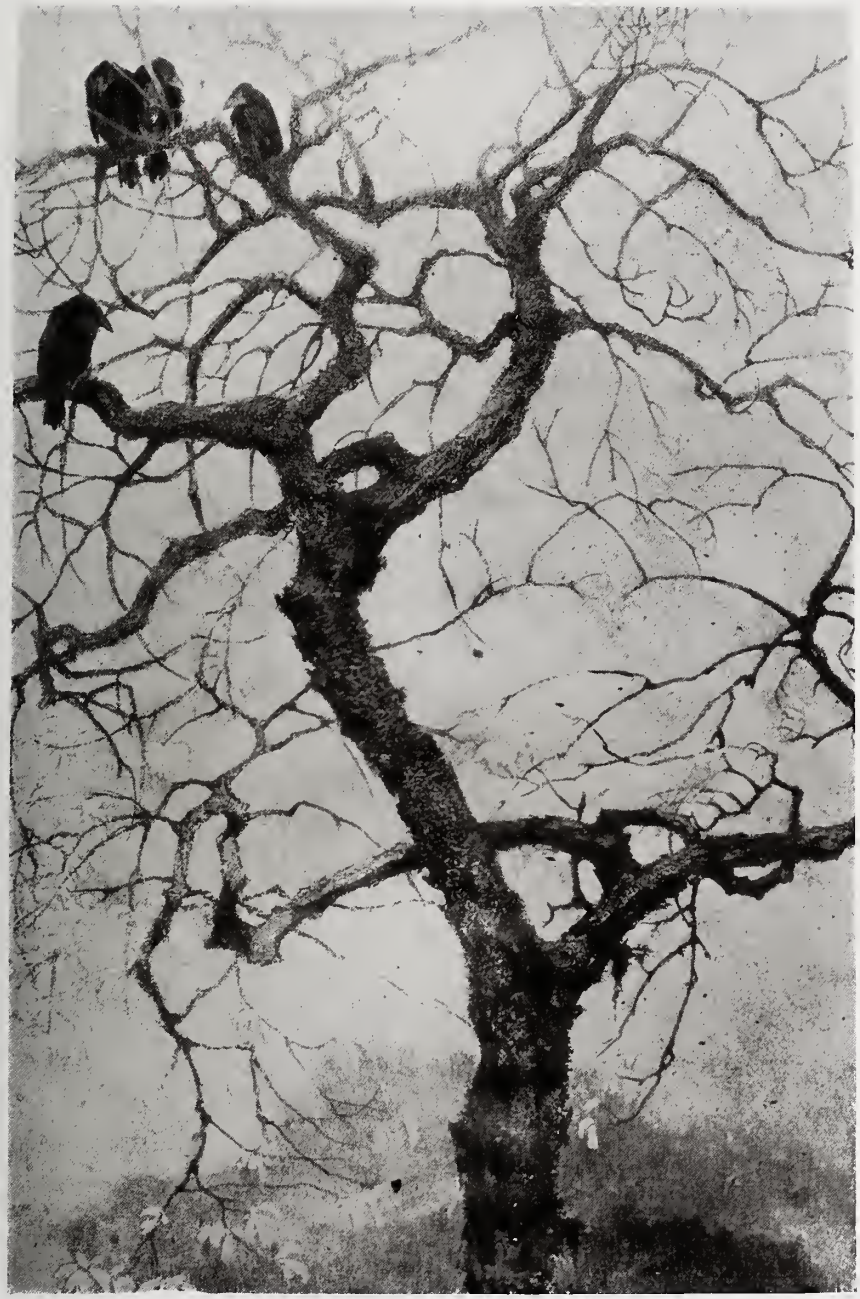
The art student, indeed the painter, the etcher, the illustrator of America will be much interested in this exhibition of Mr. Birnbaum's which is going out through all the large cities of America. Seldom has any one display of the graphic arts contained so much excellent technique, so great a variety of mastery of the pencil and brush. Studied carefully it will be found to hold lessons in the methods of handling mediums which must be of inestimable value to art workers.

Courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Company.

"THE PLOUGH": AN ETCHING BY KÄTHE KOLLWITZ.

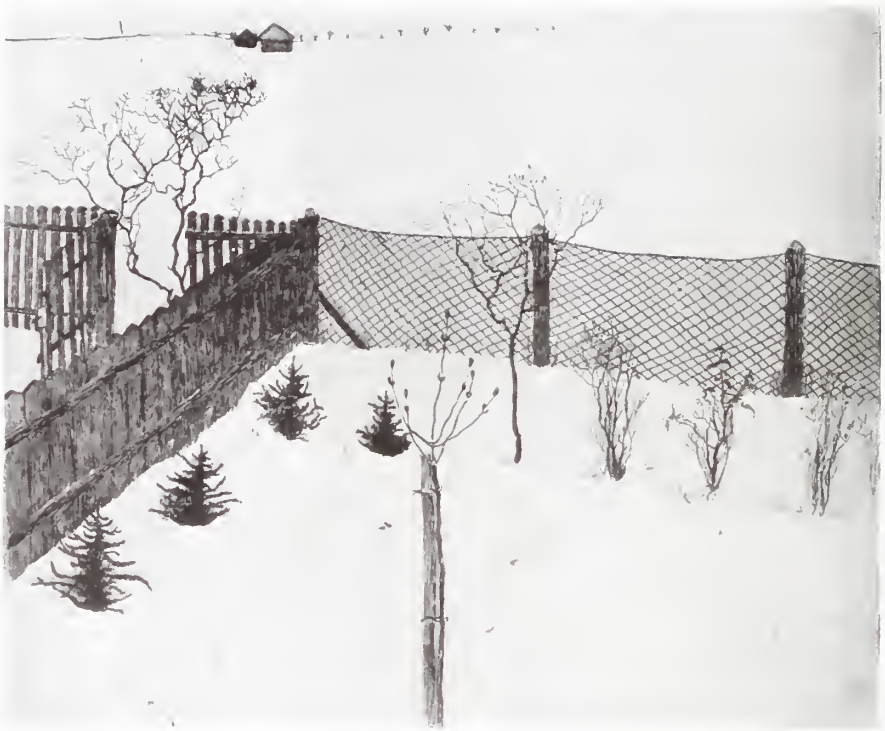
Courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Company.

"SPRING": AN ETCHING
BY HEINRICH VOGELER.



Courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Company.

"CROWS IN THE MIST": A LITHOGRAPH IN COLORS BY BERTHOLD CLAUSS.



Courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Company.

"MY NEIGHBOR'S GARDEN IN WINTER": AN ETCHING BY ALEXANDER OLBRICHT.

INTERMEZZO FROM THE "OVID CYCLE": AN ETCHING BY MAX KLINGER.

It proves to the trained eye how much can be done with a single stroke, and how little. It shows us how intricate the mind of man may become, how simple his satisfaction in himself. More than all else is it an overwhelming revelation of art conditions in Germany today, in art progress, in art degeneration. It must interest not only the student and the artist but all people who are thrilled with the thought of what art means for the world, who know what Germany has done in the past, who reverence her old cathedral builders and music makers; for the pencilled, painted or carved history of a nation, expressed intimately and finally, holds a message of great significance to all who study the spiritual as well as the material progress of the world. And when in the pictured history of a country, the flaming note of truth is missing, we may be sadly sure that it is equally missing in the life of the nation, for a commercialized art is born in a material soul. To escape this condition which is now overwhelming Germany, and much of Europe besides, the people themselves must wake up to the fact that the nation needs their interest, their courage, their imagination; a new and great art cannot be born for them otherwise. For surely it will be in the future as it has been in the past, that out of the heart of the people will come the man with one high purpose in his art, one need in his soul, to build through his imagination highways that lead to the vision of truth, that the people may walk thereon gladly, earnestly seeking for the truth without which art is empty.

That this exhibition is considered widely interesting and educational must be inferred from the fact that it is likely to circle the United States before it is redistributed in Germany again. It is at present at the Art Institute in Chicago, one of the most progressive and open-minded art organizations in America. From Chicago the exhibition is scheduled for the Albright Gallery in Buffalo, where it will remain during February. Then it hurries back to New England and in March will be seen at the Art Museum in Worcester, Massachusetts. For the month of April the museum at St. Louis, Missouri, claims it and in the spring it goes south to the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Although this is as far as Mr. Birnbaum has scheduled his exhibition, other places are clamoring for it and it may be seen in Boston, Massachusetts, and Newark, New Jersey. In circulating so widely as this group of pictures will, it is going to be possible for many of our readers to find out whether their interest is satisfied in the purely technical side of art or whether they feel with THE CRAFTSMAN that they need for their own encouragement and joy a sense of the great illuminating spirit.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR: A STORY: PATIENCE BEVIER COLE

IT was nine o'clock when Mrs. Grout touched bottom in her capacious ironing basket, and that was pretty quick work, considering that the basket had been level full of little dampened rolls when she put the irons over at four that morning. Mrs. Grout heaved a sigh of weariness as she shook out the last damp piece, a waist with a foolish amount of tucking and lace insertion, flung it over her ironing-board, snatched a hot iron from the stove and bent to her work with a feverish energy. She was dog-tired, but it would never do to slack up now. She was glad she had scrubbed the kitchen the night before, after the children were a-bed. She glanced while changing irons, with approval and satisfaction, at the clean floor, the snowy, starched curtain at the window, the general air of neatness and freshness about the tiny flat kitchen. Annie Grout dearly loved cleanliness and order, and toiled heroically to keep her little three-roomed home spick and span.

She felt a little glow of pride, too, as she lifted her eyes from the ironing-board long enough to survey the freshly painted walls. She had wrangled bitterly with the superintendent to obtain that new green paint, and though it had been nuisance enough to keep up her ironing and rescue the baby hourly from the paint buckets, those two days that the painter had invaded her little domain, the result was brilliant and soul-satisfying beyond belief.

She was so happy this hot, July morning, that she burst into song unconsciously, in spite of her weariness. "*Love* me—and the *wor-rld*—is mine!" she sang, in shrill, triumphant joy, flipping the last garment, finished, from the board, and tossing it lightly over a line stretched across one end of the room, where twenty-six other equally crisp, fresh, snowy waists, dangled jauntily, each on its separate coat-hanger. Mrs. Grout swept the irons to the back of the stove with one swift stroke, scurried the ironing-board into its place behind the kitchen door, and sank into a chair, gasping. There were remnants of the children's breakfast still on the table. Mrs. Grout poured herself a cup of cold tea and munched a bit of roll. Her energetic labors had long since burned up all stimulating effects of the meal which she had snatched, standing, three hours before.

"My lands, I'm that tired I don't know what to do first," she mused aloud, and straightway sprang up, cleared off the table, brought a pile of newspapers and a saucer of pins, and began to fold the waists, tenderly, so as not to spoil their dainty crispness. She piled them lightly into the big empty clothes-basket, donned a shabby hat, cast off her apron, and staggered down the stairs to the street with the

basket. There she found the children, Danny the creeper, Benny the toddler, Clarence the swaggerer, and anxious little Annie, aged seven, the oldest of all, a homely miniature copy of her mother, with a plain, freckled, serious face above a thin, under-sized body, already drooping, round-shouldered, from over-heavy burdens. She sat now, alert and worried, on the stone step of the entrance, jiggling the baby in the broken-springed old carriage, watching the play of the other two children, occasionally adding her shrill cry of warning or admonition to the din of traffic which roared up and down Amsterdam Avenue. She sprang up at sight of her mother and clutched the woman's skirts apprehensively.

"He ain't comin' just yet, is he?" she faltered.

"Lands no, I hope not, till I get you kids slicked up. Here, take 'im," she caught up the fat baby, hugged him ecstatically, plumped him down in little Annie's lap and hoisted her basket atop the ramshackle carriage.

"Watch 'em good, honey!" she cautioned the child, and away she sped, southward along the busy street. It was an irritation to have to deliver laundry on this, of all days, the day that Dan was coming home. But business is business, and painstaking Annie Grout never dreamed of allowing herself a half-holiday or of disappointing her clients. "My young ladies," she always called them proudly, the Teachers' College girls, those delightful creatures who always had more soiled waists for her, no matter how often she called at Whittier Hall. Every soiled waist meant two little silver dimes for Annie Grout's shabby pocketbook, and during the year of Dan's absence she had made, as she herself had told him, "a grand living." Not that she had told him *how* grand! She wanted, of course, to allay any natural anxiety he might feel over her fate and the children's; but not for worlds would she have confessed how very successful she had been in paying old debts, and getting a new foothold. Their fortunes had been at a pretty low ebb the year before, when Dan left, with the new baby but a few months old, Annie out of work for a half year past, the little tenement shorn of everything that wasn't too shabby to pawn or sell, and a certain wolf, famous in song and story and very justly feared, grinning at them with more unpleasant nearness than ever before in all the years of their marriage. With affairs at such alarming low tide, it had seemed at first a crushing blow to be bereft of Dan. But plucky Annie Grout had wasted no time in lamentations. Before Dan, in his distant retreat, had grown accustomed to his new clothes and new rules of conduct, his wife was already hard at work over her tubs, washing the first batch of waists from the summer-school students.

Within a fortnight she had become abnormally popular as a laundress, both for the excellence and cheapness of her work. At the end of a month she had bargained with Mrs. Timmons, across the hall, to do the washing, and was devoting herself wholly to the delightful task of ironing from twelve to fourteen hours a day.

Now, pushing her creaky old carriage swiftly along, Mrs. Grout's heart swelled with honest pride to recall all she had achieved in one year. Not only were old debts all paid and old Lares, scattered at a dozen pawn shops, restored, but the children had enjoyed unusual and almost unbelievable quantities of food and new clothing, and there had even been enough financial margin for Annie to attain several of her heart's desires in the way of lace curtains, a flamboyant "Smyrna" rug (whereon a vivid yellow lion stalked majestically across a field of burning crimson), and a patent swing rocker of astonishing and, to the uninitiated, dangerous motion. But all these extravagances and luxuries had been unmentioned during Annie Grout's wifely visits to Dan; they were to surprise and delight him upon his return. She had pictured that home-coming to herself dozens of times. He would swing her up off her feet to kiss her, in the old way. He had always said it gave him a crick in the back to stoop over. Next he would catch up each child in turn to bestow a fatherly embrace, exclaiming over the growth and improvement of each. And then he would look about, and see the results of her industry and thrift, would sit down to a feast of all the dishes he liked best, would praise her, perhaps even caress her; and they would plan for their future and forget the lonely year of separation, for it had been a lonely year.

Annie Grout hadn't minded the hard work, but oh, she had pined for Dan. She had worshiped him since the day when he had carelessly picked her, a slip of a girl scarcely larger than little Annie, from under the noses of two great rushing delivery horses.

"Fighting Dan" they had called him then, the gang of half-grown hoodlums who followed where he led. "Fighting Dan" he was still, of an ugly, brawling disposition these later years, but still splendid and gallant in Annie's faithful, adoring eyes. Women are so reluctant to cease admiring their men.

For loyal Annie the year of absence had blotted out many harsh memories. Forgotten were all Dan's minor imperfections of character and of conduct; and daily his virtues had been magnified in Annie's loving reminiscences, until, indeed, it seemed a wonder that so rare a spirit as Dan had ever dwelt on Blackwell's lonely isle in any other capacity than chaplain.

Well, it was over now! This was the month, and this the happy

morn! In another hour or two he would be at home. This thought lent wings to her tired feet, sped her to her destination, and hustled her back along the hot sidewalks with her empty chariot. She paused once or twice on the homeward journey to attend to some last bits of provisioning for the feast, and drew up at the foot of her own stair quite flushed and breathless.

"Come on quick, Annie, they ain't a minute to lose now," she panted, gathering her recent purchases in one arm and taking the baby in the other. "Get the kids an' bring 'em along." She sped up the stairway and into her tiny flat. The child, Annie, corraled her brothers and followed, slowly. She seemed puzzled by her mother's joyous excitement, which she plainly did not share.

In the bedroom, Mrs. Grout was spreading out on the beds four piles of garments, all unmistakably new. She turned and regarded her offspring with shining eyes.

"I'll do you first, Annie. I can trust you to stay clean, an' help watch the others." She pounced upon the solemn little girl, stripped her of her faded gingham dress, scrubbed the anxious, pinched face with the wet end of a towel, wiped it with the dry end, and spun the child around, to unbraid and brush out the four mercilessly tight pigtails into which the straight limp locks had been braided the night before.

"Now be sure an' ketch up the ends o' yer sash an' kind o' pull 'em around whenever you go to set down," she warned, when the child, very crimpy as to her hair, and looking very much awed in her new finery, was finally set free. "Set in the front room, darlin', while I do the boys, now." She fell upon the astonished and loudly protesting Clarence, before he could escape. Soon all four children were dressed, and drawn up in imposing array, in the bright, diminutive parlor, and their mother, flushed and panting from her swift labors, surveyed them proudly.

"You certainly look grand, if I do say it myself," she said, taking off her apron. "Don't let 'em grab that tidy, Annie," she added to that small person, who was once more in charge of the baby, and in an agony lest he touch her flowing hair or snatch her new ribbons. "Now I'm goin' to leave ye go downstairs ag'in, 'cause it's eleven o'clock an' he's likely to be comin' any minute now; but fer the land's sake don't git mussed, er don't set down on no dirty steps, er don't eat anythin', er don't play, er don't do *anythin'* but keep clean an' ready. What makes you look so scared, Annie?"

"'Cause I *am* scared," confessed Annie, reluctantly.

"W'y, what you scared at?"

"At——him." The child's voice was almost inaudible.

"W'y, what a thing to say!" cried Mrs. Grout, good-naturedly. "'Fraid o' yer own papa! I guess you ain't 'fraid. I guess you jest don't remember 'im, bein' gone a whole year this way. Now run on down, an' be careful to keep clean." They filed out, immaculate, self-conscious, miserable. At the door the little girl, sagging under the weight of the heavy baby, turned.

"I ain't fergot him," she said gravely. "I remember him, mamma." Then she went down the stairs.

"If that kid don't beat all!" ejaculated the mother, flashing about, putting the last touches upon her festive preparations, and running to the front window every minute or two to lean out and look down the street. She, too, had new raiment, a polka-dotted lawn of much crispness. This she hurriedly got into, after curling her front hair and putting in her "rat" for the first time in more than a year. Then she fell to work joyfully to get the grand dinner. She had been prodigal in her expenditures, and there was an array of foods that would have daunted an ostrich: corned beef and cabbage boiling madly on the stove, pickled pigs' feet, a watermelon and sliced cucumbers cooling delightfully in the ice-box; onions were sliced ready to fry, potatoes were baking in the oven, a juicy blueberry pie stood ready for Dan's knife and spoon; in all, it was a feast to delight any man, to say nothing of a man who had subsisted on Blackwell's colorless fare for a twelvemonth.

At eleven-thirty all was in readiness, the table set with resplendent new red table-cloth, the foods ready to be whisked onto the plates, the pitcher ready for Annie to run out for the beer. Mrs. Grout folded her apron on the front window-sill, and regardless of the midday sun beating down upon her, leaned there to watch. Her heart had begun to beat violently now, and although she was unaware of it, her happy excitement was fast becoming nervousness.

The twelve o'clock whistles sounded, and her nervousness increased. She had expected Dan by half past eleven at the latest, and now she began to worry for fear something had happened. She went downstairs and got the children, who still presented an appearance sufficiently festive and neat, thanks to poor little Annie's agonizing care. She hated to disturb the splendors of the table, set for Dan; but the children were clamorously hungry, as well as hot and cross. So she spread an apron on the floor, set them down upon it, and fed them, picnic style, with a good deal of apprehension lest Dan arrive before she got their sticky hands and faces washed again. The hot foods were long since cooked, and set aside to wait. Annie Grout was in great perturbation about keeping them warm. The baby dozed off to sleep and she put him in the bedroom, and sent the children down

to the street again. By one o'clock her anxiety had grown into an acute alarm, and she joined the children downstairs. It was a relief just to be among people, to talk to fat Mrs. Heinz, who kept the delicatessen, to scold the children for getting dirty.

Along about two o'clock, old Bill Christy came limping by. He stopped at sight of Annie Grout, shifted the wad of tobacco in his cheek and remarked affably, "Yer man's looking fine, ain't 'e?"

"Oh——did you see him? Where's 'e at?" cried Annie.

"Down to Mooney's place," informed old Bill Christy. "Him an' Flannery an' Jawn McCord an' a few others. They was all to meet 'im whin the boat landed, an' they're bringin' 'im home in state, stoppin' at ev'ry saloon along One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street from Third Avynoo to Amsterdam, he-he-he!"

Bill Christy had a caustic vein, and an unpleasant sniggering appreciation of his own wit that Annie Grout had always particularly hated. He seemed diabolic now, a sinister old prophet and messenger of evil. It made her sick at heart to hear that already Dan was with his old cronies, the roistering, brawling, drinking crowd with whom he had spent most of his time and all his intermittent and meager earnings. Why hadn't it occurred to her that the old gang would be expecting him, actually waiting for him! She had suggested meeting him herself, on her last visit to him two weeks before, but he had advised against it. She wondered, with quick suspicion, whether he had known then that "the boys" planned to meet him and celebrate his return.

She left the children playing on the sidewalk and dragged herself back up to her rooms, where the baby still slept in the hot bedroom. She sat down in the kitchen where the stiff new red table-cloth mocked her, and the postponed feast grew stale, for the hot dishes were all cold by now, and the cold viands (her ten cents' worth of ice having melted) were growing warm. Annie Grout folded her little red tired calloused hands in her lap and waited. The small clean room had lost its charm, her crisp lawn dress was beginning to look limp, and down on the street, she knew very well, the boys were again happy and disheveled and dirty, while even careful little Annie's toilet had lost its pristine freshness. *Her* celebration was all a failure, sacrificed to that other celebration of "the boys"! The patient, downcast creature there in the tidy kitchen knew that she was supremely wretched, but quite failed to recognize the old familiarity of her plight. Just so had she waited, timorous and sick with apprehension, hundreds of times before. She felt no bitterness toward Dan, the beloved, but just a despairing rage at "the boys" for detaining him.

The long hot afternoon wore away somehow. The baby woke,

hot and sticky and cross. The children came up occasionally for drinks and "pieces" and she made half-hearted attempts at restoring their festive aspect, but they looked, as she admitted, like picnickers returning from a hard day at Coney. Even Annie's sash, which the child had tried to guard with jealous care, had suffered grievous hurt when one Abie Steinberger had shied an over-ripe peach at Clarence.

At six o'clock o'd Bill Christy, passing by, sent up word by little Annie that "They've got as fur as Thompson's place now, and onless the human stommick can be stretched indefinite, he otta be home afore midnight, 'cause he's most full now."

Annie Grout gnashed her teeth in helpless wrath. She knew every man, woman and child along the block was on the *qui vive* for Dan's home-coming, and her proud heart burned to think that the other women were probably pitying her——as indeed they were. She marched downstairs with a fine assumption of indifference, collected her tired, drabbled brood with cool deliberation, passed the time of day with Mrs. Tulley and remarked upon the heat to Mrs. Donahue, and retreated once more to the flat upstairs.

There wasn't any use in trying longer to keep up the semblance of festivity. She set the children at the table for their supper, put the food on, and let them gorge themselves as they chose. Wee Annie alone seemed to notice and share her mother's depression. She ate nervously, and afterward, on her way out, following the others for more play in the street, she stopped to lay a timid hand on her mother's knee.

"It's just like it used to be, ain't it?" she asked earnestly. "I remember. It was *allus* this way when he used to live here before." Her little old sober face was close to her mother's. She breathed a tiny sigh, and her small plain features settled into lines of patient submission. Annie Grout might almost have been looking into a mirror, so like her own was the sad little face into which she gazed.

"Us women have a pretty hard time of it, I guess," concluded the child gravely, and went out.

Half an hour later she burst in again where the woman sat rocking the baby.

"He's—he's 'most here," the child panted. "They're bringin' him. Oh mamma—I jest wish we could run away quick an' lay down somewheres an' *die!*"

They came lurching heavily up the long flight of tenement stairs, and appeared at the door of Annie Grout's little flat, "Fighting Dan," home from doing his year's time on the Island for his last brawl, swaggering Mike Flannery and John McCord, all of them pretty unsteady.

"Well, we brought 'im home to ye, Mis' Grout," announced Flannery jocosely, "an' if anybody was to ast ye, ye can be tellin' 'em we're goin' to fix that damn cop that got 'im in, too. Sure we are, Danny ole boy! Well, Jawn, we mi'z well be goin' on. See ye first thing in the mornin', Dan." The escort lurched down the stairs, leaving Dan face to face with Annie.

Dan was of the type that grows surly, not silly, when drunk. And he was drunk now. He stood sagging up against the wall, dull, sullen, threatening.

With almost incredible swiftness and tact (considering that she had had no practice for a whole year) Annie Grout slipped back into her old conciliating manner.

"My, you're hot, Dan," she said by way of greeting, turning to lead him in. "Come set here by the winda an' cool off."

Dan lowered his great hulking body into the new swing rocker, kicked off his shoes, and sat, inert, sweating, breathing heavily.

The baby, who had been on the point of dozing off when his parent returned, began to wail fretfully. July is pretty hard on tenement babies' nerves, anyhow. Dan, who even in his cups had never been accused of any paucity of invective, roused himself sufficiently to request silence upon the part of the infant. For the first time the tears welled into tired Annie's eyes. A woman may forgive slights upon her own charms, her cooking, her attire, her every effort to please, but upon her baby—never! Annie Grout hugged the fat baby to her flat breast, wiped her tears on his little limp dress, and hustled him off to the child Annie, who lurked, miserable and afraid, in the hallway. Then she came back and sat down in the front room, which Dan seemed wholly to fill—his great sweltering body, his coat flung on a chair, his shoes sprawling on the floor, his drunken breath polluting the air. And it had all been so neat and shining to receive him!

After a while he roused a little, noticed her sitting there.

"Come here!" he commanded gruffly.

She came to his side, like a faithful dumb creature to its master. He pulled her down onto his lap, kissed her rudely. He was too drunk to have any personal feeling for her. But at his stupid caress all the wife in her leapt to love again, all the mother to condoning pity.

"My lands, Dan!" she cried happily. "It's jest grand to get you home again."

"DUMBLANE," A SOUTHERN CRAFTSMAN HOME

IN the outskirts of Washington, on the Leesburg Pike, perched on the highest point in the District of Columbia and overlooking the lovely Potomac Valley with the Blue Ridge Mountains in the distance, stands "Dumblane"—the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. Hazen Bond. So closely does this modern mansion nestle against the background of old Southern trees, and so harmoniously do its red and brown walls and blue-green roof lines blend with the colors of the surrounding landscape, that it seems like some big picturesque farmhouse. Unlike most new buildings it has no appearance of "newness," but rather seems to be a part of the hills and woods around it, and to have been mellowed by weathering and age. There is an air of peace and friendliness about the place, a promise of solid comfort and genuine hospitality that is more than fulfilled by the large rooms and the kindly folks within. And it is partly for this reason that we take such pleasure in reproducing illustrations of it here, and partly because it shows for the first time, in a most convincing way, how much beauty, efficiency and comfort can be attained by Craftsman architecture carried out on a large scale.

In the old days the estate was known as "Grasslands," and long rows of dark, slender Virginia junipers still stand sentinel over the original pasture boundaries. Later, a portion of "Grasslands" was set aside for a homestead and called "Dumblane." This name the present owner has chiseled on his cobble gate posts, to perpetuate the local tradition and because the spot recalls Robert Tannahill's lines to "The flower of Dumblane:"

"The sun had gone down o'er the lofty Ben-Lomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
* * * * * * *
How sweet is the briar, wi' its saft fauldin' blossom!
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green."

One of the most notable points about this Southern homestead is the way in which the charms of a rural environment have been combined with the best of twentieth century comforts and luxuries. With all the advantages of suburban quiet and picturesqueness, it is readily accessible from the city by trolley and automobile. Though the surrounding country is unspoiled as yet by conventionally laid-out streets and sidewalks and other usual signs of urban encroachment, there is a private road with a macadam base and a practical cobble gutter, which has been topped with pebbles to emphasize the rural effect. An automatic gate swings between the entrance posts whose antique-looking lamps are lighted from distant points in a very

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FRONT VIEW OF "DUMBLANE," THE WASHINGTON HOME OF MR. AND MRS. S. HAZEN BOND.

FRONT ELEVATION OF THE BOND HOUSE AT "GRASSLANDS," SHOWING LAWN.

A SIDE VIEW OF "DUMBLANE" WITH GARAGE IN THE REAR.

UNDER THE PERGOLA WHICH CIRCLES THREE SIDES OF THE HOUSE.

modern way. Running diagonally across the place is a fifty-foot osage orange hedge, a century and half old, which is still the home of the nightingale, cottontail and quail. This hedge not only protects the orchard from the cold west winds, but also shields the house from the trolley two blocks distant, the automobile boulevard, the fire engine house, police station and other conveniences of the historic town of Tenley.

The site, which had remained unoccupied because of lengthy litigation, was first seen by the Bonds in May, nineteen hundred and eleven. Dirt began to fly in June, bricks to be laid in July; in August, records, photographs, etc. were placed in the corner stone; in May, nineteen hundred and twelve, the grounds and kitchen garden were planted and the road built, and in September the last workman departed.

The personal interest and enthusiasm that went into every detail of the planning, building and furnishing of "Dumblane" make it an unusually distinctive expression of individual ideals, and show what permanent loveliness and practical convenience are possible when the owner's heart and mind as well as purse are factors in the work.

THE general design of the building was adapted from Craftsman House Number Ten, of the series of nineteen hundred and four, and the plans and all the detail drawings were prepared by the Craftsman architects under the direction and with the coöperation of Mr. and Mrs. Bond. The latter also made the draperies, curtains and pillows for the rooms from Craftsman designs, and planned the layout and planting of the garden. Mr. Bond personally superintended every part of the construction, from the foundation up, in all its minutest detail, including the built-in furniture and fixtures and finishing of all the woodwork. How eagerly he entered into the spirit of the undertaking, and how much of his own actual effort and workmanship went into the making of this home, is shown by the fact that even before the house was planned Mr. Bond had made with his own hands a number of fumed oak pieces which now stand in the living room and hall—including the big clock shown in one of the illustrations, which is certainly a convincing proof of craftsmanship. All the other furniture was made at the Craftsman Workshops, some from designs and measurements submitted by the owner, and stained to match the interior finish of the house. Even the china and the silver were made to order in plain designs, so that they might be in keeping with the simple beauty of the rooms.

"Dumblane" is thoroughly modern and complete in every way, both as to constructional features, interior fittings and mechanical

equipment. One of the most significant points about it is the fact that it shows not only that there is no feeling of incongruity when the most scientific and up-to-date contrivances are used in a Craftsman home, but that on the contrary such equipment is perfectly in keeping. For the simplicity of Craftsman architecture actually brings about, as well as symbolizes, the comfort of the whole household. We feel sure, therefore, that a detailed description will be of interest to all who care for the practical side of home building.

The foundations, which are forty by sixty-five feet, are of concrete, the walls above the grade being of brick eighteen inches thick, and all partitions, which are nine inches thick, being reinforced with steel columns. Cement mortar is used throughout.

A great deal of the interest of the exterior is due to the fact that the house is built of "Tapestry" brick, (measuring twelve by four by two inches), in colors that are known as "run of kiln," ranging from light salmon to brown and dark blue. The bricks are laid in running American bond—a course of headers to each five courses of runners. The joints are three-quarters of an inch wide, the mortar being mixed with gravel to harmonize with the rough texture of the bricks and with a little color to lend a look of age. Each brick was carefully plumbed and leveled and its bed of mortar accurately measured, yet as each brick weighs ten pounds and this was only the second house to be built of this size of brick, the layers experienced considerable difficulty at first in handling them. The result, however, shows that their trouble was worth while, for the wide joints and variety in color, texture and bond, give the walls unusual distinction. This effective though simple style of brickwork, combined with the well-balanced proportions of the house and the interest of the different structural features gave sufficient variety and decorative feeling to the exterior, so that it seemed unnecessary to add anything to the masonry in the way of ornament. The only departure, therefore, from the regular bond was the introduction of soldier and header courses between the stories, these being used to emphasize the length of the roof line and make it seem as low as possible.

The roof has a wide overhang and is covered with tiles, unglazed, of a soft, deep blue-green shade. The gutters and spouts are of heavy copper. All the exterior woodwork is cypress, oiled to give it a mellow brown effect and preserve the wood without hiding the grain.

An eight-foot pergola, supported by columns of cypress, extends around three sides of the house, expanding in front into a roofed porch thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide, and forming a glass-covered porte cochère on the north and a steel and glass conservatory on the south. The pergola floor is of twelve-inch concrete blocks.

The house is set flat on the ground with only one step to the porch and another to the ground floor; the lighting of the basement is from the rear, through nine large windows on an area way running the entire length of the building, and all the doors are glass. This gives an abundance of light to the portion used for service and plenty of ventilation to the furnace and bins. The foundations are drained by four-inch drain tiles leading to a sand pit. The orchard and gardens are similarly drained by four-inch tiles in lines sixteen feet apart. Their value has already been demonstrated by the fact that from this new ground, hitherto uncultivated in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, but bearing eight inches of rich top soil, a very bountiful harvest was gathered the first season, of corn, potatoes, peas, beans, tomatoes, egg plant, peppers, beets, lettuce, radishes, parsley, rhubarb, carrots, turnips, cantaloupes, watermelons, squash, pumpkins and cucumbers.

SOME idea of "Dumblane's" richness in mechanical conveniences may be had from a glance at the basement. This contains a hoist for raising ashes, a pit for cold storage, a wine room, an elevator for conveying fuel from the bins in the large storage room to the living-room fireplace, an automatic warm air circulating system, a hot water furnace for heating the conservatory and garage, an instantaneous heater for supplying hot water in summer, an automatic cellar drain to carry off surplus water collecting under the foundations, two large bins electrically lighted holding a car load of coal and reached by two steel chutes designed by Mr. Bond to completely fill all corners. There are also a man's room and bath, three cages for pet cats connected by large pipes under the back walk with three large cages in the rear of the house, a turbine vacuum cleaner connected by two-inch galvanized iron pipes with two outlets on each of the four floors of the house and with the garage, and a laundry with clothes chute, elevator, stationary tubs, electric washer, electric iron, gas stove, clothes dryer and other conveniences.

The main floor is reached by five glass doors that seem to "let in all outdoors." The inconspicuous entrance door opens into a vestibule leading into the large hall with living room to the south, dining room and dining porch to the north, main stairway to the west, and smoking room and service portion to the east. Under the stairway are cloak room, lavatory and secret closet with invisible door.

Except for the service portion which is in cypress, stained green, the trim is all of white oak stained a rich, golden, brown tone. The floors are six-inch quarter-sawn oak boards with borders of two-and-a-half-inch boards. The walls are finished with ten-inch boards, V-jointed and rising from the floor to the heavy beams across the

ceilings. The casement windows, which are placed in series of five, are all provided with metal weather strips and have ten-inch transoms of leaded hammered amber glass, each brightened by a small square of rose-colored glass. Screens are used throughout, and all the doors have invisible hinges. Under the windows are seats with hinged covers—another instance of the way in which the pleasant and the practical have been combined.

In the center of the south living-room wall is the big "Tapestry" brick chimneypiece, the masonry of which is unornamented except for a bas relief of Guido Reni's "Aurora." This chimneypiece contains a Craftsman Fireplace—the first of its size made and the third to be installed—which heats and ventilates the south end of the house. Coke is burned most of the time, and occasionally when a quick brisk fire is wanted a little wood is thrown on. The ashes fall into the large pit beneath from which they are removed each season. On each side of the chimney are two glass doors, one opening onto the pergola, the other onto the conservatory, and on each side of the doors are high casement windows above open bookshelves.

AS one of the illustrations shows, much of the charm and friendliness of the dining room is due to the arrangement of the built-in sideboard and china closets and the iridescent stained-glass window decorated with a design of swallows in flight. As there are no doors on this floor except those shutting off the service portion, this end of the dining room forms a most delightful termination for the long vista seen from the living-room fireside.

The hall between the living and dining rooms contains another large chimneypiece, and on the massive hand-hammered copper hood is the motto of the house—"Each man's chimney is his golden milestone." Opposite this fireplace is a hall seat containing the horn of the built-in talking machine under the return of the stairs. This alcove is finished with the only curve used in the construction; all the rest of the house, both exterior and interior, is worked out with straight lines and square corners.

Beside this fireplace is the invisible door of the cosy smoking room whose walls are lined with built-in bookcases, writing-desk and window seat, flanked by a cellarette and a built-in copper humidor.

Oriental rugs in effective designs cover the floors and add rich, harmonious notes of color to the rooms. The wall decorations are confined to ivory-tinted plaster casts and colored photographs of scenes in the Alps, the latter, as an experiment, being framed flat and almost invisibly against the walls.

The woodwork of the second floor is red gum left in its natural

ENTRANCE HALL AT "DUMBLANE" FINISHED IN CRAFTSMAN STYLE, SHOWING THE BIG CLOCK MADE BY MR. BOND.

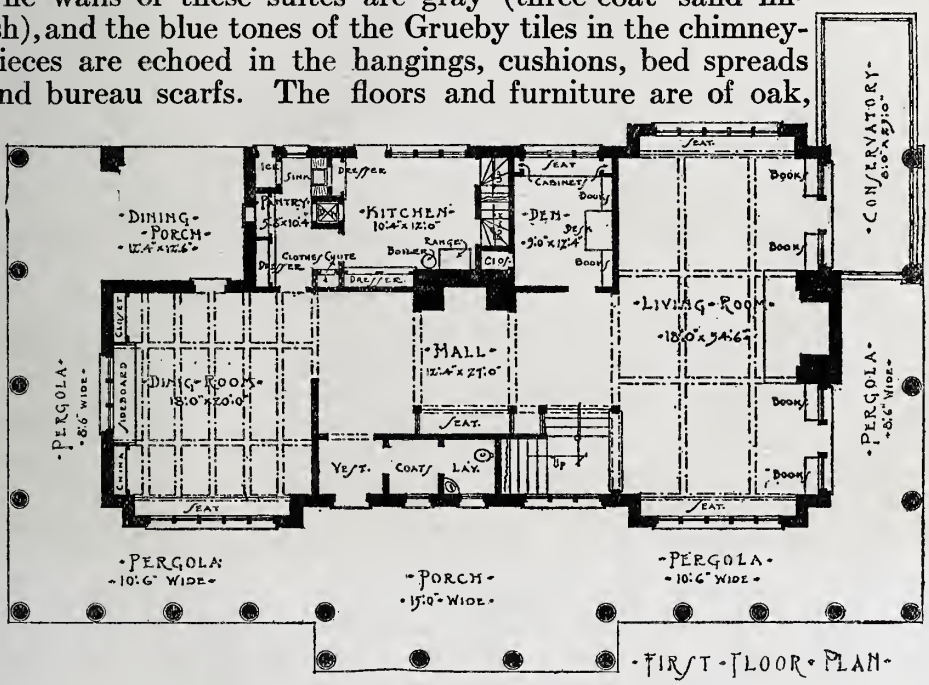
ONE END OF THE GREAT LIVING ROOM AT "DUMBLANE," FINISHED IN CRAFTSMAN STYLE WITH "TAPESTRY" BRICK FIREPLACE AT THE RIGHT.

A DETAIL VIEW OF THE CRAFTSMAN FIREPLACE IN THE LIVING ROOM, THE PLACING OF THE CHIMNEY WITH BOOKCASE AND WINDOWS AT EITHER SIDE IS UNIQUE AND PICTURESQUE.

ONE END OF THE CHARMING, FRIENDLY DINING ROOM IN THE BOND HOUSE, SHOWING VARIOUS CRAFTSMAN FITTINGS AND FURNITURE.

state without coloring, clear Craftsman lustre only being applied as a finish. Around the tops of the rooms has been used a twelve-inch casing to which the trim of windows, doors and corners has been carried up straight. The doors contain glass panels similar to those of the first floor transoms, and the casement windows are in groups with storage window seats between closets in the corners of the rooms, which give the appearance of bay windows.

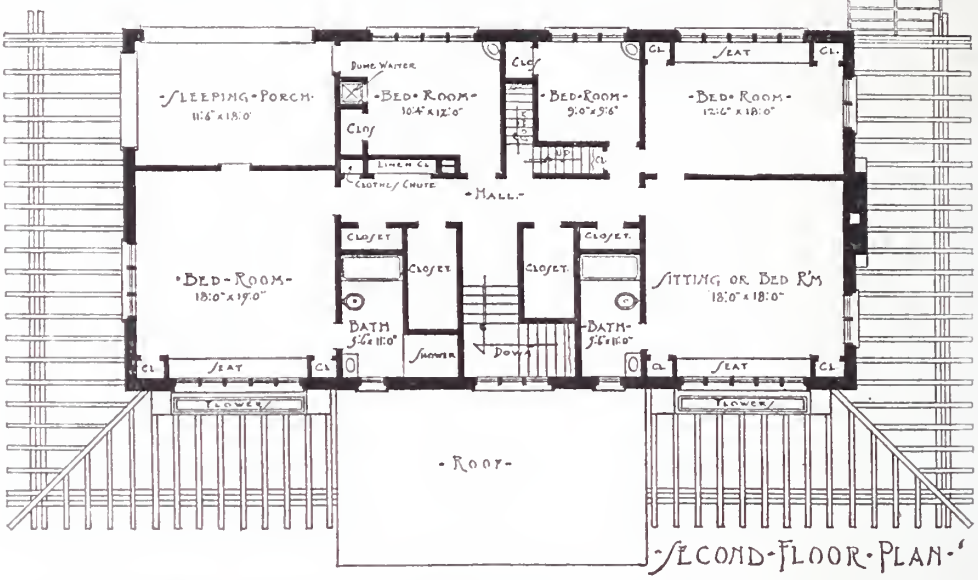
From the hall open two small guest rooms provided with large closets and lavatories. There are also two main suites, one on the south consisting of a double bedroom, dressing room and bath, and one on the north comprising a sleeping porch, dressing room and bath. The walls of these suites are gray (three-coat sand finish), and the blue tones of the Grueby tiles in the chimney-pieces are echoed in the hangings, cushions, bed spreads and bureau scarfs. The floors and furniture are of oak,



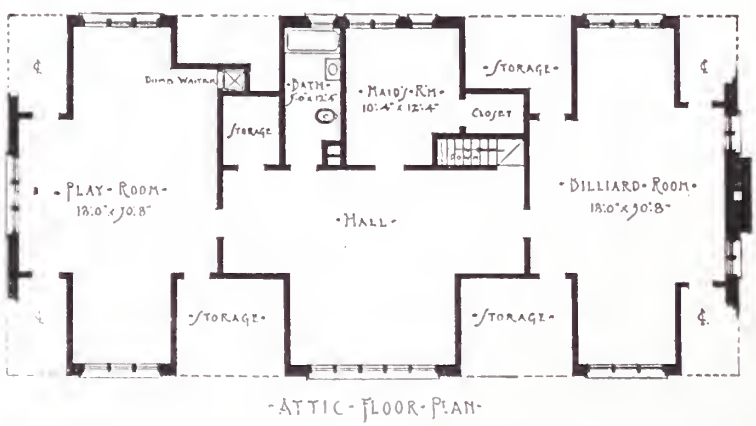
the latter being stained a soft gray to harmonize with the walls. The large bathrooms have marble hexagonal-tiled floors with dainty blue and gray borders, and the walls are tiled with squares of opaque glass.

Across each end of the third floor is a large room communicating by wide glass doors with the central portion, behind which are rooms and bath for women help. The end rooms have high raftered ceilings, while the central room has been paneled and plastered for a tearoom and lounge for viewing the sunsets. The whole can be used as one hall and forms a spacious and very pleasant place for entertainments. The billiard room is also on this floor, as well as eight more closets

and two large built-in box seats. The house is supplied with city water, gas, electricity and sewer, and an intercommunicating electric system of seven telephones.



The garage, which is a beautiful little cottage, stands beside the hedge and extends a protecting bit of its roof over the well, nestling up to the main house and emphasizing the brooding spirit of the place. It accommodates four automobiles and is provided with the fullest equipment. There are even anvil, forge and tool cabinet, for Mr. Bond is as much at home at his bench as any expert workman, and takes keen pleasure in doing his own repairs. In fact, the garage, like the house, expresses as completely as modern science and personal love of beauty and efficiency can do so, both the practical and æsthetic ideals of the owner.



EIGHTY ACRES AND "BONDAGE": A SPIRITUAL INVESTMENT: BY WALTER A. DYER

HE "Ten Acres and Liberty" idea is one that has long appealed to me—the wedding of economic independence with the satisfactions of a pastoral life. The agriculturist, it seems to me—not the old-fashioned farmer, but the modern scientific farmer, with old books and old friends to resort to when the weather is bad—leads the most enviable life of us all. He does not manipulate other men's wealth, nor is it his task to induce a surfeited public to buy that which is not bread; he lives close to the roots of life; he deals in fundamentals.

"There is no other sort of life," says Abraham Cowley in his essay "Of Agriculture," "that affords so many branches of praise to a panegyrist: The utility of it to a man's self; the usefulness, or, rather, necessity of it to all the rest of mankind; the innocence, the pleasure, the antiquity, the dignity"—and, I may add, the liberty of it.

As I look about upon the various occupations of men and women in this present generation, it seems to me that every other vocation is conducted in chains—the demands of employers, or directors, or stockholders, or a spoiled public. It is only the farmer who is free of these things, the demand for whose products is created by a power higher than popular caprice or personal whim, the production of which is a matter in which only himself and the Almighty are directly concerned—and that is a partnership not without its own inspiration. The farmer's Master leaves him a free will to choose his course, for industry or indolence; the outcome is in his own hands; he is subject only to the fundamental laws of Nature. And that is as near to complete liberty as we shall ever get in this world, or, I fancy, in the next.

"It is man only," says Cowley, "that has the impudence to demand our whole time, though he neither gave it, nor can restore it, nor is able to pay any considerable value for the least part of it."

And that is why we bought our eighty acres in the Massachusetts hills. We are still compelled by circumstances to tarry awhile where the busy wheels turn and men labor for a brown envelope with green and orange paper in it, but we have made a beginning; we have taken the first step toward the Promised Land. There we have planted our fruit trees, and we are waiting, with such patience as we can command, for the day when the word of the Prophet shall be fulfilled, who said: "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed; and the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt. . . . And I will plant them upon their land, and they shall no more be pulled up out of their land which I have given them, saith the Lord thy God."

So, we have the eighty acres, but not yet the liberty. "I am gone out from Sodom, but I am not arrived at my little Zoar." As I look back over the past two years, I am forced to confess that what we hope will some day spell liberty, now spells bondage. We are in debt to our own farm. The joy of owning it and the hope of blessings yet to be must be paid for. If it is ever to prove the thing that we dream of, it must be nourished. Moreover, the very possession of the land brings its own responsibility. We have no right to do aught but our very best for it. Our compact with our Silent Partner demands that.

LIBERTY, it appears, is the fruit only of war. Isn't it so with all the things man seeks so earnestly to gain? Wife, children, public honor and private wealth all add to our responsibilities. Their demands upon us multiply by geometrical progression. As we add to our possessions each desired thing, there come with it a host of cares and worries and duties that we thought little of in the heat of the quest. Build a larger house that you may have greater comfort, and you build also a greater burden for your shoulders. Our friend the great merchant wonders why he is not as happy as in the old days in his little corner store. Your hard-won motor car demands gasolene and tires; our willing Bob must have his oats.

I have sometimes thought that if we were wise we would cease all this striving and give ourselves time to enjoy the fleeting hour. Why not seek ever a smaller house and less wealth and fewer responsibilities?

Our terrier is one of the happiest creatures I know. He toils not, neither does he spin; yet Solomon, with all his riches and his wives, led not so merry a life as he. No avarice or ambition worries that tousled head, or any doubt but that when hungry he may eat and when weary he may sleep. He accepts his romps when they are offered, nor bothers his head with planning for another day's pleasures.

But we are human, you and I, and something is planted within us that will not let us trust to the ravens to feed us. Evolution has finished with the ox and the ass; it is still active and alive in us, and we gain our highest satisfaction only in the consciousness of growth.

And so, despite my most logical philosophy, I have put my neck under the yoke.

A friend called the other night to talk farm. He had caught the fever, and was a willing listener to our enthusiastic eloquence. Our sweeping generalities were followed by details, and before we knew it we were telling our troubles. The two young pigs we had bought nearly ate us out of house and home, and we had to sell them. The early apples had fallen prey to railroad worm. The gasolene engine

had balked and died and had to be overhauled and new rings bought. The potatoes—over three hundred bushels of them from two acres—were the envy of the neighbors, but the market price was so low that they were held to lie shrinking in the cellar. The balance sheet for the year was a lop-sided nightmare; we were financially behind the game, and expenses still running on.

When our caller left I said, "Well, do you think you'll buy a farm?"

"I don't know," he hesitated. "After what you've told me tonight, I believe I'll wait awhile."

His conclusion was logical enough, but for a moment it filled me with amazement. What! Had our glowing encomiums fallen on deaf ears? Had we failed to convey to him a vision of the joys of farm ownership? Had we not told him of a dozen things, any one of which should have sent him off to the country forthwith? Had our brief account of petty difficulties altered his intention? What a weak brother!

But I believe, after all, that the majority of people would require some sort of explanation for this strange and voluntary entering into bondage. Granted that the dream of liberty may be realized in future years, is the game worth the candle? What have we to show for our year or two of bill paying and worrying and accumulating cares?

WELL, in the first place there is the joy of ownership. The farm is ours. Meadow, orchard, wood lot and brook are ours. Banks may fail, cities burn, stock exchanges go mad with panic, our acres will remain serene and unruffled, and our apples and hay will grow just the same. As we walk across stubble field or brown plowed land, we tread upon our own—ours deep down to the center of the earth and up to the blue sky. This is our magnificent elm; these are our stone walls. The wonderful forces of life that are evident on every hand are working for us, and, within these eighty acres, for us alone. They never strike, they never ask for more wages, they respond marvelously to the slightest attention. We are king and queen of a happy domain, where the only wars are with coddling moth and potato bug. In other walks of life you may scorn my poor abilities, you may spurn my efforts, you may insult my low estate; on my farm you must seek an audience with the monarch of the realm; on my own land I am beyond the reach of intrigue and bickering and jockeying for place; I am established.

Then we are engaged in a work of salvation. Thus far it has not extended to the poor inhabitants of the hills back of us; the souls we are just now fighting for are the souls of trees—the old derelicts

of a misspent orchard life. They cried for food, and we gave them nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash in the form in which they were best able to assimilate them. They were choked with the growth of years of neglect, and with saw and pruning shears we let the sunlight in. Decay had eaten into their hearts, and with chisel and cement we healed them. A thousand plant and insect enemies attacked their weakened defense; we fought their battle with a spray-pump.

And how nobly the gnarled old patriarchs have responded! With what stoutness of heart have they awakened to renew the fight for life and fruitfulness! What indomitable allies we have become!

When in May they were born again and poured forth upon our crystal air the fragrance of a million blossoms, it was knighthood in flower once more. And when autumn came and the fruit ripened in the sun, the amateur husbandman's heart rejoiced as though he had written a great oratorio, or built a cathedral. To help God to make a perfect apple—should not one enter willingly into bondage for that?

Again, we are making soil. We have plowed deep and set free the mineral-chemical forces imprisoned beneath the surface. We have planted buckwheat whose marvelous roots have accomplished more than the plow. We have sown soy beans and clover to draw down nitrogen from the atmosphere and add it to the laboratory of the earth. We have turned under green crops to add the richness of their decaying fiber to the life-giving humus. Month by month we have been changing the character of old earth itself. In place of thin and gravelly ground or struggling sod we now have crumbling loam of a different color. We are making soil, just as glaciers and rivers and frosts and tempests have been making it for untold ages. We are in league with the elemental forces of the universe which labor together that we may have life and that we may have it more abundantly. However small may be our part, we are enlisted with all the world builders of all time.

FINALLY, we have planted trees—trees that will one day help to feed mankind. It is a wondrous thing to plant a kernel and watch it spring up and bear fruit in a single season—first the blade, and then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear. We know that glory, too. But he who has not planted trees knows not the fullest joy of husbandry. For the life of an apple or walnut tree extends over the full compass of your own existence and beyond it. Year by year, as your own life unfolds and develops you may watch the growth of your tree, gaining visibly if slowly in stature and in strength. There are enough sermons in growing trees to supply a whole denomination with texts. I would rather plant an orchard and nurture it to

fruitfulness than form a trust or found a new religion. It will count for more in the end and leave no bitterness behind it.

I will not argue that I have chosen the right course and you the wrong one. The world doubtless needs preachers and doctors and those who buy and sell. But I know it can get along without me less easily if I help to produce its food. And for the good of my own soul I must needs be one of the builders and not one of the tearers down.

Hence this glad bondage. Hence this willing assumption of expense and responsibility, this duty toward Mother Earth and her children, the trees.

Like you I have long moments of despondency. Like you I often wonder what it is all for—this struggle of ours from cradle to grave. I fear I could not weather the blast if my feet were not firmly set upon the soil, were my heart not bound fast to something permanent, stable and worth while.

I do not counsel anyone to follow in my steps; they are faltering at best. But I know that which I have learned—that happiness and contentment are not built upon such things as may take unto themselves wings and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth. For you salvation may come through the revolution of society; for me it lies in the owning of a bit of brown earth and the planting of a tree, together with such service as I may be able to render my fellowmen from that vantage ground.

If still you do not comprehend, go with us some clear September morning and stand upon our hill overlooking meadow and orchard, wood lot and pasture. Here are our vigorous young white pines, drawing life and beauty from yellow sand. There is our low-nestling farmhouse and our friendly barn, with the lofty elms and shady maples, and the four stalwart hickories beyond. Where the elders and willow shrubs wander down toward the ravine is our music-making brook, where our strong Bob is being watered. The ripening apples hang thick from the propped and groaning boughs.

The hour of fruitage is at hand; the spirit of fulfilment and accomplishment broods over the farm; the seed has brought forth fruit after his kind; a great, God-given year is being rounded out to completeness. And far over yonder, beyond the town with its homes and its college towers, lie the mountains in their blue serenity, symbols of the everlasting Power that brings the seasons.

"OLD CHINATOWN:" A VANISHED BEAUTY SPOT OF THE WEST

HERE are many moods in which the onward march of "progress" does not appeal to one. It is too noisy and swift and blundering; it tramples down too ruthlessly the picturesque and the personal; it is too monotonous, too vain-glorious, dragging always too many slaves at the chariot wheels of commerce. The results may make interesting statistics and geographies, and histories flourish in its wake; but there are moments when some of us would like to turn away from the roar of its success, with freedom to rest and loiter and look about us for the man or the place that has developed separately and individually.

For it really takes leisure to develop individuality, and picturesqueness of person and place is but the outcome of persistent personality. This wonderful thing which touches the heart and stirs the emotion and liberates responsive joy, this thing we call picturesqueness is not man-made, but given the world out of the kind hands of Time. No architect may build a picturesque village, no schoolteacher may cultivate picturesque quality in a child; but people and places left free to develop the realities, the vitalities that in them lie, will eventually assume an aspect so personal, so final that the arresting quality we have termed picturesqueness is born to gladden the soul of the leisurely man who has stepped off the highroad of progress. It is thus we feel about the book "Old Chinatown," a series of photographs by the magician, Arnold Genthe, on a background "embroidered" by Will Irwin, if we may quote his own words.

The newer civilization in San Francisco, this busy, progressive army has obliterated, with the help of the earthquake, picturesque old Chinatown, which until the fire and the water of those horrible days was an underground world of romance and mystery and beauty and terror. Today the newer spirit has obliterated the old beauty. A Chinatown exists for commerce only, the silly French buildings, the clean asphalt roads, the department store effects in place of the shabby shops, the Chinese merchants in Tuxedo coats, cleanliness, sanitary conditions; all these "progressive" things have marched over and trampled down the beauty of the old Quarter, which Will Irwin describes with the following vivid, interesting English:

"The beauty of old Chinatown appealed equally to the plain citizen who can appreciate only the picturesque, and to the artist, with his eye for composition, subtle coloring, shadowy suggestion. From every doorway flashed out a group, an arrangement, which suggested the Flemish masters. You lifted your eyes. Perfectly arranged in coloring and line, you saw a balcony, a woman in softly gaudy robes, a window

By permission of Mitchell Kennerley.

"NEW YEAR'S DAY IN CHINATOWN," FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARNOLD GENTHE.

By permission of Mitchell Kennerley.

"LITTLE TEA ROSE," FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARNOLD GENTHE.

By permission of Mitchell Kennerley.

"THE CELLAR DOOR," FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARNOLD GENTHE.

By permission of Mitchell Kennerley.

"THE OPIUM FIEND," FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARNOLD GENTHE.

whose blackness suggested mystery. You turned to right or left; behold a pipe-bowl mender or a cobbler working with his strange Oriental tools, and behind him a vista of sheds and doorways in dim half tone, spotted with the gold and red of Chinese sign-boards. Beautiful and always mysterious—a mystery enhanced by that green-gray mist which hangs always above the Golden Gate and which softens every object exposed to the caressing winds and gentle rains of the North Pacific."

IT is said that between ten and thirty thousand people according to the season of the year lived in the eight solid blocks of this old Chinatown—lived as they might have back in Canton, a real life of genuine homes and quiet industry. There was a Chinese Chamber of Commerce in their midst and the whole Pacific Coast reckoned with the body. There were merchants fabulously rich, there were Chinese women old and young, married to these merchants, there were opium dens and dark underground streets named after beautiful slave girls, there were children high and low, rich and poor, the pride of the streets, the joy, the beauty, the chief delight of the Quarter. There were mothers and nurses decked out in the brightest tunics, and when it happened that a baby cried in the street, the Chinese bargainers at the open shop fronts would stop trade for a moment and smile and exchange comments in the Cantonese melodious jargon.

There were wonderful festivals in the days of old Chinatown where the Chinese ladies came forth in myriad colored robes with trousers of pale shades with gorgeous embroidered coats, with jade and gold in their hair,—garments taken from cedar chests and worn only on great occasions. And after the festivals the great ladies went back to their nests, donned somber cloth, kept out of sight, and on the streets were seen only the young maidens at whom one might look without reproach, and the children.

The Chinamen of these old days, Mr. Irwin tells us, were an honest people, honest beyond our strictest ideas. They attended to their own business and did not interfere with ours. They were people of dignity and cleanliness. American merchants learned that none need ever ask a note of a Chinaman in a commercial transaction—his word was his bond. That there were terrors and horrors unspeakable in some places of this underworld life, that there were murders never revenged, that there were infamies in the ruin of fresh young lives, no one has ever questioned. White girls were lost in the underworld, and the most eager search, the keenest pursuit accomplished nothing with the bland, suave slavekeepers, who held the keys of the dark mysterious opium dens.

One chapter of Mr. Irwin's book is given to the rescue work of the slave girls of old Chinatown, which was conducted by Donaldine Cameron, a Scotch girl of twenty, who proved herself a monument of courage, and although her Presbyterian valor accomplished but little against the Chinese subtlety, she more than once risked her life.

IN the life of Chinatown, Mr. Irwin says, "Only three things remain unchanged. In the drug stores just as of old are aromatic herbs and unknown roots, gall of bear and horn of deer, small dried animals of land and sea; the pawn-shop sign still indicates the place where old embroideries, coats, jade bracelets have found a temporary abiding place; and the inevitable Tong feuds carried on by lawless highbinders still furnish excitement to the Quarter. But the wonderful theater in which Ah Chic delighted all hearts with his exquisite art has ceased to exist. A moving picture show has taken its place. 'The Street of the Gamblers' has become a street of rooming houses. 'The Street of the Slave Girls' has been translated into unsavory French; opium dens are invisible, in the goldsmiths' shops at Dupont and Jackson street the hammers are still busy, but the old patterns and the careful workmanship are vanishing."

The streets are brilliantly lighted and American sightseers crowd the pavement. Of Mr. Genthe's wonderful photographs which have caught the very life of the old Quarter, its beauty, its romance, its sordidness, its sinister quality, Mr. Irwin writes, "You were the only man who ever had the patience to photograph the Chinese." And with the patience must have been that love of the picturesque which we spoke of at the beginning of this article, that interest in those things that are not in the march of "progress," that are taking time for the growth of their own individuality. It is this individuality of the Chinese Quarter as a whole, that Mr. Genthe has caught for us in his camera. We see the children playing on festival days or taking quiet strolls with their serious parents; we see the women strange and inscrutable going abroad in holiday attire; glimpses into the shops and down the somber streets are shown, underground caverns are revealed and a gay group of women before a theater on New Year day; the opium fiend dead to the world and alive to infinite joy stretches on a tawdry stairway; a merchant prince moving swiftly out to his office; doorways in dim shadows with silent figures always waiting,—all have found their way to us through Mr. Genthe's illuminating art. Indeed all that was supremely personal and hence, supremely interesting of the old life now utterly destroyed, Mr. Genthe has revisioned for us and Mr. Irwin has embroidered for our further delight, a rare record of one of America's brief moments of picturesqueness.

WHAT THE BIRDS DO IN WINTER: BY T. GILBERT PEARSON

ITH the approach of winter the country loses its charm for many people. The green of the fields and the riotous verdure of the woods are gone, and the brown expanses of dead grass and weeds are only relieved by the naked blackness of the forest trees. Even ardent nature lovers have been known to forsake their walks at this season, for the songs of the birds have ceased, and the topmost boughs, which in summer sang to them wild sweet songs, now give forth only sobs and shrieks as they sway to the strength of north winds. So our people turn to the city, where their friends have again gathered from wanderings over lands washed by the seven seas. The lights are bright and the seductive strains of the orchestra seem for the time to steal their hearts away from the things which are out of doors.

This is a time, however, when I like to go a-field. If the wild life is less abundant now, even more so is the human life, and I have the country more to myself. If I meet a man, he hurries by with his coat tightly buttoned and his eye on the road ahead. Few travelers glance in my direction and none disturbs me with more than a second inquiring look, so the fields are mine to use them as I choose. Across their whiteness and through the woods I make long wandering trails in the snow. In reality this is the time when the inquisitive person should be abroad, for with the falling of the leaves many of Nature's secrets, which she has so jealously guarded through the summer months, now stand revealed. Among the naked traceries of the briars I find the catbird's nest which defied all search last June. High in the red oak tree I discover the eyrie of the big hen hawk and realize with a thrill that if I watch out sharply I may find her repairing it next April. A gray squirrel bounds over a log and up a tree, where he disappears in a cavity, for he has no further use for that mass of decaying leaves and twigs among the branches of yonder tall sapling which served so well as a nest last summer.

One late autumn evening I stopped to watch a snowbird feeding among some weed stalks near a woodland trail. After remaining motionless for a minute or two I began to notice a light, muffled tapping somewhere near me. It did not take long to locate the sound. On the underside of a slanting, decayed limb twenty feet above was a new round hole hardly an inch and a half in diameter. Even as I looked the occupant came to the entrance and threw out a bill-full of small fine chips. When these fell, I saw that the dead leaves on the earth beneath had been well sprinkled by previous ejections of the same kind. I had discovered a downy woodpecker at work on his winter

bedroom. I feel sure that he made this his nightly retreat all winter, for I frequently saw him about the neighborhood or heard his contented little cry as he flew about among the trees in quest of berries or the dried capsules of insects' eggs, tucked away in crevices of the bark. Chancing to pass this way one dark, cloudy morning, it occurred to me to see if he had yet left his bed. Tapping sharply on the tree I looked up, but no head appeared at the opening. Evidently I was not knocking loudly enough, so I hunted for and found a stout club and, after throwing it several times, I at length succeeded in striking the dead limb a short distance from the hole. Instantly a little black and white head looked downward inquiringly, and its resentment was so apparent that I never afterward disturbed my little neighbor while he was taking his morning nap. Evidently "downy" likes to lie abed on cold winter mornings, perhaps knowing that in doing so he runs no risk of losing the early worm.

IT may be that others of our winter birds also make excavations for sleeping quarters; the chickadee and nuthatch very probably do so at times, although I have never found them thus engaged. It is well known, however, that many small birds creep into holes to pass the night. The old nesting places of woodpeckers are thus again rendered useful and many of the natural cavities of trees contain, during the hours of darkness, the little, warm, pulsating bodies of our feathered friends.

Quail invariably roost on the ground regardless of the time of year or the prevailing weather conditions. An entire covey, numbering sometimes a dozen or twenty, will settle for the night in a compact circular mass with heads pointing outward in all directions. When a heavy snow falls during the night they are completely buried, and should a crust form before morning the imprisoned birds are likely to perish. Grouse are, of course, trapped in the same way, but their superior strength enables them to break through and escape. In fact, these larger birds often deliberately go to roost beneath the snow, breaking through the crust by a swift, plunging dive from the air above. One of the reasons, therefore, why quail succumb in a country where grouse abound is the ice crusts on the winter snows.

Some small birds pass the winter nights in evergreens, thick growing vines, under the eaves of verandas, or on the rafters of bridges. Many creep into the cracks of outhouses. I have also found them in covered wagons and in caves. Almost any available shelter is likely to have its bird tenant on cold nights, which if undisturbed will often return again and again to the refuge it has once found safe and comfortable.

WHAT THE BIRDS DO IN WINTER

The birds which pass the winter in the northern States are subjected to many hardships. In fact, the fatalities in the bird world in winter are so very great, and the population is so constantly reduced by one form of tragedy after another that it is only the strongest or the more fortunate that survive to enjoy the opulence of summer.

Where to secure its food is the big question which confronts every bird when it opens its sleepy eyes on the first real winter morning. Not only has the whole aspect of the country been transformed, but the old sources of food have passed away. Not a caterpillar is to be found on the dead leaves, and not a single insect is left alive to fly alluringly by. Thus a great change is wrought in the bird's menu, and it must wander to new places in quest of food. Emboldened by hunger, the starlings alight at the kitchen door and the juncos, sparrows and nuthatches feed on the window-sill. Jays and meadowlarks haunt the manure piles or haystacks in eager search for fragments of grain. Purple finches flock to the wahoo elm trees to feed on the buds; even the wary ruffed grouse will leave the barren shelter of the woods, and the farmer finds her in the morning sitting among the branches of his apple tree, relieving the twigs of their superabundance of buds. In every field a thousand weed stalks and grass stems are holding their heads above the snow, tightly clasping their store of seeds until members of the sparrow family shall thrash them out against the frozen crust beneath.

Among those which become vegetarians in winter is the bluebird. In summer he is passionately fond of grasshoppers, cutworms, and Arctian caterpillars, but now he ranges sadly over the country in quest of the few berries to be found in the swamps or along the hedgerows. The crow is another bird I often find in my winter walks, for he too spurns the popular movement southward in the fall when the north begins to freeze. I like him best at this time of the year. There is no young corn for him to pull now, no birds' nests to pilfer and no young chickens to steal. He has no place to hide and his black shape looms sharp against the snow-clad hills. I see him sometimes in January as we come down the Hudson together—I in a Pullman and he on an ice floe. Now and then I see him strike into the water with his beak, or fly a short distance to a rock or exposed gravel bar, where things that die and float in the river become stranded. Once I surprised him in the woods where he had attacked an old rotten pine stump. Already he had torn half of it to pieces and the fragments lay scattered on the snow. Perhaps it was dormant insects he was seeking, or it may have been beetles. To fathom the mind of a crow takes not only persistent effort, but considerable imagination.

AT this season crows are highly gregarious creatures; especially at night, when they often collect by hundreds of thousands to roost in some favorite grove. Some years ago there was such a roost near the town of Greensboro, North Carolina. It was occupied for several years in succession and was a source of no end of wonder to the people of the surrounding country. The roost occupied several acres in a grove of second-growth, yellow pine trees. By four o'clock in the afternoon the birds would begin to arrive and from then until dark thousands would come from all directions. Singly, by twos and threes, in companies of ten, twenty or a hundred they would appear, flying low over the forest trees, driving straight across the country, marking their line of flight as direct as only a crow can fly, to their nightly rendezvous. Early in the morning they were astir, and if the day were bright it was not long before all had departed, winging their way over the fields and woods to widely scattered feeding grounds. I often watched them come and go, and one night walked beneath the sleeping hosts and shouted aloud to them; but they did not heed my presence, nor was I ever able to arrive at any reasonable explanation for their marvelous nightly gatherings. Surely they did not collect thus, as some writers have suggested, purely from a desire for sociability and love for their kind; for I saw them quarreling among themselves on many occasions.

I recall especially one evening when, as I watched them coming to roost, I became conscious of an unusual commotion among a flock of eight. One was evidently in great disfavor with the others, for with angry and excited cawings they were striking at him in a most unfriendly manner. The strength of the persecuted bird was all but spent as I first sighted them, and, perhaps two minutes later when the fleeing one sustained a particularly vicious onslaught, it began to fall. It did not descend gradually, like a bird injured while on the wing, but fell plummet-like a hundred feet or more into the top of a large pine and bounding from limb to limb struck the ground but a few yards from me; picking it up, I found it quite dead. When the pursuers saw their victim fall, their caws abruptly ceased as if shocked at what they had done, and turning they departed silently and swiftly each in a different direction. I wonder if they were executioners performing a duty for the good of the clan, or perhaps they were only thugs sandbagging a quiet and respectable commuter on his way home.

Birds are particularly subject to disease in winter and many perish from affections of the throat and lungs. Crows are attacked at times by a malady called roup, and hundreds of their bodies may sometimes be found on the ground beneath a roost. We must remember that wild birds have no doctor who can come at the first signs of an epi-

demic and innoculate against its ravages. Game birds, if kept in captivity, are especially susceptible to fatalities of this character. I knew a man who lost one hundred and twenty-seven out of one hundred and forty quail that he had trapped and was attempting to keep through the winter in a pen fifteen feet square.

It is hard to realize the extent of the havoc wrought by extreme cold weather. Early in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five, a long severe cold spell, accompanied with snow and sleet, almost exterminated the bluebirds in eastern United States. The writer saw the remains of twenty-four of these birds which had been removed from one cavity in a hollow tree. It was plain that they had crowded into this place with the hope of keeping warm.

One winter a prolonged freezing spell swept down over our Atlantic Seaboard. The swamps of the upper reaches of the Pee Dee, the Black and the Waccamaw rivers were frozen solid, and the woodcock, which winter abundantly in this region, were thus driven farther down the streams. The cold continued and the frozen area spread. The poor birds, unable to drive their long bills into the once responsive mud, were forced to flee toward the coast in search of open ground where worms could be found. When finally they reached Winyaw Bay, where the rivers empty, they were on the point of exhaustion. Perhaps thirty thousand of the emaciated birds swarmed in the streets and gardens of Georgetown. They were too weak to fly and negroes killed them with sticks and offered baskets of their wasted bodies, now worthless, for food, for a few cents a dozen. Several large shipments were made to the North by local market men who hoped to realize something for their industry. Thus it is that man often combines with the adverse conditions of nature to slaughter, without restraint, the life which he cannot replace.

OF the wild ducks which remain north in the winter many die because of the freezing of the water in which they must dive or dabble for their food. On the morning of February eleventh, nineteen hundred and twelve, Cayuga Lake in western New York State was found to be covered with a solid sheet of ice from end to end. It is a large body of water, having an area of nearly sixty-seven square miles. It seldom freezes over,—only about once in every twenty years, the records show. The ducks inhabiting the lake at this time were caught unawares. Many of them moved quickly to more Southern waters, but others tarried, evidently hoping for better times. Subsequently a few air-holes opened and the ducks gathered about them, but there was no food for many days and numbers literally starved to death. One observer who went out to the air-holes reported examin-

ing the bodies of twenty-eight canvasbacks and nineteen scaups, in addition to many others such as redheads and goldeneyes. His survey was, of course, not exhaustive and the gulls had doubtless already removed many bodies from the territory he visited. When the surface of lakes and bays freeze suddenly in a night ducks are often caught and held fast by the ice adhering to their feathers and legs. In this condition they are utterly helpless to escape the attacks of man and beast, and in the latitude of New York captures in this way are now and then reported.

In the oil fields of the South-west and old Mexico, the surface of ponds is frequently covered with oil into which unsuspecting flocks of ducks settle never again to emerge until their dead bodies drift to the shore. It was on November twenty-seventh, nineteen hundred and twelve, that the naval tank ship *Arethusa* steamed into the harbor of Providence, Rhode Island, with a cargo of crude oil. For several days following her bilge pumps sent overboard a continuous stream of water and oil seepage. On December third the following news item appeared in the Providence Daily Bulletin. "The east shore of the lower harbor and upper bay, from Wilkesbarre pier to Riverside and below, is strewn with the bodies of dead wild ducks, which began to drift ashore yesterday. Hundreds must have perished. All day yesterday large areas of crude oil were seen on the surface of the lower harbor and upper bay. The wild fowl came into the bay in enormous flocks about the middle of November and have since been seen flying about or feeding in shallow water, as is usual at this time of the year. As no such amount of oil, it is believed, was ever let loose into the bay at one time before, and as ducks along the shore dead from poisoning have never been seen before, it is reasonable to connect the two occurrences."

Thus it may be seen that the life of the winter birds in the land of snow and ice is filled with hardships and danger, with hunger and cold and sufferings. No wonder they break into joyous expressions of gladness when the buds begin to swell and all the earth awakens to the thrill of a new year, for although the summer will bring its moments of anxiety incident to the cares of the nestlings-to-be, at least the bitterness of the long winter is past.

TRAINING WOMEN FOR A NEW CIVILIZATION: HOW THE CAMP FIRE GIRLS ACQUIRE EFFICIENCY AND ROMANCE THROUGH THEIR CONTACT WITH NATURE

THE canoe crossed the lake silently, cutting a passage through the twilight mystery as surely and delicately as a bird flies. A faint sound of happy young voices penetrated the trees and the shore shadows, creeping with the south wind across the water. The fragrance of midsummer lay heavily about the water's edge, born in the bloom of early grapes, sweet peas and warm nasturtiums.

The sudden flare of a camp fire outlined a landing, and the canoe winged into the harbor. A narrow trail wound through thick shade up to the light and the voices, and from the shadowy path a scene of real beauty and poignant interest was presented. In a circular space, quite closed in by dense foliage, an encampment of Camp Fire Girls was seen. A spot of white here and there through the trees revealed the tents, and in a circle about the great fire the girls were clustered in camp-fire dress—eager, happy, the joy of outdoor beauty enfolding them, the peace of real companionship in their hearts.

The ceremony of initiating a new member was brief but impressive. Then followed the giving out of rewards for manual tasks—the work of making and keeping camp, involving such details as bringing water, making fire, putting the tents in order, walking to town for letters and provisions, teaching the newer and younger members humble tasks intended to develop character and muscle alike.

Watching this little firelit group, so intent and joyous in the performance of those quaintly simple ceremonials, one could not help feeling how deep and powerful were the ideals which this symbolism expressed. Here were young American girls of varying age, social condition, temperament and physique, banded together in happy comradeship—not for mere irresponsible fun or superficial pleasures, but for the purpose of encouraging one another in a common search for beauty, health, knowledge, all-round body and soul efficiency—the development of all those womanly, human qualities that make for individual happiness and social progress.

Not that the aim of the Camp Fire Girls is one of "reform." Its inspiration is simply the desire to reveal the beauty of daily life, to show how the most commonplace tasks, done in the right way with the right spirit, can be made channels of self-expression and thus opportunities for joy. Its object is to emphasize in the life of our modern girlhood the sanity and healthfulness of outdoor work and play and to help our young people to fit themselves in every possible

way for full, rich, useful lives; so that when the time comes for them to grasp the bigger responsibilities of earning their own living or making homes for themselves and others, they will be equipped and eager for the task. Armed with the sharp tools of knowledge, they will carve their own path in the rocks of practical achievement; buoyed up with hope and courage they will face hardship and disappointment with a valiant spirit; filled with desire for the highest personal development and zeal for the greatest common good, they will help to build up the health and vigor of the nation.

IN other words, the Camp Fire movement is striving to adjust the relation of woman to the great world which today awaits her—the important circle of the home, and the wider spheres of social, civic and national activity. How does it accomplish this? In the most delightful and imaginative way, by an organization whose methods are at once practical and romantic. For while the Camp Fire Girls may have their heads in the clouds during those hours of exhilarating outdoor freedom and adventure, their feet are planted pretty firmly on the ground.

The unit of organization is the Camp Fire. Fire is the symbol; the watchwords are "Work, Health and Love." And from the first two letters of each word is made the "mystic word" or call—Wohelo. There are seven laws for the Camp Fire Girls—"*Seek beauty; give service; pursue knowledge; be trustworthy; hold onto health; glorify work; be happy.*"

There is no age limit to membership; but most of the girls are in their teens. Any girl may join the organization by simply applying for membership to a local Camp Fire. Nor is the size of the Camp Fire limited in any way, though groups of from six to twenty girls of about the same age and maturity prove most successful.

Each Camp Fire has its special name—some local designation, usually, or some Indian word (for the girls, in their desire for a touch of primitive picturesqueness, have naturally borrowed much from their historic Indian background in the way of words, clothing, customs and emblems of woodcraft and nature lore.)

Each Camp Fire or group of Fires must have a Guardian—a capable, friendly woman who will enter into the fun and at the same time assume responsibility for the girls' welfare. To receive appointment an application blank, secured from the National Headquarters at one hundred and eighteen East Twenty-Eighth Street, New York City, is filled out, returned with twenty-five cents registration fee—the only charge connected with the organization. Upon a vote of the Board of Managers the Guardian is appointed for her local Camp Fire

and receives a certificate of authorization, her appointment holding for a year.

The duties of the Guardian are to "meet with the girls once a week; plan the work; see that proper preparations are made for the meetings; select those who shall perform the different duties; supervise the acquirement of honors; conduct the exercises for the initiation of new members; and in general be responsible for all the activities of the Camp Fire. . . . When possible she should take the girls on tramps or out-of-doors expeditions."

There are three grades of Camp Fire Girls—Wood Gatherers, Fire Makers and Torch Bearers. When a girl first joins she becomes a Wood Gatherer, and is given a silver ring on which is a bundle of seven faggots, representing the Seven Points of the Law. This is her membership token and typifies the spirit of the organization—coöperation and comradeship with others. She is also entitled to wear on the right sleeve of her ceremonial dress the emblem of two embroidered cross logs.

TO become a Fire Maker a girl must have been a Wood Gatherer for not less than three months, and must fulfil the fourteen definite requirements given in the Camp Fire Book, which include such rules as these: "To help prepare and serve, together with the other candidates, at least two meals for meeting of the Camp Fire. To sleep with open windows or out of doors for at least a month. To name the chief causes of infant mortality in summer. To know how and to what extent it has been reduced in one American community. To know what a girl of her age needs to know about herself. To keep a written classified account of all money received and spent for at least one month. To know what to do in the following emergencies: Clothing on fire; person in deep water who cannot swim, both in summer and through ice in winter; open cut; frosted foot; fainting."

She must in addition present twenty Elective Honors chosen from the groups suggested in the Camp Fire Book—Health Craft, Home Craft, Nature Lore, Camp Craft, Hand Craft, Business and Patriotism. For each honor won she receives a bead for her necklace, the colors of the beads varying according to the kind of work they represent.

There are many ways in which the girl may win these honors—by definite achievements in swimming, boating, canoeing, skating, and other outdoor sports; by regular school attendance, wholesome diet, freedom from illness or colds; by making bread, preparing meats and salads, preserving fruit, marketing, housekeeping, washing and

ironing, taking care of a baby; by studying trees, plants and animals, growing flowers and vegetables, doing experimental and profitable gardening; looking after a camp, making fire, cooking, knowing weather lore, Indian craft, knot tying, etc.; doing clay modeling, brass or silver work, dyeing, stenciling, wood-carving, basketry, toy-making, sewing and textile work; filling some regular business position or earning money in some other practical way, planning the family expenditures and keeping accounts; knowing a certain amount of American history, and its relation especially to modern and local matters, and contributing some service to the community in connection with street cleaning, beautifying of front yards, conservation of streams, trees, forests and birds.

These are merely a few of the ways in which a Camp Fire Girl may broaden her interest and knowledge of life and people and win distinction among her comrades and pleasure for herself. And when she has attained the rank of Fire Maker she is given a silver bracelet with a fire design, and to her sleeve emblem she adds an embroidered flame.

In the words that the girl repeats when she expresses her desire to become a Fire Maker, one feels the simple service-spirit that underlies all these symbols and ceremonies. Here are the words which John Collier has furnished:

"As fuel is brought to the fire, so I purpose to bring my strength, my ambition, my heart's desire, my joy and my sorrow to the fire of humankind; for I will tend, as my fathers have tended, and my father's fathers since time began, the fire that is called the love of man for man, the love of man for God."

When a girl has been Fire Maker for three months she may become a candidate for the rank of Torch Bearer, or assistant to the Guardian. As the rules explain, "She must have organized a group of not less than three girls and led them regularly in any of the Camp Fire activities for not less than three months, or one month if she gives her entire time, as in camp. The real test is the enthusiasm and success of the girls she teaches." She must also present fifteen Elective Honors in addition to those presented for the rank of Fire Maker.

Each Torch Bearer adds to her sleeve emblem white smoke above the logs and flame, and she is given a silver pin divided into four quarters. In one is a rising sun, the symbol of fire; in another is a flash of crooked lightning forming the word Wohelo; in a third is the standing pine, the emblem of simplicity and strength. The fourth quadrant is left blank so that it may be engraved with the special symbol of the owner.

"Scenery," you say? But at least it is wholesome outdoor "scen-

ery." And does not youth need a picturesque background to bring back the old flavor to work, the sense of romance and a right interest in everyday tasks and pleasures? Besides, the Camp Fire Girls are not merely sugar-coating the pill; they are putting into work the fire and freshness of the outdoor spirit, combining with the pride of individual attainment the efficiency of team-work, of coöperation.

Later on, perhaps, when the Camp Fire Girls of today have done their part, when they have passed on undimmed to coming generations "that light which has been given," some of the "scenery" may drop off and only the beautiful realities remain—the ideals, the comradeship, the courage that these symbols stand for. But at present the costumes, the honors, insignia and ceremonies which cluster around the nucleus of the friendly flame, are natural and inevitable expressions of youth's instinctive craving for beauty and love for dramatic form.

DR. LUTHER H. GULICK, the Camp Fire Girls' president, whose keen interest and contagious, almost boyish, enthusiasm explain a great deal of the success of the movement, said recently: "You know, there's a lot in symbols. Words define and limit; but symbols suggest. They appeal to the imagination, they open up fresh glimpses of loveliness, start new flights of thought. They stand for visions, for ideals. That's why all the little signs and ceremonies of our Camp Fire Girls mean so much to them. They are the outward expression of an inward striving after beauty." And he spoke of the girl who had embroidered a blue-bird on her Indian costume; she had seen the Maeterlinck play and adopted his symbol of happiness for her own; and the girl who, when asked why she had chosen a pine-cone for her emblem, explained that it was because, to her, it represented strength and sweetness—the qualities she craved most.

"There's only one thing I'm afraid of," Dr. Gulick went on, "and that is, that the movement may spread too fast. It appeals so inevitably to the sympathies and needs of our girls all over the country that it's getting almost too big for us to handle properly. We don't want this to be a mushroom, a popular fad that will flourish a little while and then die off. We want it to be a normal, healthy growth, firmly rooted in the hearts and lives of its members, so that the ideals it stands for will become a real part of our national life."

Already there are Camp Fires in every State, with an especially large following in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Ohio and Illinois. Some of these Camp Fires are connected with summer camps, churches, religious asso-

ciations, playgrounds, schools and settlements—about four hundred and fifty are independent groups. Altogether there are about fifteen hundred guardians or leaders of groups. This gives one some idea of the numerical strength of the total membership.

Of the importance of this movement Dr. Gulick says, "one of its significant features is that all the girls receive social status for doing things that hitherto have been looked upon as drudgery. And to bring about this wholesome change of attitude toward the essentials of life means to make efficiency and happiness go hand in hand."

PARTED

WHAT though the city life
Be bright and gay,
And crowds pass crowds
Each going on its way?
Father, would I could touch
Thy hand today!

What though the seaside
Sing its endless song?
Its happiest tones
Are sorrow's notes among.
Mother, could I but kiss
Thy cheer ere long!

What though the mountains
Call to nature's heart,—
To leave the world and
All its busy mart?
Brother, I need thy love
When we're apart.

Where'er I go, Dear Ones,
Away from thee,
In country, mountains or across the sea,—
At home I still do long and long to be.

L'envoi.

Another year now closes; God knows best.
But one dear heart forever lies at rest.

OLIVE HYDE FOSTER.

THE FALL ACADEMY IN DETAIL: ITS SUCCESSES AND FAILURES: BY M. F. ROBINSON

HE question raised in art circles every year as to what advantage would be gained by larger exhibition space for the National Academy remains unanswered by its present exhibition. There is no doubt that the five hundred odd pictures are shockingly crowded, but would more room simply mean the same show on a larger scale, or would it leave place for new and more various work? To answer this, one should have seen the rejected pictures, which, in spite of the undoubtedly bad ones among them, one surmises might have made a more interesting showing than those accepted. The catalogue draws special attention to the fact that only about two-fifths of the pictures are by members of the Academy, which at least points to a sensibility of the taunts of conservatism which a successful organization must ever receive, and allows a hope of something better in the future.

Three rooms really seem enough for the exhibition of paintings presented by the National Academy this winter of nineteen hundred and twelve. Though the catalogue shows some names suggesting interesting reminiscences, the men from whom one has a right to expect something important, with few exceptions, show second-best canvases or are absent.

The fourth room of the Fine Arts Building being given over this season to exhibits of sculpture, with the exception of a few paintings apparently selected by the hanging committee for their quality of self-effacement, the meager three rooms left are frightfully crowded. Considering the character of the work, one could have comfortably afforded to have it more sparsely hung.

The sculpture in the south gallery is well arranged, and if it were not for the canvases in the room, which are hung too high to be seen, and some of which are superfluous, this gallery would give a fine effect. Mr. Robert Aitken shows an interesting and ambitious piece of work in his "Michelangelo." Its composition impresses one with the art of a man who knows his trade. Charles Louis Hinton shows a pleasant youthful figure, and Brenda Putnam a delightful study for a fountain—a boy examining a turtle—the pose of which is full of the intensity of curiosity. Cartaino Scarpitta has two exhibits, both worthy of notice—a portrait and book-holder, composed of two striving elephants. The gracious lines of Miss Malvina Hoffman's "The Greek" are charming; perhaps it is irrelevant, but one has a certain amount of curiosity as to the sex of the Greek. "Fortitude and Despair" by Edward Field Sanford, Jr., is also slightly puzzling, as the figures do not seem to be quite sure of the emotion they represent.

Bessie Potter Vonnoh has a quite lovely little collection; an adorable baby in a nightgown and a beautiful virginal figure in silvery metal are the most arresting. Abastenia St. Leger Eberle, too, has a charming little group called "Bath Night."

Everywhere one sees babies, fat babies and thin babies, ugly and pretty, and sometimes it seems that an effort is made to obtain through the sentiment for childhood what could not be got by merit of execution.

"A Vala," by Olaf Bjorkman, is a grim figure, which it would be impossible to pass without notice. It is slightly exaggerated in length, to which perhaps is due the tense straining upward of the whole figure. Herbert Adams shows a portrait bas-relief of Miss Peggy Gantt; J. E. Fraser, a portrait head of a fountain; Karl Bitter, two memorial tablets and a portrait, and S. E. Fry, a portrait of the Rev. Dr. F. Brush.

OFTEN the "Academy Room," small and evilly lit as it is, contains many of the best pictures. This year it has but few. A couple of good portraits by John C. Johansen and Ben Ali Haggin are ruthlessly jammed into an insufficient space at the end of the room. J. Campbell Phillips' "Grandmother" is hung almost out of sight in the corner. Wilfrid G. van Glehn's picture "The Singer" is hard and unpleasant. Alonzo Kimball's glaring portrait of Mrs. K. is hung in the central panel near the entrance, and on the same wall is a portrait of August Jaccaci, by Mary Foote, which is not interesting, though possibly a faithful portrait. Harry Hoffman shows a large landscape, and James Preston one so small as to be almost invisible. George Bellows is certainly doing himself an injustice by giving to the public his picture, "Girl in Blue and White." It would have been much better from every point of view had his other exhibit, a small portrait, been put in the more prominent place. The two portraits of men by Eugene Speicher and Irving Wiles, hanging near one another, are food for reflection on the conservative manner of painting which still survives all the sporadic outbursts of impressionism and post-impressionism. Wiles is the better example, though Speicher is a good and dependable painter. His portrait of Mrs. Speicher leaves one better satisfied as to the existence of the back of his sitter's head, than does his man's portrait. Mr. Wiles' little canvas, "Reflections," is clean and sparkling.

Frederick Frieseke has sent two canvases which make a point of interest in the galleries in which they are hung, the one called "Youth" being superior to the other. They give us a point of view which is not common, to the American mind at least, and while not

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"ON THE HILLTOP," FROM A PAINTING BY H. M. WALCOTT

WILLIAM SULZER, GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK,
FROM A PAINTING BY LEO MIELZINER.

"THE SISTERS," FROM A PAINTING BY FRANCIS JONES.

"PORTRAIT OF LOUISA," FROM A PAINTING BY MARY GREENE BLUMENSCHEIN.

great creations, they have a freshness and decorative quality distinctly valuable.

The number of women who can paint seems to be increasing. To find in one small gallery the work of two women worthy, not only of notice, but attention, is an occurrence of recent years only. One of these is Alice Kent Stoddard's "Head of a Boy." Mary Green Blumenschein shows two canvases, "Valentine," slight but able, and "A Portrait of Louisa," which is decorative, spirited and well painted. "The Gray Kimono" by Annie Traquair Lang is not in the same class.

"Old New York," as seen by Paul Cornoyer, seems a dingier, dustier place than our New York. At the end of the center gallery hangs a portrait of Governor William Sulzer which suggests the uncertainties of the campaign rather than the recent triumphs in Albany. A. H. Gorson, Hayley-Lever and Philip Little show vigorous canvases; Gorson's particularly is luminous and fine.

IN the Vanderbilt gallery hang the three prize pictures—William Chase's "Portrait of Mrs. H.," Irving Couse's "Making Pottery," and Ernest Blumenschein's "Wise Man, Warrior and Youth," the last named being the best of the three. Some good pictures in the Vanderbilt gallery are by Chauncey F. Ryder, Gordon Ross, Jonas Lie, Arthur Becher, Karl Schmidt, and Ernest Ipsen. Lillian Genth's "Summer Afternoon" is a rarely beautiful picture, masterful, healthful and refreshing. Lydia Field Emmets' "Garden Girl" is a particularly bad example from the brush of one who has done so much better things. Lionel Walden shows a "Moonrise Over The Sea," a really wet sea, which is more than can be said of Mr. Waugh's two marines. Crusty and hard should not be adjectives applicable to marines. It is good to see the large canvas of Guy C. Wiggins' "New York City" hung in a place worthy of it, and that and the two fine canvases by Leopold Gould Seyffert make the central section of the gallery, so often occupied by dubious pictures by well known men, a pleasant place this year. Good portraits are few. Edgar Pearce indicates possibilities which almost amount to probabilities. Cecilia Beaux and William Chase are disappointing. In both cases the draperies and accessories show the craft which is almost subconscious, the head fading out of one's interest. In "The Girl in Green" Jean McLane is not at her best.

Probably the picture which stands for more in the world of painting than any other in the Academy is the small canvas "The Rose," by Charles Hawthorne, who, having passed through various technical phases in his art, has arrived at the destination of all real artists, the ability to express his spiritual conceptions unhampered by his medium.

A DESIGNER OF DAWNS: BY GERTRUDE RUSSELL LEWIS

JENNIE was the third girl. Mary had to have the new things because nothing made over could be large enough. When they were outgrown they went to Ann. When they were both outgrown and faded they came to Jennie. And Jennie loved color. The farm was poor and the father, an amiable if detached parent, was not a good manager. "It doesn't pay to plant cabbages when you can get a head like this for five cents," he said. His wife acquiesced, though she would have preferred to plant the five cents worth of seed and reap a handful of nickels such as she saw in her neighbor's palm as he made change.

Came then a man with a book of pictures of such tomatoes as never grew on sea or land: celery all bleached and tied in bunches for the market, currants like cherries, cherries like plums.

"Not a penny down. We plant and leave the trees and bushes ready to be cultivated. Of course as a matter of good faith you will sign this contract to carry out your share of the deal, but it won't require a dollar of capital and in three years you'll be on easy street."

It was so. In three years he was on the broad and easy road to the County Farm. For there was no intent of growth in the trees; they preferred to blossom in the catalogue and the contract amounted to a mortgage. At least the result was the same to both parties interested. Whereupon the father died as the easiest way out of an embarrassing situation, the mother struggled along, and the children came up any way.

Jane somehow learned the use of the needle and helped her neighbors at seventy-five cents a day. They all wore brown gingham and blue calico, with black and white for mourning. So did Jane. Jane saved samples of all the dresses she made. It was very hard to make them different. Once Jane would have had a white dress. It started with Mary and got as far as Ann. Poor Ann died and was ungrudgingly buried in it. But mainly the high-water mark in the little hamlet was the pink calico sun-bonnet.

When the Judge's daughter was married Jane did the underwear and thus acquired some pretty weaves in white dimity. The Judge's daughter had also a pink calico and a blue one and Jane made them and saved a sample of each. The Judge's wife just swept up the rest of the pieces and put them in a common rag bag, like ordinary calico.

Years slipped by and so did Jane, with the result of a broken hip and that time the way to the County Farm materialized and it was not an easy way. But it was effective. And then Jane took to quilts.

The County supplied the material. It clothed its women in brown and white gingham in winter and blue and white calico, not light blue, in summer. Some of the checks were large and some were small. Sometimes, not often, there were stripes. In Chapel she heard of saints all clothed in white. "It must be lovely," she thought, "if it wasn't for the laundering."

And Jane, little and old and bent, patted out her blocks and arranged and re-arranged them, trying interminably to get variety out of the invariable.

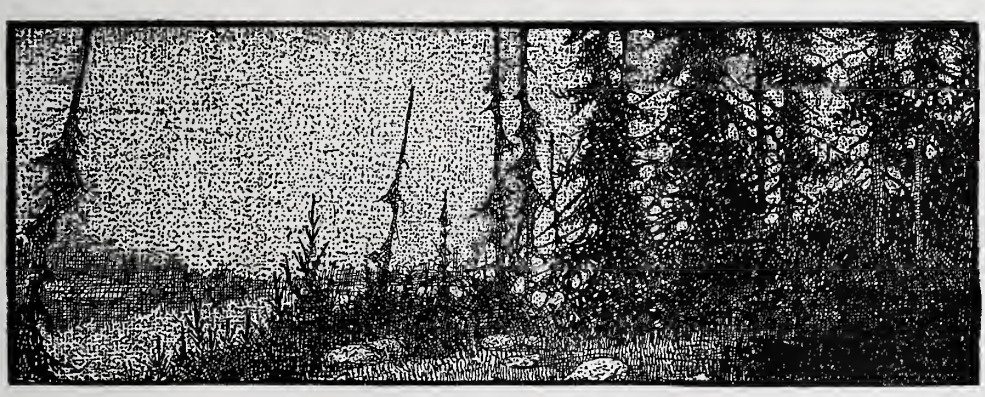
"If I only had some light patches," voiced her sole wish in life, and she left blank spaces, hoping. Sometimes she took out her pink and blue samples and laid them in the openings. But she did not sew them fast. It was well not to court the irrevocable.

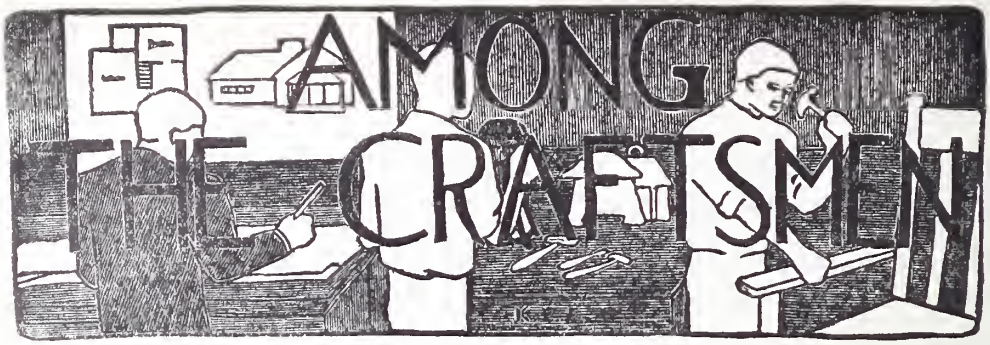
At last she became very ill and the Chaplain came and ministered to her. She did not respond until he read to her about the saints arrayed in robes of white. She said something and he asked her to repeat it.

"It would be—lovely—but I'd rather have a—pink one—or a—blue one. I'd like—'em—different."

"What!" said the Chaplain. But he told his wife and she understood. And so did the Angel of the Resurrection.

"Pink or blue," he mused as he took her hand. "I think I'll make her a Designer of Dawns."

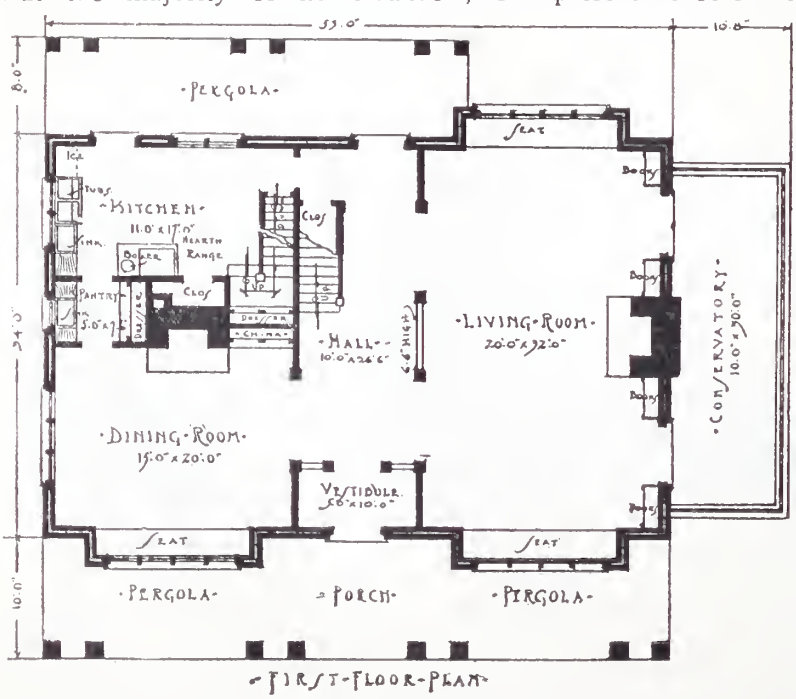




TWO ELEVEN-ROOM CRAFTSMAN HOUSES OF BRICK AND STUCCO, WITH UNUSUALLY PRACTICAL AND HOMELIKE FEATURES

A YEAR ago, in Washington, was built one of the most successful and certainly the largest and most completely modern of all our Craftsman houses—"Dumblane," which we are illustrating in the present issue of the magazine. This Southern home has proved a source of so much genuine comfort and enjoyment to its owners and satisfaction to ourselves, and has met with such keen appreciation from architects and laymen alike, that we have naturally wanted to design another along somewhat similar lines. But the majority of home-builders, of course, would find such a residence too large as well as too elaborate and expensive for their needs, and so we have worked out a plan which embodies on a smaller scale some of the most attractive features of "Dumblane's" arrangement and design, and is at the same time sufficiently economical in construction to be within reach of moderate incomes. The result of our effort is shown here, in Craftsman House No. 153.

The exterior of the building is decidedly reminiscent of its larger predecessor. Its two and a half stories, with brick walls and shingled roof, have the same general outlines and solidity of proportion; while the inviting shelter of the long pergolas, the glass conservatory at the side, the pleasant groups of windows, the three dormers that break the roof lines in front and rear are all features which "Dumblane" and the present house share. And the interior of the latter, though different in the details of its planning, holds the same charm of wide spaces and airy, well lighted rooms that characterizes the larger residence.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

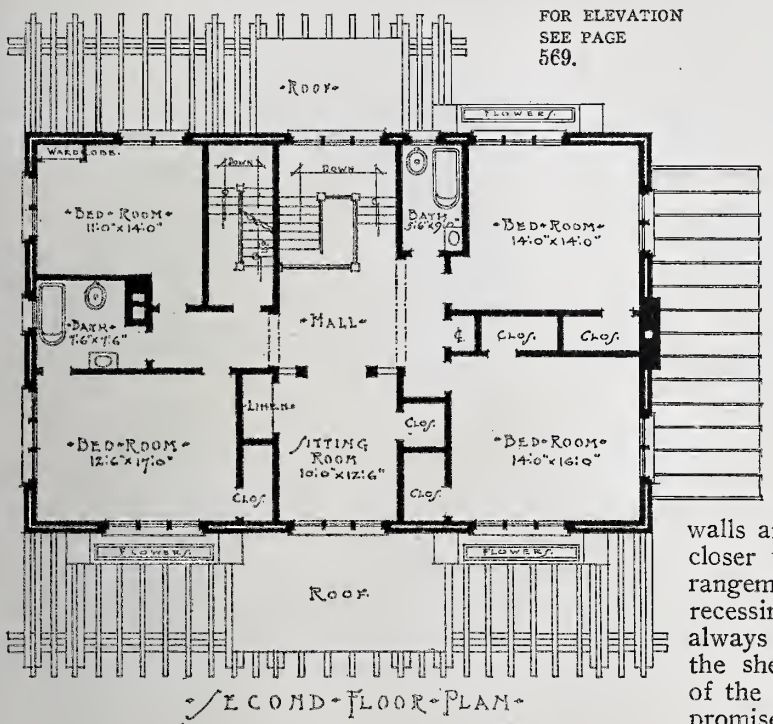
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 153.

As to the materials of House No. 153—"Tapestry" brick will of course give the richest and most distinctive effect; but if this cannot be had, very pleasing results can be obtained with ordinary clinker brick, provided good judgment is used in selection and laying. The more the brick vary in color, the more interesting the walls will be. As we have so often pointed

CRAFTSMAN BRICK HOUSE: NO. 153: WITH ELEVEN LIVING ROOMS, CONSERVATORY, PORCHES AND STORAGE ROOMS AND TWO BATHROOMS.

CEMENT CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: NO. 154: WITH ELEVEN LIVING ROOMS, TWO BATHROOMS, FOUR STORAGE ROOMS AND PORCHES.

FOR ELEVATION SEE PAGE 569.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 153.

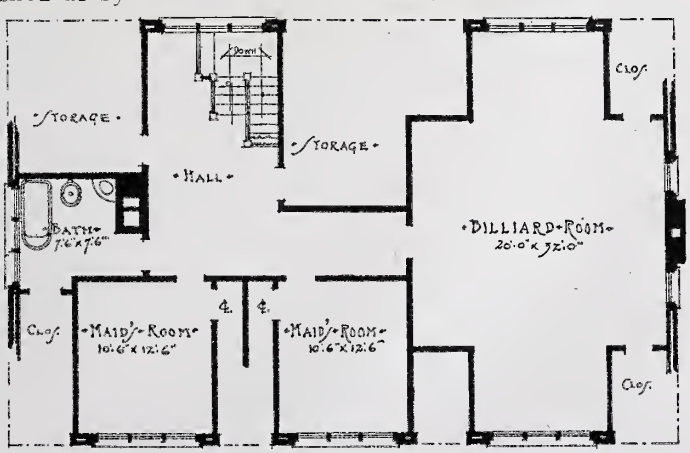
out, one of the most important factors in the beauty of modern masonry is the wide joint which, especially with clinker brick, breaks up the surface in a very decorative way and prevents any look of monotony. Further details on this point will be found in an article in the December number of THE CRAFTSMAN (page 347), in which are given diagrams and descriptions of the various bonds and joints as well as formulas for mixing the mortar, furnished us by Mr. Fiske.

In the present instance, as the drawing shows, the only departure from the regular bond is in the arches above the windows, the header courses of brick between the second and top stories, the soldier courses in the window sills, tops of columns and balcony posts, around the edge of the cement porch floors and in the wall of the conservatory.

A practical point worth noting is the arrangement of the pergolas and porches so that sufficient shelter is provided without cutting off too much light from the windows. In front, the entrance portion is roofed over, and in the rear the same construction is used at the hall door.

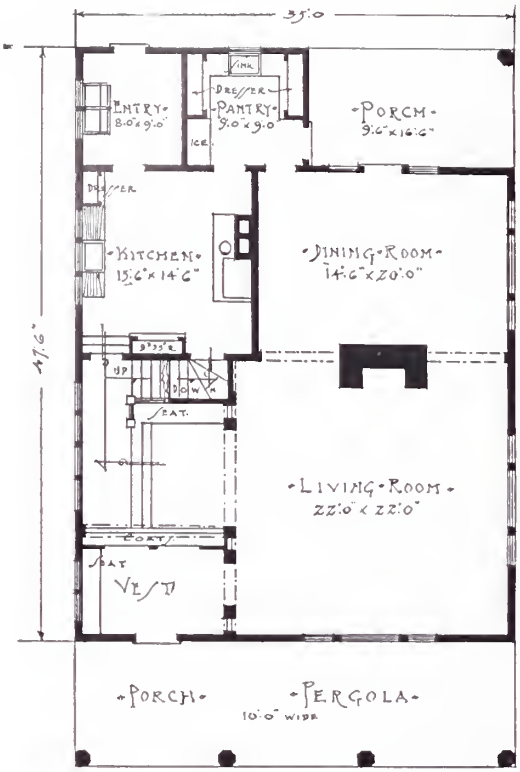
Much of the beauty of the exterior is due to the construction of the bay windows in front and the one in the rear, the brick posts of which are continued up to form the little balconies shown in the perspective view and second floor plan. These balconies, with the note of green shrubs in their boxes, lend a gracious touch to the plain brick walls and help to link the house closer to the garden. This arrangement in front results in the recessing of the door, which is always a fortunate thing, for the sheltering and emphasizing of the entrance seems to hold a promise of cosiness and hospitality within.

Stepping up onto the front pergola porch between the brick pillars, and passing through the vestibule, one finds oneself in a cheerful hall with wide openings on each side, through which the dining room and living room are seen. The hall itself leads back beneath the balcony formed by the stairs and landing, to a glass door opening on the rear porch—a particularly happy arrangement, for it gives a long garden vista as one enters the house.



ATTIC FLOOR PLAN

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 153.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

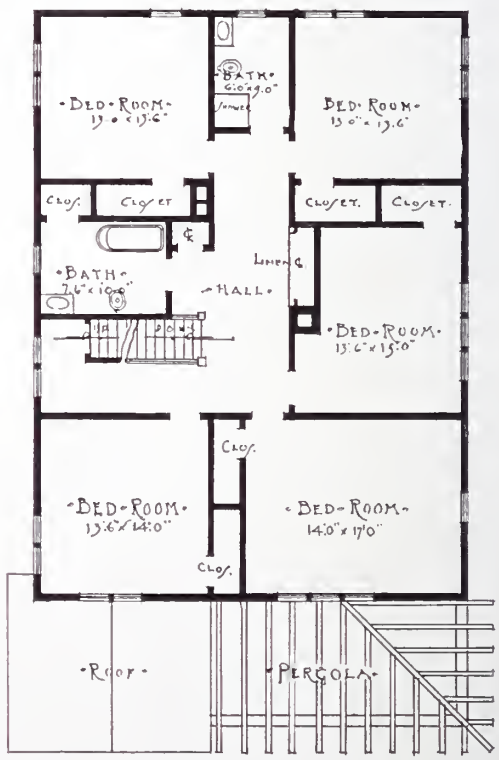
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 154:
FOR ELEVATION SEE PAGE 570.

The staircase is especially interesting, as it is both practical in construction and decorative in appearance. The main stairs ascend from the hall over a large coat closet, to a landing lighted by a group of three windows, and then turn up four steps to the second-floor hall.

In addition to the opportunity afforded by the staircase for an effective use of woodwork, there is also, in the lower hall, a partition six and a half feet high which slightly screens the big living room from the rest of the plan, and affords sufficient wall space for a piano. If the typical Craftsman construction of posts and panels is used, with either a grille or a shelf and open space above the paneling, the effect will prove very pleasing. In any case, the wide openings on either side give a feeling of spaciousness to the interior, and permit the living room, hall and dining room to be used practically as one large room when there are many guests or a little dance is given.

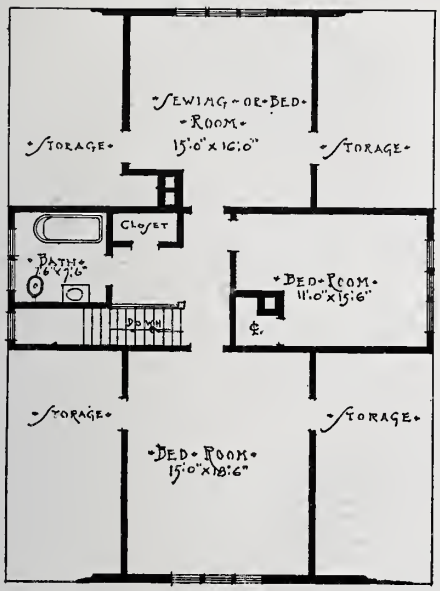
How cheery and homelike a place this living room will prove can be easily imagined when one notes the bay windows at each end with their deep seats, the open fireplace with bookcases on each side and glass doors leading to the conservatory. In fact we have rarely, if ever, planned a room with such an effective handling of wall spaces as that shown here. The conservatory is one of the most delightful features of the whole plan, for it is so placed that from almost any point in the rooms one has a glimpse of its greenery, and when one remembers the possibilities for vines afforded by the two long pergolas, the rooms seem brought in very close touch with the garden.

In the dining room is another fireplace with a built-in dresser on the right and the pantry on the left. The kitchen is conveniently planned with sink, drain boards, wash trays and ice-box along one side, dresser and closet against the dining-room partition, and the range so placed that its flue may use the same chimney as that of the dining-room fireplace. The back stairs go up from a landing in the kitchen, and the cellar stairs are placed below, while a door in the corner communicates with the rear hall.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 154.



ATTIC-FLOOR-PLAN

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 154.

The main staircase winds up to a central hall, very open and pleasant in arrangement, for it is lighted not only by the landing windows but also by those of the sitting room in front, which is separated from the hall by only a few panels and a post on either side of the wide opening. The ceiling beams which mark the lines of the partitions are also interesting features of the hall.

On the left are two bedrooms and bath, with plenty of closet room; the balconies and shrubs outside the windows adding as much charm to the rooms as they do to the outside walls. On the other side of the floor plan are two more bedrooms and bath, the latter being accessible from both the hall and the front bedroom, so that if desired it can be used as a private bathroom.

The kitchen stairs turn up from the rear half-way landing to an enclosed landing communicating with the hall on the second floor, and continue up to the top story. The convenience of this arrangement will be clear from a study of the plans.

The third floor comprises two maid's rooms and bath, a large billiard room and plenty of storage space beneath the roof, and the construction of dormers and gables is such that ample height is provided for the rooms and the roof line still kept low enough to preserve good proportions on the exterior.

In building from this design it should be kept in mind that much depends on the right exposure; the house should face west, so that the conservatory will be on the south.

THIS point should also be considered in building the second house, No. 154, for if a western exposure is chosen the recessed rear porch will face south and can then be glassed in for the winter to form a sun room, thus adding considerably to the living area.

For the construction of this house, which is also two and a half stories high, stucco on frame has been shown, with shingled roof and dormers, hewn posts for the porches and cement floors; but the design could be carried out successfully in other materials. In planning this building the general proportions and the placing of the various structural features have been worked out very carefully, so that the exterior, while as simple and economical as possible in construction, might be satisfying, architecturally, from every point of view. The arrangement of pergola and porch, the angle of the roof lines and placing of the dormers, the grouping of the windows—all of which are casement except the large fixed panes in the center of the downstairs groups—are decorative as well as practical parts of the exterior.

The entrance is roofed over and the front door leads into a good-sized vestibule with a window seat on the left and coat closets against the partition. On the right one enters the big square living room from which the stairs go up three steps on the left beside a recessed seat to a broad, well-lighted landing that is reached also from the kitchen.

The chimneypiece in the living room is unique, for it forms the only partition between that room and the dining room, the rest of the space being open, save for the ceiling beams on each side, which indicate the division. These openings permit a delightful vista from the living room through the glass door and windows that look out on the back porch. Screens can be used to shut off the dining room — preferably screens of wood panels or wood and leather, of some simple design that will harmonize with the Craftsman woodwork. This will give a touch of distinction to the rooms that will be very effective.

Owing to the location of the pantry it

will be almost impossible for any cooking odors to escape from the kitchen through the two swing doors into the dining room —an advantage that every housewife will appreciate. This pantry is lighted by a window on the rear, beneath which are the sink and drain boards, and two dressers are built in on either side.

The sink and drain boards in the kitchen are placed below the windows on the left, a dresser is provided in the corner, and there is also a cabinet beside which three steps lead up to the main staircase landing and permit ready access from the kitchen to the front door. On the other side of the cabinet is the door to the cellar stairs, but if no cellar is needed the space below the main staircase can be used for a closet.

In case the house is to be built without a cellar, we have shown a good-sized laundry behind the kitchen, fitted with wash trays and opening onto the garden. If the laundry is to be provided in the basement, this room can be turned into a corner porch which will be a pleasant place for the doing of many little tasks, and will give the maid or housekeeper a chance to be in the open air as much as possible. As in all our plans, various changes of this sort can be made to make the design fit individual and local needs, without interfering with the practicability and friendliness of the general scheme.

On the second floor are five bedrooms, a bathroom and toilet room with shower, all opening out of the hall. Each bedroom has a closet and there is also one in the bathroom, another for brooms just outside, and a linen closet in the hall. The arrangement of windows affords plenty of cross-ventilation, and the hall is lighted by two windows on the left.

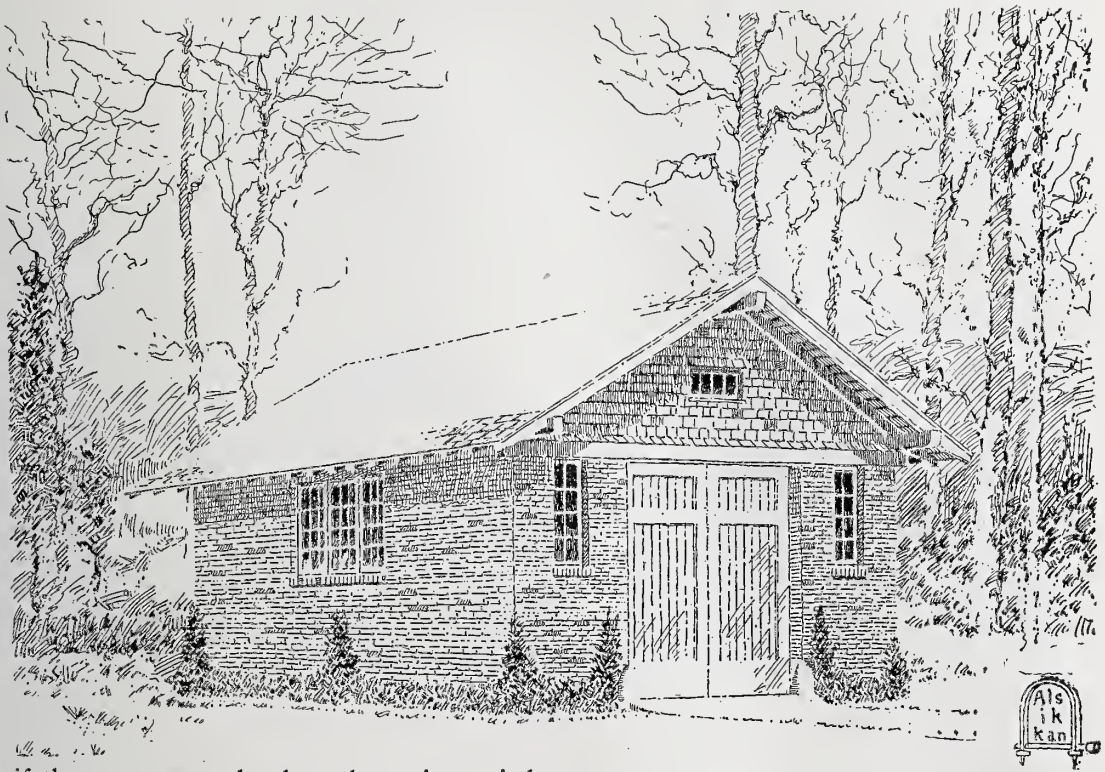
On the third floor are three bedrooms and bath, headroom being provided by the dormers in front and rear and the gables at each side. Here also there is ample closet and storage room. In fact, this house, like the first one, has been worked out as compactly and economically as possible, consistent with good construction and homelike, comfortable arrangement.

In each of these houses, as in every Craftsman design, a great deal of charm may be given to the interior by an appropriate use of woodwork and built-in fittings and a careful planning of wall spaces and openings. This is especially true of the lower floor plan, which is naturally more open and original in arrangement and so lends itself more readily to decorative treatment. The details and designs of the different structural features indicated in these plans may be worked out in various simple but ornamental ways, according to the personal taste of the owner, and will afford a surprisingly wide range of individual expression. The use of high or low wainscots of either panels or V-jointed boards will add to the friendliness of the rooms, and if the lines of doors and windows are considered in relation to the wall divisions very distinctive results can be attained. So far as possible, natural structural lines should be adhered to, for these are the most satisfying in the long run. There is a certain sincere, primitive feeling about decoration based on construction which is very homelike and more restful than purely ornamental workmanship.

For the hall, living room and dining room we find that the most suitable woods are oak or chestnut, cypress, ash or elm, as their comparatively coarse texture and definite grain give them a look of rugged frankness that is extremely attractive and convincing. They seem to remind one of the forest from which they came, and to suggest the spirit of hospitality, comradeship and good cheer which one expects to find in a comfortable, democratic American home.

Upstairs, where privacy rather than openness is the characteristic of the plan, and where the hangings and decorations are somewhat more delicate in both material and coloring than those below, the woods most in keeping are those having a finer and less pronounced grain and smoother surface. Maple, beech, birch and gumwood are among the kinds best fitted for use here.

Much of the beauty of woodwork depends of course upon the way in which the wood is stained, and we feel always that the most pleasing effects are obtained when the natural beauty and interest of grain and texture are retained, and enhanced by deepening the color and protecting the surface with a soft, mellow finish —preferably some shade of brown, brownish green or gray. A note of variety may be given to a room by staining the floor and woodwork brown and the doors and window trim olive green. The result is harmonious as well as unique—particularly



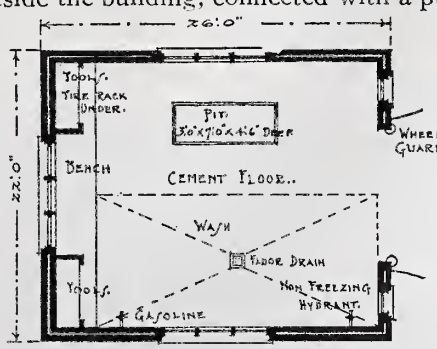
GARAGE FOR CRAFTSMAN BRICK HOUSE NO. 153.

if the same general color scheme is carried out in the rugs and draperies.

MANY of our subscribers have written to us recently asking whether we can help them by furnishing plans and descriptions of garages, either individually or through the pages of the magazine. We have therefore decided to publish this month drawings of two garages that will not only be suitable for building in connection with the Craftsman houses presented this month, but would be available for almost any place where one or two automobiles are to be kept.

The first garage, like House No. 153, is built of brick. Hollow walls are used, and the roof as well as the gables are shingled. A heavy beam extends across each gable, emphasizing the low effect of the overhanging roof, and louvres or sash are provided in the gables for ventilation purposes, allowing the escape of gasoline fumes, etc. As the drawing shows, the exterior of the building will harmonize admirably with the first Craftsman home illustrated here, and it is so simple in construction that it would be in keeping with any house where an unaffected architectural style was used.

This garage is 22 by 26 feet, and is planned for two cars. At one end, beneath the windows, is a work bench with a tool cabinet at each end and a tire rack below. A pit is provided to allow access to the machinery under the car, and the floor pitches to the drain, as indicated by dotted lines. The entrance is provided with wheel guards and can be closed by sliding doors, and a small window is placed on each side. These, in addition to the three groups of mullion windows in the other walls, give ample light to the interior. The gasoline would be stored in an underground tank outside the building, connected with a pump



FLOOR PLAN

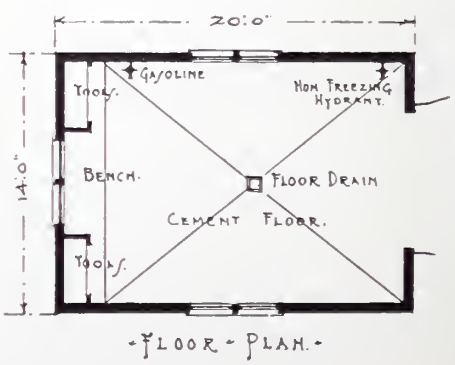
GARAGE FOR CRAFTSMAN CEMENT HOUSE NO. 154.

inside, and water would be supplied through a non-freezing hydrant.

The second garage could be built in connection with Craftsman House No. 154 or in any other location where stucco construction was desired. This garage is smaller than the first, being intended for only one car, and swing doors with strap hinges are used instead of sliding doors. There is no pit here, and the drain is located centrally with the floor pitching from each corner as shown; otherwise the equipment is much the same as in the preceding design.

In building these garages, their placing will be governed partly by the layout of the garden and driveway and partly by the proportions and angles of the main residence, and the use of shrubs and vines will of course do much to make them attractive as well as practical features of the grounds.

More and more we are coming to feel that the automobile is no longer a luxury in which only the very rich can indulge. It is taking its place in our modern lives as a practical convenience for people of comparatively moderate means, who wish to enjoy the wholesomeness of country living and yet be within reach of the city, their place of work. So we find the automobile increasing in popularity among such folk, for it is just the connecting link they need. And with the growing desire for simpler and more beautiful houses, comes the need for equally simple and practical garages, which will be a welcome architectural feature of these small estates.



FLOOR PLAN.

CRAFTSMAN ARCHITECTURE: HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE

THE reason that Craftsman furniture met with such a wonderful popular response from the very day that it was first exhibited at the Pan-American Exposition, is that Craftsman furniture represented to its designer not a concrete thing, but an ideal. It was to Gustav Stickley one of the factors of a natural, simple and honest environment which he believed necessary to right living. Because of this concept of right environment his thoughts were directly led to the larger question of suitable homes for the people.

He realized the seriousness of the home-building problem; the social and economic dangers arising from the common type of domestic architecture as it then existed; the usual mistakes of the home-builder trying to outdo his neighbor, and the false standards of living which have their foundation in the false standards of home building.

As a result he has evolved the type of architecture which occupies a position in this field as distinctive and permanent as does Craftsman furniture in the field of furniture design.

The features of a Craftsman house which cause it to stand out from all other are plainly distinguishable. The ruling principle is simplicity. Simplicity spells economy; elaborate ornamentation is eliminated by the Craftsman method of interior treatment. The greatest economy of all, however, is the permanent quality of the Craftsman home. A Craftsman house should stand for a hundred years or more without requiring repairs. In fact, for many years a Craftsman house will increase in value and beauty without impairment, and use will give it a softness and friendliness which will constantly add to its value. The simple lines of a Craftsman house give to it a dignity and distinction which react most favorably upon the life and character of the family. In effect, it is designed to answer the question, "What are the needs of the family?" Not an inch of floor space is wasted. The household machinery is simplified to the last degree. The principles of cleanliness and sanitation are recognized, and it is sought to provide the housewife with an equipment which will make the occasions when she must face the problems of housework less onerous.

In exterior treatment the Craftsman house is linked as closely as possible with the ground on which it stands, and in every detail it is our endeavor to make the home an harmonious unit in its environment.

Because of these cardinal principles of construction, and because Craftsman work in home-building has become so generally recognized, the word "Craftsman" as applied to a house, is a hall mark of quality adding several hundred dollars to the security of the builder's investment, as well as making his property a "gilt edged" basis for credit.

The number of homes built from Craftsman plans runs into the thousands each year. They are built in all parts of the world, from Alaska to the Fiji Islands. People who have looked to us in the first instance to supply them with plans for homes of this kind, naturally turn to THE CRAFTSMAN for further information as problems of house furnishing, home equipment, landscaping and gardening arise. With the idea of helping Craftsman subscribers to the limit of his ability in the creation of a home environment along the lines laid out, Mr. Stickley now undertakes the extension of Craftsman Service as announced in this number. The service is for subscribers only, not because it is a premium with a subscription to THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine, but because no one who is sincerely interested in these problems will miss a single issue of THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine.

THE CRAFTSMAN has no quarrel with other types of architecture. We wish simply to state the features which distinguish Craftsman homes. These principles we advocate. The many people who may desire other sorts of homes we cannot serve, but for the man who desires a Craftsman home, the reasons for coming to us are as patent as for applying to a particular artist for a picture, when one of his particular compositions is desired. We do not desire to help in the building of all the homes in the land, but merely those where the builder believes in the principles of home life for which Gustav Stickley stands.

WHAT WOMEN CAN DO TO PREVENT FIRES IN THE HOME: AGNES ATHOL

"THE place where a fire can't occur is the place where one generally starts," a fire expert has said. Fire prevention, like charity, begins at home. If each individual residence is built as safely as possible in the first place, protected from the fire danger by complete and efficient apparatus, and constantly maintained in order by good housekeeping, the mysterious occurrence of dwelling house fires is reduced to a minimum.

Every woman can and should take two simple precautions in her own home. The first is to install one or more fire pails. They should be painted red and labeled FIRE. They should be kept constantly full of water and in an accessible position. The second precaution is to have a regular inspection of all places where rubbish is likely to accumulate. Dirt and rubbish help to start a fire. A spark from any source, a match thrown away, a dropped cigar or cigarette, any increased heat, any direct cause of fire is enabled to do its work admirably provided the rubbish is at hand to serve as kindling.

The woman who prides herself on her good housekeeping will see that all yards, corners, areas, closets, garrets, cellars, and other store-rooms are regularly and completely cleaned out. She will look under stairways and steps, behind radiators and ranges. She will make a list of the places in her house where rubbish has been found, and when making inspections, check off these places to make sure no spot has been overlooked. Whitewashing is excellent for dark and dingy rubbish places. Not only does it reflect more light, but is in itself a fire-retarding material.

An especial feature of danger in the home is the necessity for a certain amount of storage. The number of old and unused articles stored away should be reduced at every spring cleaning. Sentiment must not be allowed to play a dangerous part in the retention of unnecessary and inflammable souvenirs.

To prohibit storage altogether is an extreme measure, but that is what the fire inspector would like to do. Don't use the cellar, whatever you do. Most dangerous fires start in the basement and spread through the house. If you must store at all in the house use an isolated ground floor room. Of course, if you have none that will answer, the attic must be made to do. It is a bad place, however, because it often gets so hot. All the warm air in the house rises to the top floor, the sun beats upon the roof, and often the chimney passes directly through. Spontaneous combustion is very likely to occur.

Ventilation will help to reduce the temperature. Don't have open boxes or barrels containing paper or inflammable goods. Nail covers on them all. Get rid of old mattresses. Arrange your storage room so that you can move about freely when making inspections. Watch for matches in mice nests, and fires that may start from matches left in clothing.

Oily rags and floor-cloths, even in the working department of the household, are a frequent source of fire by spontaneous combustion. It requires but a slight amount of heat to release from certain substances gases that will unite very readily with oxygen and produce flame. Animal and vegetable oils such as linseed oil, used in most paints, cottonseed oil, machine oil, are household accessories particularly susceptible to any increase in temperature, and in combination with inflammable materials like cotton will take fire of themselves. Keep oily rags and mops in closed metal receptacles.

Never have store closets in halls or under or near stairways or any other shafts. Do not block up the stairs with ornaments, trunks, plants, or impedimenta of any kind. Remember that the stairway is your fire escape. Never make it easy for a fire to reach the stairs and cut off your exit.

Oils, paints, grease and fats should be stored, if at all, outside the house. Under no circumstances should they be kept in the basement or cellar or close to the stairs. Burn up ham bags, butter or lard paper, greasy cloths from dishes, sewing machines, lamps or fresh paint. Do not put them with any other rubbish. The furnace is the only safe place.

If you must use benzine, take it out of doors. Other cleansing fluids are on the market, approved as absolutely non-inflammable. Keep your benzine can labeled. Do not mistake it for kerosene. The vapor given off by benzine and its first cousins, naphtha and gasoline, travels everywhere,

and sinks instead of rising. It seeks light or fire of itself in rooms distant from the one in which it is used. A draft is necessary to get rid of this vapor. The open window is not enough.

The gas given off by kerosene oil collects in the bowl above the oil, and an explosion occurs if it is reached in any way by flame. It seems almost an insult to an intelligent reader to give rules about kerosene lamps. Nevertheless let us comment upon the value of keeping them clean, well wiped off, and *filled,* so that the vapor has no place to form. When filling a lamp that has just been burning, never go within fifteen feet of other lights or fire, lest the already overheated vapor should travel and explode. Buy oil with a high flash test (120° Fahrenheit) if you can get it. And never, never, fill a lamp while it is lighted.

Smoking is responsible for many fires in homes. As we cannot eliminate the smoker, he should be made to observe careful habits. Lighted match sticks, cigar or cigarette stubs, and pipe ashes, carelessly thrown into the waste paper basket, cause frequent home fires. The use of any but the safety match cannot be too strongly condemned. Smoking in bed is an atrocity which should never be tolerated. Metal receptacles should be provided for burnt matches.

Ashes and cinders should be kept separate from everything else. Metal cans with covers are the only proper ash receivers. Watch the ash-pile, for it will take fire of itself. If you have an ash-chute from your kitchen to your basement, make sure that it is metal lined before you use it. Every shaft from the cellar should be cut off from the upper stories by an automatically closing metal trap.

All ordinary cooking or heating stoves should have iron legs to raise them above the floor which in turn should be covered underneath the stove with metal, brick or cement. Three feet of clear space ought to be left around all stoves. If you cannot spare so much, put up a metal shield higher than the stove, and even then allow eighteen inches for safety. Bright tin, hung on screw hooks about an inch away from the wall, so as to provide an air space, is the best shield.

A gas stove should be isolated in the same way. Rubber gas tubing is bad in every way; it wastes the gas, catches fire, leaks. Flexible metal tubing can be bought in its place.

Broken plaster near stoves or ranges, or indeed anywhere in your house, holes in floors, broken and worn out boards, broken cellar windows and skylights, are all passageways for fire once started.

Drying clothes near the range is to be condemned. Many fires originate in the laundry, especially when the ironing is hung about the over-heated room to dry.

Be sure that the smoke pipes are spark tight. The ends of the sections should fit into each other at least three inches. Bends and turns are needed to kill sparks. Pipes should enter the chimney at right angles—horizontally. Do not run pipes through wood floors, ceilings, or partitions of lath and plaster, or through any place where the pipe is not always in plain sight. Cover unused flue openings with metal stoppers or brick them up.

If the furnace is a large one coming within eighteen inches of the cellar ceiling the floor beams should be protected with sheets of tin or zinc.

Electricity is comparatively safe if the cords are watched for worn places and if the wiring has not been tampered with since its installation and approval by the authorities. Home-made additions to it may not only be dangerous, but may invalidate the insurance policy, which stipulates that the holder shall not take knowing risks.

Other information relating to the prevention of fire in the home may be had by any woman who writes to the National Board of Fire Underwriters in Chicago. If a woman wants to buy a new oil stove or a cleaning fluid or a chemically treated mop, the Underwriters' Laboratory will send her a list of those manufacturers whose products have been tested and found satisfactory. She can obtain for the asking a list of all approved protective appliances such as extinguishers and automatic sprinklers. For five dollars she can join, or get her library to join, the National Fire Protection Association and receive bulletins containing reliable and up-to-date information on every phase of this very vital and important topic. There is great compensation for efforts put forth to safeguard from fire.

A HINT TO BUILDERS

See to it that your house is made mouse-proof, as well as fire-proof, for it is very easily done and is well worth looking after. Talk it over with your carpenter.

HEAVY LINEN TABLECLOTH WITH BORDER OF BEADS, MADE BY JULIA B. KELLOGG.

THE YEAR'S PROGRESS AMONG AMERICA'S CRAFTSMEN

LOVERS of good craftsmanship found much that was interesting and worth while at the Sixth Annual Exhibition of the National Society of Craftsmen, held in New York during December in the galleries of the National Arts Club. More than fifteen hundred exhibits were displayed, including jewelry, metal work and pottery, bookbinding and illuminating, leather work and wood carving, textiles, embroidery and basketry, sent in from various parts of the country. The collection, on the whole, was a representative one, and while there were points to criticise as well as to admire, it certainly gave a bird's eye view of the year's progress, and showed how earnestly and sincerely our craft workers in America are striving to infuse once more into the small commonplace objects of life as well as into the more luxurious details, that feeling of individuality, that charm of coloring and form, and that thoroughness of workmanship which the invasion of modern machinery has so largely swept away.

BAG OF NATURAL-COLORED RUSSIAN CRASH SHOWING A NOVEL USE OF BEAD DECORATION AND DRAWN WORK: DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY JULIA B. KELLOGG.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF BEAD DECORATION ON RUSSIAN CRASH, THE WORK OF JULIA B. KELLOGG.

In selecting exhibits for illustration here, we have chosen what seemed to us the most original as well as the finest examples of craftsmanship, in which there is uniqueness without eccentricity and decorative quality without ornateness. And while there were many other delightful pieces which space would not permit us to

reproduce, we feel that those we are showing indicate the lines along which the greatest success was achieved, from both a practical and artistic standpoint. At any rate, they should prove a source of inspiration to all who are trying to bring back beauty into the homes and lives of the people.

One of the most distinctive features of the exhibition was the textile and embroidery display, which ranged from designs of elaborate detail to those of great simplicity. Among those which pleased us most by their unpretentious treatment and decorative feeling were the two bags of natural-colored Russian crash shown here—the work of Julia B. Kellogg. It would be difficult to imagine a more appropriate ornament for this sturdy material than these simple beads (dull brown and deep yellow in one bag, black and green in the other), sewed so cleverly between the drawn threads. The dark cords are tipped with yellow Venetian beads brightened by a touch of gilt, and the somewhat primitive air of the whole increases rather than detracts from the charm.

The table square, of finer weave, also shows a border of dull brown beads with yellow ones brightening each corner, and in the same collection we found a pair of portières with hems similarly weighted with beads, that suggested in what a variety of ways this form of decoration could be used.

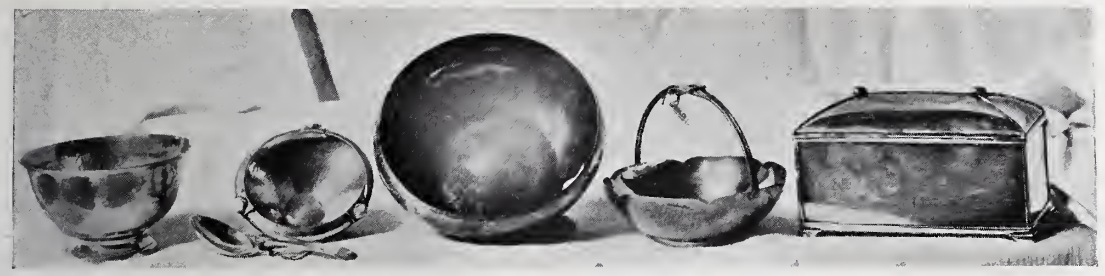
Another item of unusual interest was the

UNIQUE EXAMPLES OF BLOCK PRINTING AND EMBROIDERY: THE TWO BAGS AT THE TOP ARE THE WORK OF E. E. ABBOTT, THE CARD CASE AND TABLECLOTH WERE MADE BY HELEN K. TAYLOR, AND THE BAG IN THE LOWER CORNER BY ADELAIDE B. CRANDALL: IN EACH INSTANCE THE DESIGN IS PRINTED IN A GRAYISH TONE AND BRIGHTENED BY VIVID TOUCHES OF SILK EMBROIDERY. THE EFFECT WHEN FINISHED, ESPECIALLY WHEN SEEN IN ARTIFICIAL LIGHT, WAS OF DESIGNS WORKED OUT IN SMALL BRILLIANT JEWELS.

combination of block printing and embroidery used on bags, card cases, table scarfs, cushions and garments of various materials. A number of these are illustrated here. In most cases the design was printed in a single color, usually some soft tone of gray or dull blue or brown, and the points of interest emphasized by tiny dots or splashes of silk embroidery in some vivid color—orange, red, green, or purple. So skilfully was the work done that the effect reminded one of brilliant jewels in a dainty filigree setting.

Among the most charming examples of this work are the two little silk cloth bags shown at the top of the illustration, the work of E. E. Abbott. The designs, printed in gray, are touched up with silk embroidery in pale green, blue and orange, and the strings are decorated with blue and gold Venetian beads. The card case and tablecloth give one an idea of the exquisite delicacy of detail that characterizes the work of Helen K. Taylor. The card case, which is covered with natural-colored silk, carries a printed design in dark gray,

MODERN TAPESTRY FOR CHAIR COVERINGS, DESIGNED AND WOVEN BY WM. BAUMGARTEN & CO.—AN UNUSUAL COMBINATION OF RICH COLORING WITH WHIMSICALLY DECORATIVE DESIGNS.



SILVERWARE OF REMARKABLE SIMPLICITY AND BEAUTY: THE BOWL AND SPOON ON THE LEFT ARE FROM THE POND STUDIOS, THE SMALL BOWL WITH TURQUOISES SET IN THE RIM IS BY ROBERT DULK, THE CENTRAL COPPER BOWL WITH ENAMEL LINING IS BY F. J. MARSHALL, THE SILVER BOWL WITH HANDLE IS THE WORK OF E. MACOMBER, AND THE JEWEL CASKET ON THE RIGHT WAS DESIGNED BY MRS. WILLIAM PAYNE.

embroidered in red, green and purple silk; while the medallion printing on the tablecloth of similar material is enriched by small embroidered dots in half a dozen different colors—vivid enough when examined closely, but blending at a little distance into a soft harmony. The bag shown on the left is by Adelaide B. Crandall, and is made of gray linen with an all-over pattern in block printing studded with little red dots of silk embroidery. An additional kimonos suggested in how many ways this method may beautify our draperies.

Turning from the textiles to the silverware, we were delighted to find that this field of craft work evinced signs of definite progress. Most of the pieces showed excellent workmanship and a fine appreciation of the latent possibilities of this adaptable metal, and at the same time each design was worked out with remarkable restraint. In fact, there was only a very

THE THREE BRONZE BOXES SHOWN HERE ARE THE WORK OF F. J. MARSHALL, AND SHOW A VERY DECORATIVE USE OF RICHLY COLORED ENAMEL IN THE LIDS: THE SPOON ON THE LEFT IS FROM THE POND STUDIOS AND THAT ON THE RIGHT IS BY H. S. WHITBECK.

touch of interest is lent by the strips of copper at the top, through which the cord is passed. Altogether, it is an unusual example of craftsmanship.

Some interesting specimens of modern tapestry were also shown—chair coverings, designed and woven by Wm. Baumgarten & Co. The pattern is in pale browns, reds and greens with a touch of light blue, on a deep blue ground, and as the illustrations show there is an odd little whimsical air about the birds and animals that gives an unexpected touch of humor.

The silk "tied and dyed" work, of which numerous pieces were shown, was another worth-while feature of the exhibition, and in its application to scarfs, table covers and slight attempt at ornamentation; beauty was sought rather in good proportion, graceful line and an emphasizing of the points of interest in some simple yet subtle way—by the twist of a handle, the placing of a stone, a notch in the rim of a bowl.

We are showing here a bowl and a couple of spoons which give some impression of the quality of work done in the Pond Studios, and a spoon with filigree handle by H. S. Whitbeck which shows carefully wrought detail. The silver bowl with indented rim and twisted handle, by E. Macomber, the one on the left by Robert Dulk, with the three turquoises set in the rim, and the silver jewel casket by Mrs. William Payne, with topaz set in the lid

and lined with pale yellow silk, are all distinguished by unusual simplicity, too full of grace, however, to be severe.

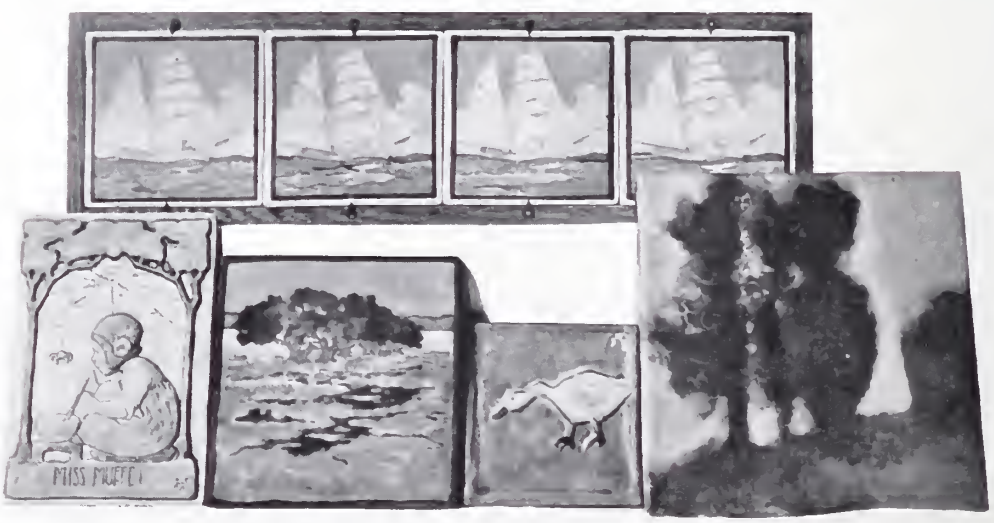
A note of rich color was lent to this collection by the presence of several specimens of enameled metal work, including three circular bronze boxes by F. J. Marshall, of which the reproductions can only give a faint suggestion. The lid of one box carries a parrot design in luminous green tones against a mauve background; the second shows the figure of a girl in warm red on a ground of green, while the third displays the sweeping lines of a peacock, with all the vivid natural colors blending into a harmonious unit. A number of copper bowls of various sizes, lined with enamel in green, orange and red, suggested another practical as well as beautiful combination of materials.

Much of the pottery was already familiar to the visitor, having been displayed at the preceding exhibition, but among the new pieces were many examples from the Marblehead, Volkmar and Penman Hardenbergh kilns. The three Marblehead vases reproduced here showed an especially

THREE MARBLEHEAD VASES SHOWING A PLEASING USE OF SIMPLE ANIMAL AND BIRD DESIGNS IN SOFT COLORS AND FAINTLY SUGGESTED OUTLINES.

pleasing use of simple animal and bird designs in soft tones of green, brown, blue and yellow. The tiles and plaques likewise showed an attractive use of color and design, reminding one how effective such little touches always prove in brightening a wall, a chimneypiece or a hearth.

The tiles by A. J. Hennessey, with the ivory sails of the ships against a dull blue sky and greenish sea, and the tile showing a clump of trees and pool in mellow tones of green, yellow and blue are both from the Marblehead kilns. The Volkmar tile shown on the right, with dark misty trees in dull green against a paler sky; the



MODERN TILES THAT HOLD MUCH CHARM OF COLOR AND DESIGN: THE SHIPS BY A. J. HENNESSEY AND THE LANDSCAPE BELOW ARE BOTH MARBLEHEAD PRODUCTS: THE CLUMP OF TREES ON THE RIGHT IS FROM THE VOLKMAR KILNS: THE GOOSE TILE IS BY L. WARING, AND THE PLAQUE OF "MISS MUFFET" IS THE WORK OF MRS. CORINE WOODRUFF, COPYRIGHTED.

TOURMALINE NECKLACE, DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY HERBERT KELLEY: A SPECIMEN OF MODERN CRAFTSMANSHIP WHICH RANKS WITH THE WORK OF OLD WORLD MASTERS IN ITS BEAUTY OF DESIGN AND FINENESS OF DETAIL.

smaller tile by L. Waring, showing a gray goose on a dull green background, the outline emphasized by a touch of brownish green, and the plaque by Mrs. Corine Woodruff, with its faintly humorous little figure of the renowned Miss Muffet, which would be such a welcome addition to a nursery mantelpiece—these seemed to us some of the most successful exhibits in this branch of decorative art.

The jewelry collection, on the whole, was not distinguished by any great originality of feeling or remarkable technique. There were a few notable exceptions, however, among them the tourmaline necklace which we are reproducing, designed and executed by Herbert Kelley. This is a specimen of modern craftsmanship which recalls the work of the Old World masters in its beauty of design and fineness of detail. There was also a silver pendant by Mrs. J. P. Poullain, a silver and amber chain by E. F. Peacock, a brooch by Gustav Manz carrying a dragon fly design with opal wings, and a necklace and pendant, also by Mr. Manz, which showed an extraordinarily skilful use of an animal's head in exquisite leafy settings—an example of patient, conscientious craftsmanship that is rarely found nowadays.

We were especially pleased to find in the gallery a collection of wrought-iron work contributed by Samuel Yellin, whose name and achievements are already familiar to readers of THE CRAFTSMAN.

Another group which attracted attention was the Sicilian amber lent by Mr. Benjamin Kimball. The luminous, golden browns of these lovely stones seemed to radiate imprisoned sunlight, and brought one into close touch with the wealth and beauty of earth's raw material which under the clever fingers and quick imagination of the artist, is capable of such variety of design and form.

One end of the gallery was devoted to a display of bookbinding, leather-work, Christmas and New Year cards and calendars, and there were also several woodcuts by Bertha Lum of both Japanese and Western subjects, notable for their excellent composition and coloring.

One feature of the exhibition was, as usual, open to criticism—namely, the price tags. Some, of course, carried very reasonable figures, but on many the amount seemed strangely out of proportion to the actual value of the article and the amount of time, skill and originality involved. Certainly the prices limited considerably the possibilities of sale. One could not help wondering whether our craft workers, in their efforts to revive the common love of beauty and stimulate sincere and thorough workmanship among their kind, would not succeed better if they placed somewhat lower figures on their work—at least until they had furthered their cause and established their own prestige. The point seems worth considering; for, after all, if art is to bring its mellowing and strengthening influence into our homes and lives, and beautify the commonplace with its magic touch, it must surely establish itself among us upon a practical basis, so that it may reach out to the many rather than to an exclusive few. The prices asked at these exhibitions, in the main, confine the sales chiefly to such patrons as can afford to pay more or less "fancy" prices for the sake of encouraging American craftsmanship, and so long as this continues we can hardly expect very widespread or vital progress in our arts and crafts. May we not hope before long both patrons and exhibitors will see the matter from this point of view?

THE SCOPE OF THE NEW CRAFTSMAN SERVICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

TO design comfortable, convenient and beautiful homes for the people and to help furnish and decorate homes in a sane and sensible manner, has in the past marked the limits of Craftsman Service. Hundreds of homes have been built from Craftsman plans in all parts of the world. Thousands more show evidences of Craftsman ideas. Craftsman furniture has influenced the design of furniture throughout the United States, and Craftsman ideas of decoration are universally recognized as an individual style.

Owing to the scope of our work, and public familiarity with our aims, prospective home-builders are writing to us daily, asking information covering the entire range of problems connected with home-building and home equipment; we have therefore decided to broaden the scope of our service to include this whole subject, from the selection of the home site to the planting and beautifying of the home grounds. This service is solely for the benefit of CRAFTSMAN subscribers. No charge will be made for simple questions where postage is included for a reply. For services of a more complex character, where we are called upon to prepare sketches, furnish layouts, or design plans, a moderate charge will be made. Your particular problem may be submitted without charge and will receive our immediate attention. Special announcements of our Department of Landscape Gardening and Home-finding Service follow.

The inauguration of this latter branch of Craftsman service to advise concerning real-estate investments, and to list desirable properties in this office, was the result of much thought on the part of Mr. Stickley, and deserves special comment here.

THE CRAFTSMAN has always been a leader in the "Back to the land" movement. We believe that country environment makes for health, happiness and economical living.

But aside from the opportunities for a life out-of-doors, a little land may be made a most fruitful means of furnishing fresh wholesome food. Perhaps a few hens may be kept, or a cow or two. The garden may become a gold mine of health and pleasure, and often a surplus of produce adds a few dollars to the family purse.

Moreover, the problems of amusement and exercise may be well and cheaply solved in the country, and finally, and best of all, the investment in land, if properly made, is bound to prove financially profitable.

This is the crux of the whole matter. It is easy to appreciate the reasons for country living, but the question "What and where to buy?" generally finds the home-seeker in a quandary.

It is a question demanding most careful judgment. Unfortunately the field of realty promotion contains its share of buncombe, and in such an important step, action on strained representations of value is most regrettable. Hence to conserve the interests of the man in moderate circumstances who wishes to buy safely, and to give him "both sides of the story," this branch of Craftsman service has been organized.

We shall try to guard our subscribers against an investment in property where inflated values hang a millstone of debt about the neck of the purchaser and afflict him and his children for years to come with taxes and interest on values which exist only on paper.

A proper home site should at least show a steady accretion in value sufficient to pay taxes and interest, with perhaps some profit, and its market value at any time should reflect these figures.

With these ideas of proper investment we undertake this work and invite your confidence.

As we have stated, this service has a double function. We will not only assist the buyer, but desirable properties may be placed on sale through THE CRAFTSMAN. We will investigate in each case and place the information thus secured on file in this department.

We firmly believe that a clearing house of this character where homeseekers may come without fear of being deluded or harassed will fill an evident need on the part of people whom THE CRAFTSMAN aims to serve.

Wherever possible a personal visit to our offices is suggested, as the best method of using this service. Convenient reference may then be made to our information files and we can at the same time become better acquainted. Where a personal call is impracticable, the various matters can be efficiently handled by mail. Our offices are very convenient of access, at 41 West Thirty-fourth street, New York.

FORSYTHE CABIN IN THE HEART OF PITTSBURGH'S MOST EXCLUSIVE RESIDENCE DISTRICT. THIS OLD HOME IS STILL OCCUPIED BY MISS MARGARET FORSYTHE, A WEALTHY PHILANTHROPIST. THE 40-FOOT LOT ON WHICH THE CABIN STANDS IS WORTH $100,000.

PITTSBURGH'S WILDERNESS HOMES: BY J. M. MILLER

HUNDREDS of primitive log cabins still stand among the stately modern residences, steel-ribbed skyscrapers and belching chimneys of Pittsburgh and the adjacent districts—a vivid contrast between the architecture of two centuries. As the Pittsburgh business man sits comfortably in a towering marble-finished office building and figures profits on steel rails and armor plate, he may glance through the window, if he is so inclined, and see the decaying log walls of the cabin in which his grandfather, perhaps, sheltered his family and himself from the rigors of a frontier winter and the savage Indian warriors of the wilderness. Now instead of a wilderness of trees he will see a wilderness of business houses and mills with their slender smokestacks rivaling in height the trees which they have displaced. The financial risks and difficulties encountered by the business man in the skyscraper and the social and domestic troubles of his wife in her modern home are familiar to many who have forgotten how comparatively recent are the dangers and hardships endured by the hardy pioneer. A study of the primitive cabins built in the wilderness a century ago and standing now in a modern city, reveals not only amazing changes in local architecture but the difference as well between the business and home life of the first settlers and their descendants of today.

The homes which sheltered the adventurous frontiersman and his family are of three types. The temporary shelter of round logs, hastily erected immediately following the settler's arrival, was the first and crudest home. Next came the substantial, carefully built fortress cabin of selected logs hewn square, his permanent homestead. A few of the wealthier settlers and landowners lived in houses of stone or brick, the latter having been brought from

EARLY PITTSBURGH HOMESTEAD NOW STANDING IN SCHENLEY PARK, KEPT IN REPAIR ON ACCOUNT OF ITS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

PICTURESQUE CABIN IN JONCAIRE STREET. IT WAS ERECTED BY A FRENCH FARMER ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

England as ship's ballast and carried from the coast, a distance of 1,000 miles, on the backs of packhorses.

One of the very few of these brick houses which still stands, was erected in 1764 by Colonel Henry Boquet as a residence and part of the flanking defenses of Fort Pitt. It is now on Liberty avenue in the downtown district of Pittsburgh. The walls are pierced with two tiers of loopholes, but it was never attacked and bears no bullet marks. Fort Pitt, with which it was connected by an underground passage, and Fort Duquesne, an earlier French stronghold in the same location, had been erected at great cost to guard the Forks of the Ohio. No battle, however, was ever waged about either fortification. The garrisons always got hastily outside the walls upon the approach of a hostile army—either to fight or to run away. The real stories of early adventure belong to log houses at a distance from the "old block house" as it is now called. Very old stone houses are rarer even than those of brick, but there is one still standing on the bank of Chartiers Creek west of Pittsburgh. It affords a comfortable home for a family of Italians.

The pioneers' first cabin was built of small round logs about 12 feet long, notched at the ends and laid one above the other until the walls were five or six feet high. A roof of bark or split clapboards was added, and the interstices between the logs filled with wet clay. The cooking was done outside during the first summer. In the fall the construction of a crude fireplace and chimney completed the first architectural venture of the settler. This first home was erected usually in two or three days, and was often occupied for less than a year.

Just west of Pittsburgh in the Middle Run Valley one of these very early homes of round logs remains. It is a double cabin built by twin brothers, John and James Williams, 125 years ago. Together they constructed the building and one family occupied each end. The structure is now dismantled. The chinking has crumbled from the walls, the windows are gone, one door only remains and scarcely half the heavy locust clapboards are left clinging to the white oak rafters. The two brothers who built the cabin lived in it for only a few years, then left the community. Following them other settlers occupied it for short periods, but during the last 50 years it has been tenantless. A few miles

CABIN SCARRED BY BULLETS FIRED AT A UNITED STATES REVENUE COLLECTOR FROM GUNS IN THE HANDS OF "MOONSHINE" WHISKY DISTILLERS.

farther up the valley there stands another cabin of the same type. It has been kept in repair and is used at present for a stable.

However, nearly all the temporary homes of small, round logs have fallen into decay and disappeared. In most cases, the stone houses of the wealthier class have been torn down and the stones used for the foundations of new buildings. It is the substantial structure of squared logs, straight-grained and sound, built by the settler of average means for a permanent home that remains today in Pittsburgh. The logs in the walls of these homesteads have withstood the storms of more than a

THIS FRONTIER HOME WAS RESTORED BY GUSTAVUS SWENSON, A SWEDISH LABORER, AS A HOME FOR FREDA, HIS SICK WIFE.

century, and escaped as well the greed of later builders. The home planned by the home-builder himself and erected with his own hands for his family and himself has outlasted almost invariably even the more costly residences of the period.

Some of these old cabins are occupied even yet as homes with but little change either inside or out. The log walls of many have been covered with modern weatherboarding and plaster while others are dismantled and deserted. In one of the unaltered cabins there lives a wealthy philanthropist while another shelters a Swedish laborer and his family. Several of the old homesteads have been converted into playhouses for children. Two of them have been acquired by the city and are kept in repair on account of their historical associations. In some of the old cabins ghosts are believed to walk nightly. Many bear the marks of Indian bullets. One is scarred by leaden missiles fired at a United States revenue collector from guns in the hands of "moonshine" whisky distillers, as he was running away with the daughter of one of their number.

No architect planned these early Pittsburgh homes. Even the most substantial of the permanent cabins were built by the hardy and resourceful pioneers, in most cases, with no other tool than the ax. If the settler was careless in the selection of materials and the erection of a temporary shelter he made up for it by the painstaking planning and construction of his permanent home. First the straightest, soundest white oak trees were felled and hewn square. Next a foundation of flat stones was built on which four sills were laid. To form the floor, squared logs were fitted close together in notches cut in the sills. Then round after round of straight, sound logs were built one above the other until the walls were sufficiently high to suit the settler—or rather his wife. The ridgepole of chestnut was next set in place, followed by white oak rafters and chestnut clapboards. Sometimes a layer of clay and flat stones was placed between the logs. Other builders dressed the logs so true and cut the end notches so deep that no chinking was necessary. The second floor was reached by a steep, crooked stairway.

The door was of oak and very heavy, as constant danger of attack by Indians compelled the settler to build for defense as well as for comfort. In nearly every cabin the original windows were really loopholes less than a foot high and about two feet long. These openings were enlarged in later years when danger of Indian attack was over, but a few of the old style loop-

CABIN SHOWING LOOPHOLE WINDOW AND CHIMNEY BUILT INSIDE THE WALLS. IT WAS BUILT IN 1765 AND IS NOW USED AS A REST HOUSE FOR GOLF PLAYERS.

hole windows remain as in a cabin near Indian spring in Schenley Park.

This house was built in 1765 by Robert Neal, who lived in it with his wife Elizabeth until 1787 when he sold it to John Reed, a packhorse driver, for 360 pounds sterling, making a profit of 203 pounds on the property. After being transferred many times it came into the possession of the city and was restored to its original appearance except the roof and gables, which are modern. It is now used in the summer as a rest house for golf players on the city links, in the center of which it stands. The fireplace is built inside this cabin with the top of the chimney protruding through the roof. Many chimneys, however, were constructed outside the cabin walls with only the front of the fireplace facing inside. Usually the log walls of the cabin have outlasted the fireplace and chimney built of flat field stones and clay, which have been reduced to a moldering heap of ruins by rain and alternate freezing and thawing.

The great fireplace with its deep, wide chimney, often in the summer appearing obstructively large in proportion to the size of the cabin, became in winter the center of domestic life in the early homestead. In the living room, lighted by the ruddy glow of the smoldering fire, the frontier girl, mayhap, entertained her swain by baking apples and roasting chestnuts in the hot coals, while the elder members of the family dozed in the shadows and the children romped on the floor.

On the west side of Schenley Park there is also a cabin which the city owns and has made habitable. It was built by Ambrose Newton, in 1761. Newton was promoted from artilleryman at Fort Pitt to conductor of the king's stores. Following this improvement in fortune he built the cabin in which he lived for many years. Later it was occupied by a family of slaves, then for a long time was tenantless. During the fall and winter the two cabins in Schenley Park are in great demand for "pioneer parties" by young men and women, many of whom belong to the most exclusive society of the city. At these old style gatherings apples are baked on the hearth, and chestnuts and corn roasted in the embers much the same as was done 150 years ago. The cabins may be used for this purpose without charge but a permit must be secured from the park authorities.

In the heart of the east end of Pittsburgh where scores of millionaires have erected costly homes, there is a quaint three-roomed log cabin occupied by Miss Margaret Forsythe, a wealthy philanthropist interested in many charities. The cabin stands on a lot 40 by 100 feet, valued at $100,000. On all sides are costly apartment houses and stately residences of the most modern type. Almost every lot for 20 squares in each direction is occupied by a modern building.

Miss Forsythe's log home was built by William Forsythe, her great-grandfather. It was erected in the little village of Wilkinsburg outside of what is now the city of Pittsburgh, and two miles from the present location of the house. About 25 years ago Miss Forsythe became tired of living in the quiet village although she was greatly attached to the old cabin. For several months she hesitated between erecting a new and modern house on ground she owned in Pittsburgh, and remaining in the old cabin. She cared little for the luxury of the modern residence, although her wealth would have enabled her to live in as fine a home as there was in Pittsburgh. She longed, however, for the life and bustle of the city streets and disliked the comparative solitude of the village.

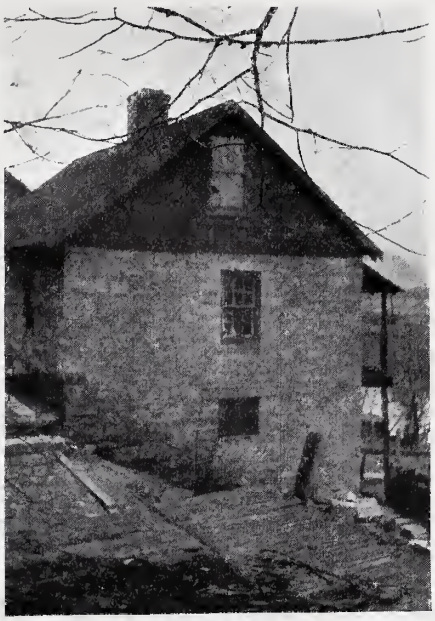
Finally she solved the problem by having her quaint old home transported to a fine location in the heart of the city. Even the tiny kitchen built of boards against the side of the house was moved. The stone flagging in the old yard was laid in front of the house in its new location. The same rustic trellis was built over the front entrance, and the same vines which had covered it in Wilkinsburg were dug up and replanted in the new location. The log walls are whitewashed inside and rag carpets cover the floors. The furniture has been in use by the Forsythe family during the last three generations. A few quaint pictures adorn the walls.

There is a picturesque cabin in Joncaire street, a residential section of the city and scarcely two squares from the imposing Carnegie Library and Music Hall, constructed of granite and marble only a few years ago at a cost of $2,000,000. The cabin, which was built by Alphonse Joncaire, a French farmer, about the middle of the eighteenth century, is in striking contrast to the architectural triumph erected through the generosity of the millionaire

steel manufacturer. The old French cabin with its dingy rooms and porch, unusually wide for a frontier home, is now used as a playhouse by the boys and girls of the neighborhood when inclement weather drives them from the street.

Following the flight of the French from Fort Duquesne upon the approach of the English under General Forbes in 1758, this cabin was occupied by an English family. Later a German, who kept a shop near Fort Pitt, made it his home, and after him came an Italian laborer. Next a family of negroes occupied it, but they were alien to the neighborhood and only remained a few weeks. For the last five years it has been given over to the children.

Close to the Allegheny river and scarcely a mile from the Pittsburgh city line still stand the walls of a cabin in which a dance of long ago was prevented from being turned into a tragedy by good fortune and the resourcefulness of the frontier merrymakers. Settlers for miles around were attending the dance. While the fun was at its height boys who had gone outside suspected for some reason that Indians were in the vicinity, and quietly informed the men. A surprise was planned for the redskins. The merrymakers were warned that an Indian attack was expected but cautioned to keep up the dance and to show no signs of alarm. The doors, already closed on account of the cold, were barred and



A VERY OLD STONE HOUSE NOW OCCUPIED BY ITALIANS.

the dancers safeguarded from bullets by arranging the furniture about the loophole windows in such a manner, however, as not to alarm the savages by shutting off the light which was streaming out. Guns were in readiness for at that time a settler never ventured from home without his rifle. When the savages attacked the cabin, instead of surprising the settlers, they were

JOHN GARLAND'S WIFE AND FAMILY WERE CARRIED FROM THIS CABIN BY INDIANS OVER A CENTURY AGO. ON THE SAME NIGHT THE MCCALLISTER CABIN ACROSS THE MONONGAHELA WAS ALSO ATTACKED.

themselves surprised by the sudden darkening of the windows, and a well-aimed volley of bullets which caused them to fall back in disorder. None of the settlers were injured and the attack was not renewed.

Pioneers in the Pittsburgh district, however, were not always so fortunate. On opposite sides of the Monongahela river and scarcely a mile apart there stand two cabins which were surprised by Indians over a century ago. These old homes even today are within sight of each other notwithstanding the smoke and ore dust from steel mills which now surround them. It was during the winter and Peter McCallister and John Garland, heads of the respective families, were away on a trapping expedition. Savages broke into both cabins at almost the same time and carried away the women and children. The Indians refrained from burning either home, for fear, it is believed, of alarming those living in the other in case the attacks did not occur at exactly the same time. The trappers did not recover their families until five years later. McCallister's cabin was never occupied again, but Garland's was used as a residence until 25 years ago when it was converted into a stable. The base of the old chimney may still be seen protruding through the log wall on the northside of the building.

In the Thorn Creek Valley and not far from a haunted cabin, there stands a substantial home of huge white oak logs hewn so true that they fit closely together with only the thinnest layer of clay between. The old home has been repaired with a roof of modern sheet iron, and the chimney, originally built of small field stones, has been restored to its original height with a top of bricks. And now almost any pleasant evening a person wandering up the valley may see near the cabin, a light complexioned man taller than the average and very muscular. By his side will be a blond, blue-eyed woman, who smiles happily as she glances from her husband to the comfortable little home and the stable nearby from which, perhaps, you can hear the mooing of a cow or the satisfied grunt of a fat pig. If the visitor approaches and asks the man who he is the reply comes promptly:

"Aye bane wan American. Name, Gus Smith. Aye bane vorking by den railroad. It bane gude yob. Dis bane gude house. Very varm. Vife hafe gude health and on den cheek gude complex."

Further questioning brings out the fact that Gus Smith's baptismal name is Gustavus Swenson. He was born in the mountains of Sweden 35 years ago, and has worked in Pittsburgh on the railroads and in the mills for the last 10 years. Several years ago Freda, the wife, became ill and the doctor told Gus that she would die unless she returned to the fresh air and outdoor life of her native Swedish village. The man was in despair. His scanty earnings were not sufficient to send the woman to Sweden and support her there. Besides she was not willing to leave him.

"If I bane called to die, Gus," she said, "I bane going to stay by you to th' las'. I won't go back to Sweden widout you."

For days and weeks the big husband worried while the wife became weaker. There was apparently no way of preventing her death. As the Swede was resting at noon on a high bank near the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie railroad on which he was employed as a section hand, he noticed in the haze far up the valley, a tenantless, dilapidated, old house. Suddenly his face brightened, and all afternoon as he worked there was a smile on it.

When the day's work was done he walked up the valley and examined the old house. The solid oak walls pleased him. It would not be hard to put on a new roof. He knew of a scrap heap where he could get sheet iron cheap. The chimney could be mended with broken bricks, for that very day the gang with which he worked had torn out a brick wall along the railroad and replaced it with cement. The foreman would let him have the bricks for nothing.

A few days later Gus drove a bargain which sadly depleted his little hoard of savings, but he got in exchange a neatly folded document which showed that he was owner of the dilapidated cabin and an acre of ground surrounding it. Most of the repairs were made by Swenson himself during the evenings. After the building had been made habitable the scanty furniture was moved from the southside tenement, while Freda visited a neighbor across the hall. Finally one bright, warm day nearly a year ago the Swedish wife was conveyed to the new-old home, which had been built by an English emigrant 150 years before. Freda said little but her cheeks flushed with pleasure. Soon her interest in life

revived, and in a few days she was able to walk about the house and even to venture out into the sunshine. Now she is well and strong and very happy.

Scarcely 100 feet from the western boundary line of Pittsburgh and in the aristocratic residence suburb of Crafton is one of the few wilderness cabins where the chimney and fireplace are in better repair than the cabin itself. Not a stone has been displaced from the chimney although near the top a few straggling vines are growing in the clay between the stones. The roof of the cabin, however, has fallen in and the walls are broken and dilapidated. It has been tenantless for half a century. The chimney is built entirely outside the cabin with only the front of the fireplace facing inside.

It was in this log home that Lawrence Wilson, a youthful United States revenue collector, courted pretty Sally Hall, over a century ago. Wilson was directed by the Federal authorities to collect evidence against "moonshine whisky" distillers. It was only a few months before the outbreak of the whisky insurrection in western Pennsylvania and many farmers derived a large part of their income from corn whisky made in small stills on their farms and sold in Pittsburgh. The placing of a tax on each still by Congress was bitterly resented by the farmers, and two tax-collectors already had been treated to a coat of tar and feathers and a third had been beaten severely. Wilson, however, was young and adventurous so he collected evidence against the still owners while roaming about in the guise of a hunter during the day, but in the evenings he courted Sally Hall before the great open fireplace in her father's cabin in Chartiers Valley, and finally won her love.

Late one evening while riding to Pittsburgh, he was set upon by a gang of masked men. Going quickly through his pockets they took possession of a roll of papers which not only included letters and his commission but a list of farmers who were running illicit stills. Wilson then was bound securely to a tree. Naturally the young officer was alarmed for he knew only too well that he had fallen into the hands of the "Whisky Boys," an organization as desperate and lawless as the Klu Klux Klan, which terrorized the South following the Civil War. If they would tar and feather officers who had come openly to collect the whisky tax, undoubtedly they would devise a worse penalty for a man whom they believed to be both officer and spy. Moreover, Wilson suspected that the leader of the masked gang was James Stewart, a farmer rival for Miss Sally's hand. It developed later that Sally's father was also with the gang.

However, while his captors were withdrawn slightly to examine the papers and to discuss his fate, the ropes binding the officer to the tree suddenly loosened and a soft voice from behind whispered, "Follow me." Slipping quietly around the tree and darting into the dense underbrush, Wilson perceived that his liberator was Sally. His horse as well as the horses of the "Whisky Boys" were tied to trees in plain sight of the men, so the fugitives started to the farmhouse where they expected to find another horse, the young officer running along with his hand on Sally's stirrup. Just as they reached the cabin, the masked men rode into view, and a volley of bullets rattled against the log walls only an instant before the girl and the officer dodged behind the chimney. Wilson held the pursuers at bay with his rifle while the girl saddled horses in the stable. In a few moments they were able to dash through the forest and escape; finally reaching Philadelphia, where they were married.

Sally's parents also soon left the neighborhood never to return. Though a "Whisky Boy" himself, the father thought more of his daughter than of his still and could never forgive his neighbors for firing at the fugitives after learning that Sally was one of them. Little indeed remains now to recall this story of the adventurous past except the chimney and walls of the cabin which still bear marks of the bullets fired at the frontier girl and her lover.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PROPER PLANTING IS OFTEN UNDERESTIMATED. YOU PLANT FOR THE FUTURE. THE CHOICE AND PLANTING OF A TREE IS AN INDEX OF CHARACTER AND IS AS TRULY INDIVIDUALISTIC AS THE BUILDING OF A HOUSE. THE MARCH "CRAFTSMAN," OUR GARDEN NUMBER, WILL BE FOUND A MOST VALUABLE HELP IN EFFECTIVE PLANTING.

A NEW FEATURE OF OUR SERVICE DEPARTMENT

OUR DEPARTMENT OF LANDSCAPE GARDENING WILL HELP YOU SOLVE YOUR OUTDOOR PROBLEMS

FROM the beginning, THE CRAFTSMAN has been dedicated to the ideal of a sane, simple and healthful manner of living. Craftsman furniture and Craftsman houses were designed with this in view. There remained, however, another step—the development of gardens and planting.

In connection with our Craftsman Service, therefore, a landscape department under the supervision of Gustav Stickley is now being established. Subscribers are invited to submit their problems for advice and assistance. Questions about planting, gardening, landscape work, the protection of wild flowers and the conservation of natural resources will be received with interest, answered promptly and with care.

Beginning with the March number, which will be our garden number, the first of a series of articles dealing with practical phases of landscape work will appear. Supplementing these will be the replies to subscribers who have sought assistance from this branch of Craftsman Service. The text will be fully illustrated with interesting pictures relative to the topics.

Advice from a trained landscape gardener, on the planning and care of gardens, parks and country estates, will thus be available for subscribers. Special articles will deal with the overcoming of engineering difficulties, water supply, color harmony, the proper way to lay out a landscape scheme, garden furniture, Japanese gardens and similiar topics. The instructions given will be explicit. Subscribers will be initiated into the craftsmanship of landscape gardening. Timely articles on pruning, spraying, bulb culture, wild flower naturalization, and the economical, intensive cultivation of small garden areas will also be part of the service.

Personal advice to inquirers on the topics of vegetable and fruit growing, and satisfactory sources of supply for seeds or nursery stock will be authoritatively and promptly given. Our aim is to cover the whole field of gardening and agricultural endeavor.

Another feature will be the publishing of pictures and descriptions of gardens built by CRAFTSMAN subscribers. We want you to send us photographs and descriptions of the results of your work, if you feel it has been particularly successful. Not only will such material be warmly welcomed, but we shall be glad to publish it for the benefit of other subscribers, with whom we know you will be anxious to share your knowledge.

This is to be, primarily, a department of real service to subscribers. So send along your questions. We want them at once. Now is the time to do constructive planning for the months of bloom.

We want you to feel free to write us upon any outdoor problem that perplexes you. Your questions will be answered by mail, without charge, unless the reply necessitates a drawing by the Landscape Department. In this case a moderate charge will be made, based upon the amount of work involved in drawing plans to scale, or constructing planting schedules to order. This charge may be ascertained in advance, and we will not proceed with any drawings unless we have written instructions to that effect from subscribers.

Otherwise the service is free. Any question about how to plant, where to plant, what to plant, will bring an immediate answer, at no cost to you, from a source of reliable information. We want you to take advantage of this service in time for your garden planning this year.

When you make inquiries, observe the following rules: Write plainly on one side of the paper only. Tell us briefly how we can help you. Write your name and address legibly on each question sheet. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the reply. We feel sure that the response will aid you.

If problems are found to be of sufficient interest to be valuable to a majority of subscribers, the answers to the questions will be published in the space devoted hereafter to the Craftsman Service—at the back of the magazine. This material will, in time, form the nucleus of an invaluable reference library for garden makers. Save your magazines.

Address your letters requesting information on garden problems to The Department of Landscape Gardening, THE CRAFTSMAN, 41 West Thirty-fourth street, New York.

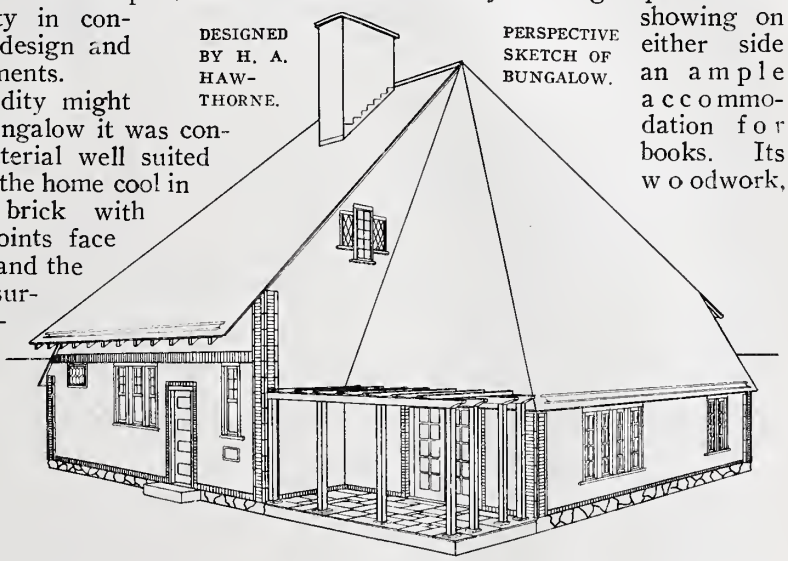
A BACHELOR'S BUNGALOW

IF there is a style of bungalow that demands absolute comfort, stability and freedom from non-essentials, it is likely to be that designed for a bachelor. Indeed, the very mention of a bachelor's home in the country conjures up thoughts of freedom, physical comfort and an absence of mundane care. The accompanying plan for such a house emphasizes the intention of solidity in construction, sensibility in design and convenience in arrangements.

That the idea of solidity might be carried out in this bungalow it was constructed of brick, a material well suited to endure and to render the home cool in summer. "Tapestry" brick with wide, rough-cut flush joints face its walls, giving variety and the charm of color to the surface. The same treatment is carried out in the interior of the living room and in the large, welcome-giving fireplace. Again the idea of stability and convenience is presented by the tile floors and walls of both kitchen and bathroom, extending in the former case to a height of 6 feet and in the latter to 4 feet. Here then is nothing in interior wall finish to fade, to wear out or which cannot readily be kept clean and sanitary.

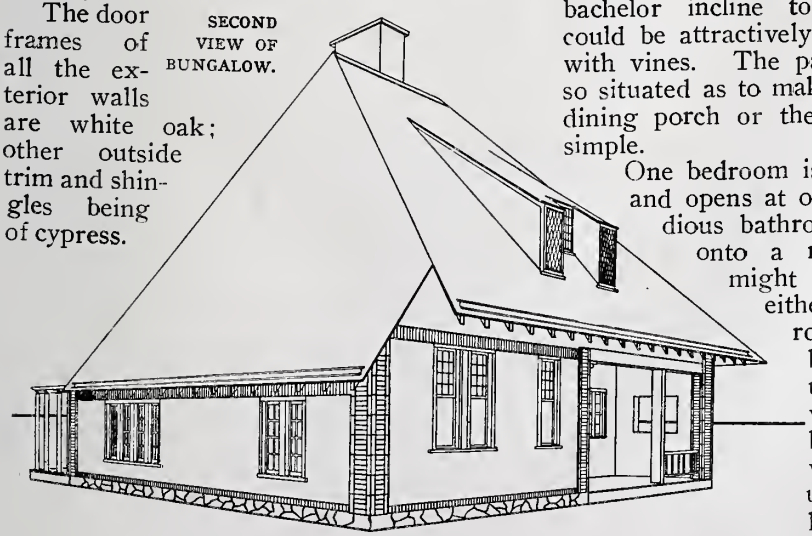
DESIGNED BY H. A. HAWTHORNE.

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH OF BUNGALOW.



The door frames of all the exterior walls are white oak; other outside trim and shingles being of cypress.

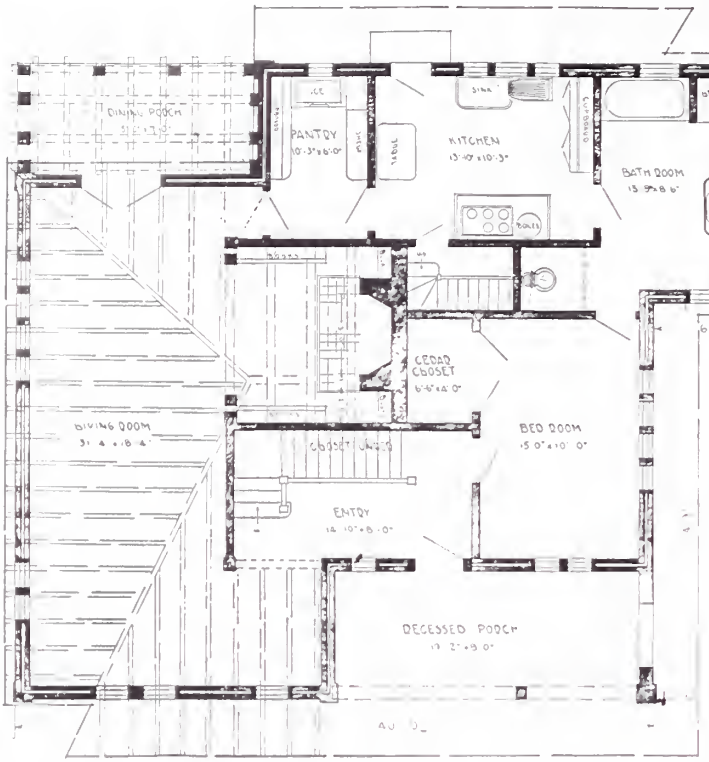
SECOND VIEW OF BUNGALOW.



Again the idea of stability is accentuated.

The plan of the house is found sensible in that it utilizes well every bit of valuable space, and in its apparent openness to the outer world. The large living room is open to the roof, affording a sense of space and freedom without which no home in the country lives up to its highest benefits. Moreover, this particular living room is made distinctive by its large open hearth, showing on either side an ample accommodation for books. Its woodwork, stained a walnut brown, harmonizes with the open-air impression of the house, blending well with the brighter colors of nature. The living room opens onto the dining-room porch, which is free to the sky and the sunlight. Should, however, the taste of the bachelor incline toward horticulture, it could be attractively covered, pergola-like, with vines. The pantry and kitchen are so situated as to make service to either the dining porch or the living room entirely simple.

One bedroom is on this ground floor and opens at one end into a commodious bathroom, and at the other onto a recessed porch which might serve delightfully for either an outdoor sleeping room or for an informal breakfast room. The upper half story provides two rooms and a bath, one of which would of necessity be used for a servant. A large cedar closet is in



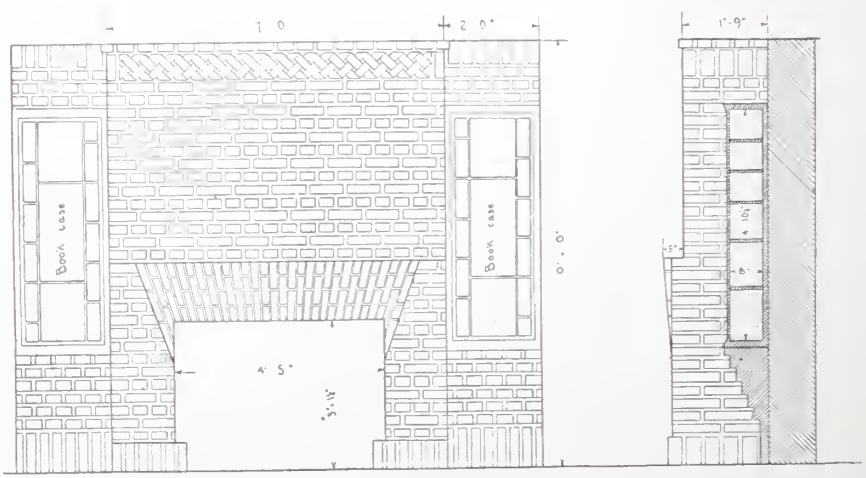
FLOOR PLAN OF BACHELOR'S BUNGALOW.

In this plan of a bachelor's bungalow, the call of the open air life is met. It gives no suggestion of restraint within walls except in places of necessity. Its atmosphere is one of simplicity and freedom. Just as it should be. The owner may have the scout's eye, but it is not for flecks of dust on the shelves or for tarnish on the silver. In his lair, he sees things of fuller meaning, and delights that there is nothing superfluous about.

Should he drop his pipe on the floor, its ashes burning a hole in the carpet, he barely notices the damage. Even it may be that he prefers to have no carpet; the floors are substantial—a rug here and there suits best his fancy. Holding this attitude, the entire furnishings of such a bungalow should be simple in the extreme, strong in outline. They should also be durable, since bachelors invariably expect full service from chairs, tables and other household objects. That furnishings are plain, however, does not in any sense mean that they are crude. They may be made harmonious with the scheme of the bungalow and pleasing as well to the eye. In fact a bachelor's bungalow gives him of all things needful, the opportunity to enjoy his own individuality.

the bedroom, and there is sensible accommodation for linen and household stores.

With the advent of cold weather, the bachelor owning such a home need not be driven cityward by an early cold snap or because the crows have flown over the cornfields with their farewell call. He may rest by his own fireside as late in the season as he chooses, since a Craftsman fireplace makes his home a real shelter from inclement weather. Here he can feel the cheer of warmth and home beside his welcome open fireplace throughout the autumn days. And he can equally well entertain friends over the holidays, knowing that the furnace is substantial and in order, and that it will keep his bungalow from feeling the nip of Jack Frost.



DETAIL OF CRAFTSMAN FIREPLACE IN LIVING ROOM.

THE CRAFTSMAN REAL-ESTATE AND HOME-FINDING SERVICE

A HOME-BUILDER'S service which is prepared to assist with every problem which confronts the home-builder must necessarily include aid in the selection of the home site. This is the first important point to settle. A multitude of questions enter into the choice of a suitable home site; transportation facilities, probable future value of the property, the price, the terms of sale, the income of the purchaser, and the size of the family for which he must provide; these and other factors demand the most earnest consideration.

In offering this service it is the purpose of THE CRAFTSMAN to provide a place where home-builders may turn to obtain absolutely unbiased and dependable information on real property of all sorts. We aim to make this service a clearing house of information for the home-site seeker. Here will be found complete information concerning realty developments, suburban, city, farm, and seashore properties. We will make special investigation to find out the actual facts regarding the real estate offered. This investigation will be as thorough as possible. It will include not only a complete description of the plot for sale, but of adjoining properties and general values in the neighborhood. Any restrictions will be definitely outlined. The natural features and possibilities will be ascertained so that the buyer will have before him a full and accurate knowledge of the conditions entering into the value of the land. The advantages of this service are: —that the information received by the subscriber will be absolutely unbiased. The usual realty broker often has "an axe to grind." He is not interested in calling to the attention of the buyer the negative features of the property in question, nor is he apt to consider whether the lot is one which the buyer can afford. His bread and butter depend upon the sale. He is apt to be a prejudiced witness. THE CRAFTSMAN service has no interest in one property more than in another. With our service the buyer's resources and ability to handle the property are as strong a factor in our recommendation as is the desirability of the land. The inquiry will be confidential. We will not turn over our subscriber to real-estate operators as a "lead," to be a prey to good salesmanship. The matter will be carefully gone over by our expert before any actual negotiations are opened and then only at the request of the buyer. We will have a large amount of information covering property in all sections. The man from the West may negotiate through us for a home in the East, or the Eastern man may, through us, invest in a Western home-site, orchard or farm. We will be as frank to advise against buying as to suggest a purchase, in case the detailed information, which we shall request from each subscriber availing himself of this service as well as from each property owner, shall warrant such a conclusion. In other words, this service is to assist our subscribers to secure the best site possible and the best bargain from their personal standpoint rather than sell them real estate.

This department has a double purpose: the first is to aid the home-seeker, as above described, and the second is to provide a place where desirable home-site property in all parts of the country may be listed. Subscribers with desirable tracts which they wish to dispose of, may list their property in this department. Our listings will include acreage, separate lots, farms, realty developments and all property of a similar nature. A card will bring full particulars.

In order to provide for our subscribers the most efficient help in this department, we have secured the services of a realty expert who is well equipped by years of experience to meet the peculiar requirements of this work.

At our Show Room at 41 West 34th street may be obtained full particulars regarding any parcels of property listed by us. All of our subscribers who are planning to build homes are cordially invited to make a personal visit to this department. Catalogues of building materials and articles of home equipment are available, and in many cases samples of the goods themselves are on display. A complete portfolio of Craftsman house plans may be inspected here, with estimated building costs and prices for complete plans with specifications. All our facilities for efficient service will be gladly explained. Address correspondence to The Craftsman Real-Estate and Home-Finding Service, 41 West 34th street, New York City.

RECREATION CENTERS IN CITIES

THE evening recreation centers in the public schools of Greater New York opened for the winter season October fifteenth, 1912, Dr. Edward W. Stitt, in charge of the work, hoping to make this a banner year in the social service activity.

A number of new recreation centers will be opened this season. In Manhattan there will be four new ones: one for men and boys at Public School 30, 230 East Eighty-eighth street, and three for women and girls at School 4, Rivington and Ridge streets, School 65, Eldridge and Forsyth streets, and School 104, Sixteenth street and First avenue. There will be a new one for women and girls in The Bronx at School 25, 149th street, Union and Tinton avenues, and two in Brooklyn for women and girls. The Brooklyn centers will be in School 42, St. Mark's and Classon avenues, and School 149, at Sutter avenue, Vermont and Wyona streets.

The evening recreation center activity in New York has advanced by leaps and bounds. Started only a few years ago, the Board of Education quickly saw the value of the centers. By making the evenings really attractive thousands of young persons are kept off the streets, a fact which is counted as one of the most important results. In many instances the teachers have found that the atmosphere of the centers worked wonders with unruly youngsters and older persons as well. The teachers are enthusiastic in the work and hope to see its scope increased.

Commissioner Louis Haupt, chairman of the school-board's committee on special schools, which supervises the recreation centers, pointed out that the opening of seven centers does not mean that the committee and Dr. Stitt have as much money as is needed to carry on this work. One or two of the new centers merely replace old ones, and in the case of the others it is possible to run them several nights a week only by decreasing the open nights of older centers. Dr. Haupt stated that if his committee receives the appropriation requested in the 1913 budget estimate this year the new centers will be used permanently and kept open every weekday night instead of the two nights with which they will make a modest though very important beginning this season.

Dr. Stitt is sanguine in his belief that this season the neighborhoods in which the fifty or more evening recreation centers are located will come into closer touch with them than ever before. To further this more intimate relationship, he has instructed the principal of each center to extend a hearty welcome to all visitors. He urges a publicity and advertising campaign so that people living nearby will become acquainted with the center. Another feature of the season's work will be the organization of senior clubs to attract the older residents. Dr. Stitt also advises the principals to seek the aid of clergymen, social workers and public officials. He also suggests their visiting the factories, department stores and offices and to seek coöperation there.

Each season the recreation centers have a quotation as a sort of beacon light to guide the teachers in their work. The text selected this year, written by the late Charles Sprague Smith, is as follows:

"The welfare of each is the welfare of all. When heart and intellect have accepted the doctrine of brotherhood, then and not till then effective work with the people can be done, and light will fall on every social problem."

The amusements at the recreation centers are varied. They include athletics such as basketball, races, etc., folk dancing for the girls and all manner of games such as chess and checkers. On Friday evenings mixed dancing classes are held in the girls' centers. Then there are the clubs. Every center has a number of literary, dramatic and athletic clubs. The organization of the clubs calls for small dues, usually 5 or 10 cents a week. In addition to these clubs many of the centers boast of singing societies for boys and girls.

Interest in the singing clubs is growing rapidly. Miss Anne Morgan presented a trophy for which the different vocal clubs contest during the year. Last season the prize was won by the center in Public School 42, Brooklyn.

THE MARCH GARDEN NUMBER OF "THE CRAFTSMAN" WILL BE OF UNUSUAL VALUE BECAUSE OF THE FRESH, PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FROM OUR NEW LANDSCAPE DEPARTMENT, AS WELL AS FROM NATURE LOVERS AMONG OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

ALS IK KAN

"STANDING UP TO BE COUNTED"

"THE time has come in this country," said President-elect Wilson in a recent speech, "when men have got to stand up and be counted and put their names down, on this side or on that." And he added: "I believe that when they do there is going to develop a wonderful enthusiasm for the right things." Glancing back over the history of 1912, not only in the United States but in the world at large, we find much to justify Mr. Wilson's confident and stimulating optimism. Behind the tumultuous and confused events of those twelve months we see the stirring of the great idea of democracy—the idea that would set men free to follow their best impulses.

The old cynical attitude of mind which honestly regarded the purification of politics as "an iridescent dream," and which dismissed most reform movements with the remark that it is "impossible to legislate humanity into heaven," is neither as common nor as confident now as it once was. It has been said that the difference between the statesman and the politician lies in the fact that the statesman keeps ever before him the shortness of human life and the momentous fact that the state must go on though men die. With the irresistible growth of the democratic spirit in the Old World as well as the New, the statesman is superseding the politician in public life. The world is striving toward a system of government which shall reveal man to himself, showing the strong what right is, and teaching the weak where strength lies.

Abroad the working of the leaven of democracy during the past year has produced epoch-making changes. Chief among these was the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty in China and the creation of a Chinese Republic—a change affecting directly some 400,000,000 persons—and the Balkan revolution, which destroyed the power of Turkey in Europe. In England certain experiments in social and industrial legislation—including the minimum wage and the employees' insurance laws—have been put into effect, and have given impetus and inspiration to industrial democracy in other lands. The universal spirit of unrest has worked everywhere toward the amelioration of conditions for the world's workers.

But if we wish to fortify our faith in democracy we do not need to look beyond the borders of the United States. Here, out of what seemed to many timid persons merely a seething of discontent and blind agitation, has been born a new party pledged to a definite progress of social justice and human betterment, while the old Democratic party has been returned to office under the leadership of a strong man who has dedicated himself uncompromisingly to the same general cause. As one observer puts it, "the unrest has become the dynamo which animates the great plan, and without which it would be nothing but a splendid theory." Out of our yeasty conflict of ideals we are developing an authoritative national conscience.

The extent of this unrest may be inferred from the increase of more than 100 per cent. in the Socialist vote and the support that more than 4,000,000 citizens gave to Colonel Roosevelt's candidacy on the new Progressive party's ticket. Probably never before were the fundamentals of democracy so closely studied and widely discussed as they were in 1912. As one historian of the year remarks: "Hardly a single phase of democracy has been left untouched by criticism; party platforms have taken the form of declarations of constitutional principles; radical changes in both the theory and practice of government have been demanded; and the year was rich in real progress along new and fruitful lines of political reform." Congress voted to submit to the States an amendment of the Constitution to provide for the direct election of Senators, and the Supreme Court handed down several decisions increasing the efficiency and scope of the Sherman Anti-trust Law.

Labor during the year gained many victories. Wage advances ranging from six to ten per cent. were granted to some 450,000 workers in the coal mines, and the Lawrence strike resulted in a ten per cent. increase in the wages of the textile workers of New England. The arbitrators of the dispute between the railroads and the locomotive engineers granted higher pay to the latter, and the United States Steel Corporation introduced several reforms affecting its employees. Turning to the legislative field, we find the gains of labor even more striking. Thus Congress passed an amendment extending the Eight-hour Law to include all work done for the Government by contract, and since the change went into effect a number of ship-building and other

plants employing thousands of men have been placed on an eight-hour basis. Other Federal laws passed during the year prohibited the use of the deadly yellow phosphorus in the manufacture of matches and provided for the creation of an industrial commission and a child-welfare bureau. The same tendency was reflected in State legislation. Thus of the fourteen States whose legislatures were in session eleven improved their child-labor laws.

And for the future we can ask no better omen than is afforded by some of the recent utterances of the man who on March 4th will become the nation's official spokesman. As Mr. Wilson says, "we have got to square the biggest things with the simplest standards of morality and obligation." He repeatedly emphasizes, not only as the ideal that his party must keep before its eyes, but as the lode-star of every citizen, the idea of service. Speaking in Staunton, Va., on his birthday, he had a sharp and memorable word of warning alike for the politicians and the business men who will not open their eyes to this ideal. We will close this brief backward and forward glance with that admonition:

"I could pick out some gentlemen not confined to one State, gentlemen likely to be associated with the Government of the United States, who have not yet had it dawn upon their intelligence what it is that the Government sets up to do. These men will have to be mastered in order that they shall be made the instruments of justice and of mercy.

"This is not a rosewater affair. This is an office in which a man must put on his war paint. Fortunately I am not of such a visage as to mind marring it, and I do not care whether the war paint is becoming or not.

"The one thing that the business men of the United States are now discovering, some of them for themselves, and some of them by suggestion, is that they are not going to be allowed to make any money except for quid pro quo, that they must render a service or get nothing, and that in the regulation of business the Government, that is to say, the moral judgment of the majority, must determine whether what they are doing is a service or not a service, and that everything in business and politics is going to be reduced to this standard. 'Are you giving anything to society when you want to take something out of society?' is the question to put to them."

AN AGRICULTURAL EXTENSION SCHOOL

THE Massachusetts Agricultural College is following out its policy started last year of holding a number of agricultural extension schools scattered throughout the State. The first school this year was held in Ashfield, the 2d to 6th of December, and was attended by a large number of the most progressive and practical farmers of that good farming district. The courses given were on soil fertility, dairying, fruit-growing and poultry for the men, with a homemakers' section for the women. The attendance was good from the start, but increased through the week until a number of about 100 was reached on the last day. The school for men was held in the basement of the town hall building, and the school for women was held in the basement of the Congregational church, which was provided with a stove, running water, cooking utensils, etc., and made a very acceptable place for holding this part of the work.

The work in which the most keen interest was taken in the men's school was that given in fruit-growing and in poultry; these two subjects being especially important in Ashfield and vicinity. The homemakers' course was equally successful, the good practical housekeepers of Ashfield attending regularly and allowing their own work to go undone in order that they might profit by the talks and discussions taking place in the homemakers' sessions. Because of chores and rush of work, together with long distances to drive, many men had to make considerable sacrifice to be present during the whole six hours of each session, some driving as far as 13 miles to attend. That all were well satisfied and highly pleased by the work of the week was evidenced by a unanimous vote of thanks accompanied by a rousing cheer which came at the close.

THE MARCH "CRAFTSMAN" WILL BE A GARDEN NUMBER FILLED WITH INTERESTING AND PRACTICAL HINTS FOR YOUR SPRING PLANTING. IT WILL BE A NUMBER OF UNUSUAL INSPIRATION TO LOVERS OF THE OUT-OF-DOORS.

BOOK REVIEWS

MRS. LANCELOT: BY MAURICE HEWLETT

IT is Mr. Hewlett himself who designates his latest book, Mrs. Lancelot, "a comedy of assumptions; a tragi-comedy." In this placing of his work he is to be agreed with. Its comedy is too unmirthful to be comedy; its tragedy too weak to bear the name; but through it all is woven the astounding assumption of the players.

In the cardinal assumption of Charles Lancelot, the lawful husband of the heroine, Mr. Hewlett finds the root-matter of the book, as he also does of its title, Mrs. Lanceleot. *Charles Lancelot,* who has no justification outside of the intense seriousness with which he takes himself, assumes that he has the ability to become a great man, one useful to his Kingdom. He further, "not being exempt from the ordinary needs of our nature, sought for himself a sharer in his high designs." "The book," Mr. Hewlett states, "is therefore an account of whom he got, of how he got her and of what he got."

For between three men was *Georgiana Lancelot,* a slip of a thing like a wand of some willowy tree, a woman with the beauty of the snowdrop, pale, thin and worn to the bone, destined to do her duty, to be kind, to heed her conscience and to listen to the beat of her own heart.

The men with whom she had to do, and to how great an extent, Mr. Hewlett relies much on the imagination of the reader, were first of all her husband, *Charles Lancelot,* the man of selfish assumptions; the *Duke of Devizes,* who became, through the non-resistance of *Charles,* her lover, since it was to the husband's advantage to secure the patronage of so great a man; and the interloper poet *Gervase Poore,* seeing God and all heaven in her eyes. Having both passion and romance he loved her wildly, putting in the end both her lawful husband and England's most powerful duke to rout.

The husband an icehouse, the duke a raging volcano, and triumphant over them the wild-eyed unconventional *Gervase Poore,* reading her as he did "from the without to the within."

This poet lover summarizes in his way the situation between the *Duke* and *Georgiana* with: "He knows the length of his tether; he gets his pleasure of her in the contemplation of her."

The *Duke* speaking to an intimate after the scene had been transplanted from England to Italy, concerning expressed alarm over *Georgiana's* apparent affair with the poet, said: "Don't you suppose that that pair is in Puy de Dôme with us? Not a bit of it. They are in the Elysian Fields, hand in hand, with the asphodel brushing their knees." Further the intimate asked: "What does *Mr. Lancelot* think about it?" "He doesn't think about it," the *Duke* answered, "and I'm not going to let him begin." These are about as frank expressions as Mr. Hewlett accords of the respective relations of *Georgiana* with her three men.

The setting of the story is mainly London in the days when Tom Moore was a well-known figure in society. Its climax is reached in Italy, where luminous skies, fecund heat and the spell of fragrant flowers so heighten the love motif that the shy *Georgiana* and her poet, scoffing at the mundane laws of man, hastened to a hillside cottage to dream and to love and to unfold their imprisoned souls. So ends the story.

In *Mrs. Lancelot,* as is his habit, Mr. Hewlet says abnormally clever things, and he repeats, never, however, until they entirely lose their flavor. The style of the writing is less strained, more simple than that of many of his other works; undeniably that of the master craftsman of his day. It shows the burning imagination, the ability to set a scene vitally on foot, that are among this author's unassailable gifts. The newness of field and thought usually associated with Mr. Hewlett seem to those who know him well to be somewhat lacking. In *Georgiana Lancelot,* demure, feeling herself a failure after her first party, we scent the aroma of *Sancha Percival.* But *Sancha* with her desire to give,—to give her all to a reprobate cause, was infinitely more of a creation than *Mrs. Lancelot,* for, while willing to absorb for her husband and herself a very great deal of worldly benefit from the *Duke,* she is somewhat conservative, at least so the reader is led to suppose, as to what she gave in return.

In the poet *Gervase Poore* the figure of *Jack Senhouse* is recalled, but not poignantly or to the advantage of the poet. *Senhouse* with his light, free step, his notions at variance with those of the world, comes

back to the memory lovingly, even powerfully, as the most living brain child of Mr. Hewlett. He and his *Sancha* will remain, while the passage of the poet *Gervase Poore* and *Mrs. Lancelot* will be rapid, eerie-like, not the vision the author claims for her. (Published by the Century Company, New York. 400 pages. Price $1.35 net.)

AMERICAN CITY GOVERNMENT: BY CHARLES A. BEARD

THE subtitle of Mr. Beard's book, "A Survey of Newer Tendencies," is perhaps its best explanation, since it deals less with politics and administration than with the present social and economical problems which must be met in the life of large cities. The book is particularly timely now when the interest in civic-improvement is widespread and when the American people are awakening to the importance of a better city government. Mr. Beard advocates "home rule" for each city as a protection against corrupt practices of the State Legislature, and also on account of the fact that each city knows best its own difficulties. The chapters that treat of the health of the people, their education and industrial training; municipal recreation and city planning as well as one entitled "Guarding the City against Crime and Vice," are perhaps the ones likely to be of the greatest general service. Those who know Mr. Beard's "American Government and Politics" will find in the present volume the same standard of conscientious workmanship, and a like just treatment of his subject. (Published by the Century Company, New York. Illustrated. 420 pages. Price $2.00 net.)

RUSSIAN WONDER TALES: BY POST WHEELER

A WHOLLY charming contribution to folk-lore is this English version of the Russian *skazki*, a subject little known to Americans. The author is the first, so far as is known, to consider the subject since Bain's Anglicized edition of Afonasief's tales, which appeared in Russian in 1874. Before that Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, published in 1873, was presumably the only presentation of Slavonic myths in English. Mr. Wheeler could scarcely have found a fresher field for his initial work.

Handed down for centuries from generation to generation, these "wonder tales" sprang from the nature-myths of a pagan people. Coming under the influence of the Christian faith, their old symbolism and primitive meaning gradually disappeared, until at length only incoherent fragments remained. These formed the nuclei for other lore developed by the changed conditions and life of the people. "So that the *skazki*," says Mr. Wheeler, "as they appear today, are less a cluster of individual tales than an elaborate mosaic, with whose fragments and color of incident the modern adapter produces variant and highly-tinted designs on the kaleidoscopic principle."

Differing in some respects from the folk-lore common to the Indo-European nations, these Russian tales possess all the magic, and employ all the artifices of the wonder-lands with which we are familiar. From the vast wealth of such lore throughout the Russias, Mr. Wheeler presents twelve tales as representative types, each being somewhat a composite, and he tells them to us in good Western folk-lore style.

The exquisite illustrations for this work merit special attention. They are reproductions in color from the drawings of the Russian artist, Bilibin, whose interpretation of the *skazki* through his brush "has made the old myths glow again." (Published by the Century Company, New York. Illustrated. 323 pages. Price $2.50 net.)

LITTLE BOOKS ABOUT OLD FURNITURE: BY A. E. REVEIRS-HOPKINS AND BY J. B. BLAKE

THE third and fourth volumes in the series of "Little Books about Old Furniture" trace the development of furniture from the time of Chippendale in the middle of the eighteenth century to the period of Hepplewaite, Sheraton and the Adams Brothers in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The books contain some interesting descriptions of the life and the people during the periods when this furniture was produced. They are of interest chiefly to the collector or to the purchaser of moderate means who wishes to acquire some knowledge of the "periods" before buying, and who does not wish to go deeply into the more academic questions set forth in less "popular" books on furniture. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. "The Period of Chippendale," by J. P. Blake. Illustrated.

111 pages. Price $1.00 net. "The Sheraton Period," by A. E. Reveirs-Hopkins. Illustrated. 135 pages. Price $1.00 net each.)

CHATS ON COTTAGE AND FARMHOUSE FURNITURE: BY ARTHUR HAYDEN

MR. HAYDEN'S chat books on old prints, old china and old furniture have served to many as an introduction to this latest volume in which fresh material on the already exploited subject of old English furniture is agreeably presented. In dealing with furniture used after the 15th century in cottages and farmhouses, "the most native furniture and the most typically racy of the soil," the book stands alone. "What earthenware is to porcelain," Mr. Hayden writes, "so cottage and farm-house furniture are to the elaborate styles made for the use of the richer classes." As, however, superlative specimens of old furniture have been absorbed by museums and private collectors, the attention of the popular mind has become turned to this class of furniture made by serious-minded craftsmen in special types entirely apart from those of the London cabinet-makers. Chests, gate-leg tables, dressers, bacon cupboards, Bible boxes, chairs, cradles and spinning-wheels belonging to various localities and dates are described, and attention is drawn to the desirability of preserving the cottage and farmhouse types in England, as is being done in Denmark and Sweden, where permanent record of country life is provided in groups of typical farmhouses completely furnished, under State supervision.

A chapter on Old English chintzes contributed by Hugh Phillips is of especial interest since it gives information never before in print accompanied by illustrations taken from authentic examples. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 350 pages. Fully illustrated. Price $2.00 net.)

CHATS ON JEWELRY AND TRINKETS: BY MACIVER PERCIVAL

THIS book, which is abundant in information, is written, as the author states, mainly for the benefit of minor collectors—those who desire the quest of trinkets and jewels as well as their possession. It urges, "since the love of jewelry is very deeply rooted in human nature" that no time be lost in securing from old family trinket boxes, from pawnbrokers and from provincial dealers the treasures which can now be had either for the asking or for a sum that will eventually be looked upon as a mere song.

In order to assist its readers to an appreciation of the work of earlier times a short historical sketch is given ending with the 17th Century. Later the work of the 18th and early 19th Centuries is taken up, while a miscellaneous section, treating of rings, brooches, buckles, precious stones and pearls, cameos and intaglios, paste and pinchbeck, enables the collector to find his specialty. The book points the way to the appreciation of jewelry and trinkets that are invaluable for the beauty and craftsmanship of their designs rather than for the intrinsic value of their stones. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 284 pages. Fully illustrated. Price $2.00 net.)

THEORY AND PRACTICE OF TEACHING ART: BY ARTHUR WESLEY DOW

MR. DOW has a new method of teaching art. He calls it the synthetic. It is a reaction against the old academic method of studying art by drawing or representation. The synthetic method stimulates the creative impulse by the study and production of harmony in design. To create a sympathetic appreciation of art in the public is of economic value for it saves a vast amount of labor in the production of useless and ugly things. This sympathetic appreciation in the public is the life-giving impulse in any art growth. Mr. Dow says: "Skill in drawing should be sought as a means of expression and not considered as an end in itself," for the purpose of art should be the development of power, not representation. The author shows how this can be done and the student's creative powers developed by simple lessons in construction, in appreciation of harmony, of line, tone and color. It is interesting when a reaction against the academic method of teaching art comes from one of our universities, and Mr. Dow is a professor in the Teachers' College of Columbia University. (Published by Teachers' College, Columbia University. Illustrated. 73 pages. Price $1.50. New and enlarged edition.)

NOTES OF INTEREST

THE IMPERSONAL NOTE IN THE AMERICAN HOME

WE have been very much interested in an interview published in a recent issue of *The Evening Sun* of New York, in which the point of view of an English decorator, Miss Patricia Irwin, is set forth somewhat at length. Miss Irwin feels about American interior fitting very much as THE CRAFTSMAN feels and has felt for years, namely that the American home is being ruined by thoughtless, impersonal interior decoration; that there is but little sincerity in the American home furnishing, that is, in the homes of the rich, that in the American home the period room is done to death. And she wonders why it is that Americans who cook so well and dress so well, fail so often in the fitting up of the interior of their homes.

Miss Irwin, who has made a name for herself in London as an interior decorator, has decorated the Scotland castle of Sir David and Lady Kinlock and many quaint country houses, is on her way to Montreal to do the offices of the Canadian Pacific in that place.

"I shouldn't like to be too personal in my comments on the homes of the New Yorkers to whom money is no object," Miss Irwin said, "but really the interior decorator, who is usually a man and has no more idea for self-expression in a private home than in a hotel, brings out such hideous results that one must really feel sorry for the owners.

"What do I want to discover first in a home?" repeated this critical English woman. "Why, what does any one expect to find first in a home? Comfort, to be sure. Why should the acquisition of riches shut off the best in the house where one lives? I have seen the most remarkable things in New York houses. Rugs on the tables! Rugs on the balustrade! Rugs on the walls! Pictures over the mantel mirror! Price marks on hangings! Atrocious!"

Miss Irwin feels that things in a home should express the character of the one who lives in it. That the furnishings should develop harmony. That there should be color effects that are harmonious. That the deadly custom of making Louis XV. and Louis XVI. rooms is enough to destroy the spirit of the home to begin with. She declared that the finest quality in a home should be sincerity, and not being better than some one else's home.

"You Americans are a hundred years ahead of London," said this discerning woman, "when it comes to sanitation. We engage your American architects in our public buildings, but not yet in our private houses. That is an innovation which still awaits the Englishman who is building a fine new home. Your plans for heating and for ventilation and for plumbing are far, far ahead of London. But our art all has a meaning. It is like our religion, purely an individual affair. But Americans think that if they bring our antiques over here from Europe they have something worth while. The antiques are of value in their own settings, not when transplanted."

Miss Irwin said any discerning person can tell the instant he enters a house whether the people who live in it are intelligent enough to spend their own money or whether they have hired some one to spend it for them. She said something about it being a pity that any one should have more money than he could live up to in every direction.

"I met a woman of great opulence not long ago who told me," confessed this English decorator, "that she had never read many books on account of her mother's never having encouraged her to read when she was a little girl. 'But now,' she ventured naively, 'that I have a home of my own and have plenty of time and money I have ordered a whole roomful of books, and I am determined to read. I have begun to read in the upper left-hand corner of the top shelf in the library, and I have already got through several volumes.'"

Miss Irwin thought American women in New York live too much to impress other people and for public opinion. "Why, in London," she said, "we think the greatest compliment we can pay an honored guest is to give a dinner in our own homes, but here women go out to restaurants. Homes sometimes seem places to go to when there is nothing else doing. The highest culture is kindness and sincerity," she commented, "and surely nothing could be better to bring out in a home than that."

She thought women as decorators were doing far better work than the professional

shops where men presided, "for a woman is temperamental and more penetrating, and if a home is not to be too ornate she will express the lives of the ones who live in it, even to the extent of giving them something to live up to." However, she admitted that our windows are faultless, but then windows are for display anyway, and so windows do not stand for sincerity.

AN EXHIBITION OF VITAL SIGNIFICANCE

THE International Exhibition of Modern Art organized by the Association of American Painters and Sculptors will have its official opening on February 15th, 1913, and will continue day and evening until March 15th. At least 2,000 American and foreign works of art will be on view, and these latter will be representative of all the various phases of what is known as the Modern Movement in Europe, and of course especially in France. The list of painters and sculptors to most of whom America is to be introduced for the first time, begins with Ingres, and ends with the Italian Futurists.

The exhibition is to be held in the Armory of the 69th Regiment. The drill floor will be divided into 27 temporary rooms, including three center halls in which sculpture will be exhibited. So rich will the exhibition be in examples of the works of Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Matisse, and Redon, that a separate room will be given to each of these painters. The committee on the catalogue of the Association proposes to bring out special pamphlets on or by Gauguin, Van Gogh, Cézanne, Redon and others.

Mr. Arthur B. Davies, the President of the Association of American Painters and Sculptors, has given out the following statement of interest:

"On behalf of the Executive Committee, I desire to explain the general attitude of the Association and especially in regard to the International Exhibition to be held in this city in February and March.

"This is not an institution but an association. It is composed of persons of varying tastes and predilections, who are agreed on one thing, that the time has arrived for giving the public here the opportunity to see for themselves the results of new influences at work in other countries in an art way.

"In getting together the works of the European Moderns, the Society has embarked on no propaganda. It proposes to enter into no controversy with any institution. Its sole object is to put the paintings, sculptures, and so on, on exhibition so that the intelligent may judge for themselves, by themselves."

NEIGHBORHOOD UPLIFT

THERE are many societies on Long Island whose prime object is the improvement of the home town, and the very best results to be obtained are by means of contests among the neighbors, especially the younger folks. This has been thoroughly proven in many sections of the Island, particularly at Huntington, Locust Valley and in the Oyster Bay Village Horticultural Society. Prizes are given for the best flower gardens as well as the best vegetable gardens and are in two classes,—for those under eleven years of age and for those over that age. Even those who have no ground they can call their own have a window-box class open to them. Besides these garden prizes, the best kept home yard and flower garden in School District No. 10 receives a good, liberal prize, added to the honor of keeping the home plot a source of beauty and a joy forever. Seeds and perennial plants are distributed free. Vegetable plants and flower seedlings are sold at "penny prices" early in the planting season. The prizes are awarded after Labor Day on the opening day of school. The prize given adults for the best kept home grounds will undoubtedly do as much for the Cove as did the prizes awarded by the Coldspring folks, and Huntington. It changed both of these little towns in a miraculously short time from villages distinctly in the gone-to-seed class to villages showing marked self-respect and remarkable prosperity, and precisely the same results have been achieved at the Cove, for neighbors are affected by each others' doings far more than human nature will admit.

(From the *Long Island Agronomist.*)

OVERHEATED SCHOOLROOMS

THE doctrine of the abundance of fresh air as the best health producer for school-boys and -girls was preached at the Marion county teachers' institute in Indianapolis, Ind., a few weeks ago. "Seventy-five per cent. of America's city schools are improperly heated and ventilated," said

Charles H. Keyes. "The worst of the majority of the modern heating apparatuses which we find installed in many of our city schools and large office buildings is that they do not ventilate. It is not for the factory, shop and department-store girls, in behalf of whom we see so much written in the daily papers and magazines, that I am apprehensive, so much as it is our schoolteachers, who are forced to live nine months of the year in the infamous atmosphere of the modern schoolroom. The little girls and boys in the mills of New England are better off than the 30 or 40 children crowded into a schoolroom at a constant temperature of from 73 to 80 degrees, where instead of becoming so many bits of human life and energy, they generate into 30 or 40 carbonic acid mills. Theaters, schools, churches, public halls and buildings, and the majority of homes are heated seven or eight degrees higher than they should be. The United States is far behind several of the European countries in the treatment of heat and ventilation. England's schoolhouses are heated to 68 degrees, Germany's to 66, the schools of Wales to 65 and those of Scotland to 64, while we here in America heat ours to the ridiculous height of from 70 to 80 degrees."

A HOME SITE AS AN INVESTMENT

The columns of financial journals are filled with the advertisements of investment experts. People living at a distance from financial centers, whose time is devoted to local affairs and who have meager facilities for acquainting themselves with the different features entering into sound investment are the legitimate patrons of these financial houses. Those who invest on the strength of statements made in some beautifully printed and cleverly written prospectus issued in behalf of some speculative venture, stand more than an even chance of loss. The columns of the daily papers are filled with accounts of clever manipulation —showing how perfectly feasible it is to foist worthless script upon the investing public. Men of genius and brains can be hired, whose false word-pictures will produce infinitely more gold than the so-called "Mines" they promote; so that clearly the function of the investment expert is real, legitimate, and necessary.

The huge fortunes of today are the result of private control of vast natural resources, the treasures of a new country. Iron, oil, timber, coal in private hands have produced the money kings of today. In the future this will happen less and less. This is true because the natural resources of the country are becoming quite thoroughly developed, and because the Government will probably maintain its attitude of opposition toward private monopoly of public necessities. For these reasons future investment will become more and more conservative and naturally turn to land.

Just as in the financial world, the expert is able to guard the investor from watered stock and nebulous securities because with his experience he can relate in proper proportion the mass of data which denotes the condition of a great corporation, so in the real-estate field perhaps to an almost equal degree, an investor is able to eliminate a great part of the risk by securing an authoritative opinion on the probabilities of value before parting with his money.

A realty expert should have the experience of years, should be familiar with the problems of transportation, climate, fertility, trend of population and other elements which give value almost with the accuracy of the multiplication table.

A great many real-estate propositions cannot be regarded in the light of investment. All sorts of property from "beaver meadows" to sand dunes are obtainable in the real-estate market of today under the guise of "Home Sites." In saying this we must not be understood as making a sweeping condemnation of real-estate developments or real-estate securities. We are simply emphasizing the importance of experienced, disinterested expert opinion in real-estate investment which will separate, for the buyer, the wheat from the chaff, and enable him to place his money not on the strength of some freakish argument or empty claim of impending boom, but solely on the strength of actual present value and probability of future value rather than mere possibility, and this is the place which THE CRAFTSMAN intends to fill by the Real-Estate department announced in this number.

A BERMUDA GARDEN OF VIVID
BEAUTY AND FRIENDLY PEACE.

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COÖPERATION IN DENMARK: EDUCATING THE FARMERS TO RULE THE NATION: BY JACOB RIIS

N one of my visits to my old home in Denmark I became interested in the religious awakening which since my childhood had divided that country into two camps, popularly known as the "Happy Christians" and the "Hell Preachers." One day I happened to comment to a neighboring farmer upon the fact that among a people famous for making the best butter in the world I had only an indifferent article on my bread for breakfast. "Ah," said he, "you get it at the wrong place. If you would have good butter, you must go to the Happy Christians; they make the best." Now, this farmer, as far as I could discover was neither of one camp nor the other. His horizon was just butter. He merely stated a fact of his own observation. He was himself, industrially, the product of a movement as remarkable as that which had engrossed my attention, and quite unconsciously he connected the two. He knew the fact, that was all. Yet the connection between the intellectual and moral arousing of the Danish nation, and its evolution from dull poverty into thrift and unexampled prosperity, is singularly direct and convincing. The connecting link is the system of popular high schools which the Encyclopedia of Education in a recent volume characterizes as a "distinctive contribution to educational methods." It is that beyond all doubt.

The father of these schools was a clergyman of fiery convictions and commanding personality, born to indignant protest in the years of callous rationalism that followed in Europe upon the Napoleonic wars. His very first sermon, preached from the text: "Why has the spirit of the Lord forsaken His house," though he mentioned no names, caused six parsons with fat livings in the city of Copenhagen to complain to the Government. His next collision with the established ways brought him a fine for libel and placed him under police censorship for ten years, a streak of good luck as it proved, for in disgust he forsook the pulpit and took up the pen that was to bring him renown as the foremost historian, poet and educational leader of his day and country. A new note came into the Danish hymn-book and

into the people's songs, a fresh free wind blew through the musty halls of Danish theology. Restored in the end to the pulpit, he lived to see the old fetters burst, a free kirk established within the national confession and himself crowned by a grateful Government with high honors as titular bishop. "The stone which the builders refused has become the head stone of the corner."

But office and honors were of small moment to Nikolaj Frederik Severin Grundtvig. Prophet that he was, he had set out to arouse his people, nationally and spiritually, and the way of doing that he conceived to be a school, or a system of schools, for young men and women in the vital years between eighteen and twenty-five, where they might find themselves and their country, learn to know and to love it and its mother tongue, learn, too, to love their work, whatever that might be, through "the living word." Books were dead things, after all, and he cast them aside and sought for men to help him, men who could help their pupils to think in an orderly way and to speak their thoughts clearly, *teachers who loved and could sing the people's songs*, and could put before them the history of their country so that it lived in their hearts. The demand for a free constitution was stirring in Denmark. He left that to others; of what use was freedom, he asked, without a people fit to appreciate it and the science and the learning which the State had fostered? Instead of a blessing, it might easily become a curse to the land. It is not the first time song has helped a nation to freedom.

In his search he came across one who like himself had been rejected by priest and dean. Kristen Kold was the son of a shoemaker, by nature so clumsy that he could not learn his father's trade, so, he used to say, he was left to become a schoolmaster. But though he could neither cobble nor learn the musket drill as a recruit, his soul was afire with an ideal, and by its torch he could kindle the souls of other men. He had been driven into exile when he refused to teach the children the long answers in the catechism which the official censor required; that they knew it all by heart was nothing to him: they must be able to repeat them like so many parrots, cry they ever so hard over it. Kold refused to take that view of it and left. To Smyrna he went with a missionary, but he had hearkened to Grundtvig's call to service and he came back, trundling his poor belongings on a wheelbarrow all the way from Trieste to Denmark. And when the two men met, the victory was as good as won. They were joined soon after by a third, Ludwig Schroeder, who gave direction to the movement and was for a generation the leader of the most important of the schools that were launched in the forties of the last century, schools that have made the Danish farmers of today.

WHERE THE FARMERS ARE THE RULERS

TODAY there are eighty or more of the people's high schools in Denmark, and more are being added as chance offers. Only the other day I received the provisional budget of one just organized. They are not state schools, though they receive state grants in our day. Sometimes an individual starts one, and again it may be a stock company. The purpose, however, is never to make money, but to *make men.* It was estimated not long since that twenty per cent. of the whole farming population in Denmark between twenty and fifty years of age had passed through these schools; for though they were not intended to be class schools, but for general civic development, the cities have contributed but a small quota of their pupils. It was Grundtvig's belief that while in the plastic years of youth history and religion are the studies that above all others fill the mind with new and inspiring ideals, the practical side of the man must not be neglected. He should have such special training as would help him to improve his living conditions, and as farming is the ordinary pursuit of the Dane, it fell out naturally that the instruction took this turn, and that by degrees there grew up besides the high schools a system of agricultural schools which, though distinct, have gone hand in hand with them since. Of both, the Christian faith and the national life form the basis.

A session of one of the high schools leaves no doubt of the awakening in the visitor's mind. Always the teacher's personality is in evidence, and the development of character in the individual as the one end in view. Practically all the teachings are by word of mouth, by lectures and talks with the students through which it is made clear that they have understood the lesson. Other examinations there are not, either at the beginning or at the end of the course. All that is merely mechanical is banished. The lecturer uses no manuscript; unless he can catch and hold the undivided attention of his class by addressing them directly, he is not the man for the place. The students take no notes, and text books are very few and brief. By contrast, the school song-book bulges; half of the songs in it have to do with Danish history. Every "talk" begins with a song and ends with one. And these young people can sing. Denmark had forgotten her songs when Grundtvig tuned his lyre and awoke the echoes of the heroic past; but today one hears the old folk-songs in field and highway.

Danish history and the mother tongue come first on the list of subjects taught, with Bible history. The day begins with prayers and runs on through busy hours with visions of world history, mythology, chemistry and physics. Mathematics come in for their full share, geology, English and German, too. The day is broken, now and then, for brief rests and an hour in the "gym." Sundown sees the school

assemble for the last talk of the day, usually on some present-day topic of wide historic interest. No time is wasted, for the season is short: five months in winter for the men, three in the summer for the women, when the men are needed in the field. The students live in dormitories, the girls with their teachers, as plainly as if they were in their own homes. The fees are so low that poverty prevents few from attending, and for these the Government provides, if necessary. The entire cost of tuition, board and all for the long term of five months is one hundred and sixty two kroner, about forty-four dollars.

OF all the high schools the one at Askov is both the oldest and the most famous as interpreting the new national life of Denmark. It was started in eighteen hundred and forty-four at Roedding in Slesvig, the province which the Germans took after the disastrous war of eighteen hundred and sixty-four. It was then no longer wanted there and moved across the border, at this point a narrow river, taking its traditions and its teachers with it. A second year's course for men and women has been established since, and Askov has become a sort of extension school in the system, the alma mater of all the rest. Its students from north of the frontier number two or three hundred in winter. On fine Sundays their brethren beyond the river who cling to their fatherland with the unconquerable loyalty of their race, row across and join in singing the old songs that are forbidden where the line is picketed by German bayonets, and when they go back their hosts follow them to the shore beneath the folds of old Dannebrog, the flag of their fathers and of their love.

Probably quite ten thousand youths and maidens attended the people's high schools last year—not a very large number as we reckon things in America, but in Denmark it is more than one in three hundred of the population. Their effect upon Danish life in half a century has been extraordinary. They have borne a strong hand in the religious awakening that has adopted the name of their founder. The Grundtvigians are the Happy Christians of my friend, the butter maker. Their very opponents, the Hell Preachers, largely miscalled, being in fact the Puritans of Denmark, owe to these schools in no small measure, through the arousing of the people, the success of their propaganda. There are still those—we would call them stand-patters—who do not approve of what they are pleased to call their erratic ways. While allowing the state grants, they yearn aloud in parliament for something "less fantastic, more reasonable and every day," and happily they yearn in vain. The answer was given in debate over the grants a few years ago: "no use feeding the birds, if at the same time you tie them up with a string."

So they go free upon their mission of teaching the lesson that just to be useful brings happiness, and through their teaching the Danish nation has become the most content in all Europe. Danish culture is a part of the very life of the people. It is not a polish, but inherent in the thought of every one who speaks the Danish tongue. Norway, Sweden and Finland have copied the people's high schools, and they have been transplanted to the British Isles and to some of our Western States where there are many immigrants from Denmark. They have thriven, but never quite as in the old land, out of the soil of which they grew in its hour of need. "They have fostered there," wrote an English critic not long ago, "love of country and a thirst for knowledge; they have given to industry a marvelous ingenuity and success and made life in many simple homes fuller of nobler interests and of higher cares."

THAT brings us back to the butter which we have still to account for; for butter to Denmark spells prosperity. Prior to eighteen hundred and eighty the Danish husbandman by haphazard farming made an indifferent quality of this staple and sold it for what he could get, which was not much. In that year he changed to coöperative methods, first in dairying, then in the making of bacon and the raising of poultry and eggs. Today Denmark ships to England much more than half a million dollars worth of butter a week at twice the old price, for it is the best butter in the world. Her slaughter houses handle twelve or thirteen hundred thousand hogs bred on home soil, and the value of the egg export is seven millions a year and over. More than that, the Danish farmer has met and beaten the trusts that would rob him of his profits in the London markets. He maintains now his own selling agencies, sends his wares across the North Sea in his own ships, and buys his supplies direct from the manufacturer at first price. He has eliminated every profit of the jobber, and the jobber himself, by the simple formula of coöperation, and has become the most prosperous agriculturist on record. He owns his own farm, borrows the money he needs on his own terms, runs his own country—about one-third of the men who sit in the Rigsdag, the Danish parliament, are farmers—and has earned the reputation of being the best farmer in the world.

The immediate cause of this extraordinary change must be sought in the epoch-making experiments and discoveries made by another farmer's son and teacher at the Agricultural Experiment Station in Copenhagen, Niels Johannes Fjord. But nothing is more certain than that the Danish farmer never could have followed him as he did if it had not been for the training of the people's high schools. It was

found in fact, that ninety per cent. of the managers of the coöperative enterprises had come by this door. One of the speakers at the Agricultural Congress of eighteen hundred and ninety-seven in Stockholm put it in these words: "Just as an enrichment of the soil gives the best conditions for the seed sown in it, so a well-grounded humanistic training provides the surest basis for business capacity, and not the least so in the case of the farmer."

I sometimes wonder, when I think of it all, what the six angry parsons and the police censor would say, could they be heard on the subject now.

THE HOUSE OF GHOSTS

THE House of Ghosts was bright within, aglow and warm and gay,
A house my own once loved me in, that is not there by day:

My hound lay drowsing by the door: from sunken graves returned
My folk that I was lonely for sat where the hearth-fire burned.

There was no lightest echo lost when I undid the door:
There was no shadow where I crossed the well-remembered floor.

I bent to whisper to my hound (so long he had been dead!)
He slept no lighter nor more sound: he did not raise his head.

I brushed my father as I came; he did not move or see—
I cried upon my mother's name; she did not look at me.

Their faces in the firelight bent; they smiled in speaking slow
Of some old gracious merriment forgotten years ago.

I was so changed since they had died! How could they know or guess
A voice that plead for love, and cried on grief and loneliness?

Fast from the House of Ghosts I fled, lest I should turn and see
The child I had been lift its head, and stare aghast at me!

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

CAPTURING WILD FLOWERS FOR THE HOME GARDEN

GARDEN is not such a formal affair as it seems to the lay mind and it need not be a great expense. Indeed, the chief joy of a garden is to make it oneself accepting a little outside help. An expert gardener is not necessary. Naturally a few loads of good soil and a handy man to do a little spading are essential when the garden is started. Later there is nothing more fascinating than to plant and to cultivate the garden oneself. When we make our own garden from the native flowers that grow in the fields, the woods and swamps, we are often amazed, enchanted to see the deliberate way in which they accommodate themselves to their changed conditions. We doubt not that they have wisdom.

A formal garden made of highly cultivated flowers has of a truth its place in certain environments; but it is not as close to nature as the more naturalistic gardens made of simple wild flowers. We must look long at the delicate beauty of these simpler plants, neither as striking nor as obvious as the more ornate garden flowers, before we learn to love them. Their beauty is purer, more exquisite, closer to the heart that beats at the center of life. A garden of wild flowers is practical if one has small grounds and a little shade to screen them from the too ardent rays of the summer sun; while for larger grounds especially if there be a bit of underbrush or wooded space, nothing is more appropriate than to plant wild flowers in clusters around trees, along fences or in the borders of walks and drives.

Such naturalistic gardening is seen at several places along the Hudson River, on Long Island and somewhat frequently in the New England states. It is being done successfully in the Zoological Park in the Bronx. Mr. Hermann W. Merkel, chief forester and constructor, has attained some remarkable results in beautifying this park. When first taken over by the city the park was almost denuded of wild plants since they had been picked and uprooted by irresponsible visitors. Now the unsightly buildings lying adjacent to the park are blocked out by a background of tall evergreens bordered in front by low shrubs of huckleberry, arrowwood and black haw which bear bright berries far into the autumn, attracting as well numerous birds since they serve as a safe nesting place for them in the spring. What can be accomplished by judicious naturalistic planting is effectively shown in Baird Court where the wild character of the park has been preserved by a profusion of native shrubs and flowers—rhododendrons and various species of iris followed later by lilies blooming far into the summer. The ornamental planting of the Zoological Park has been entirely along naturalistic lines, indigenous plants such as

azaleas, rhodoras, mountain-laurels, wake-robins, violets, anemones, ferns and wood asters with other varieties being used to great advantage. In spots, the results have been strikingly picturesque.

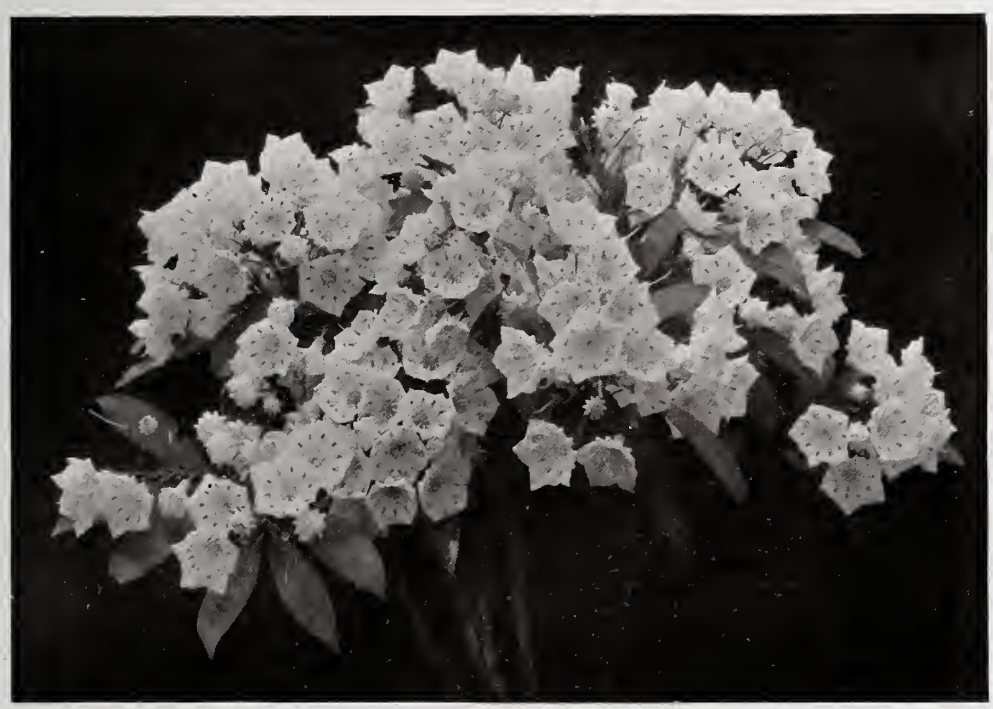
This is the end toward which we should plan—to adapt the wild flowers to our own particular garden spaces and to plant them so that they will be in harmony with the new environment. Wild flowers invariably need coaxing and careful tending for some time after transplanting; the reason being that their fibrous roots are not as well developed as plants that have benefited by frequent transplanting in the nursery. To obtain the best results for a wild-flower garden one should begin in the early spring, when the flowers are in bloom, to choose the plants for the next autumn. The following directions are given by Mr. Merkel, whose work has been eminently successful in the Zoological Park:

"IN transplanting and caring for wild flowers, no royal road to success exists on account of the great diversity of habits of the root system, etc., as each variety demands its special treatment. The greatest number of wild flowers belong to the class called herbaceous perennials, plants that have a deciduous top, but a persistent rootstock, which sends out a new top every spring. Among these are adder's-tongue, or dog-tooth violet, spring beauty, hepatica, spigelia, the violets, millfoil, snakeroot, the lilies, asters, columbines and others. These should all be transplanted when dormant, and it is best to mark the plants while they are in flower, as otherwise it is hard to locate them at the proper time.

"In digging, great care must be taken not to injure the rootstocks or bulbs, many of which are sunk deeply in the ground. Always be on the safe side and take too much earth or sod rather than too little, and some of the flowers, especially those that bloom very early in spring, must be transplanted in the autumn.

"The deciduous ferns, such as the royal fern, and the cinnamon fern, do not present much difficulty, if only the entire hummock of dead and live roots is chopped out and not allowed to become too dry, but the evergreen ferns must be handled with care, and it is best to cut off the old leaves and to cover the plants loosely with litter.

"The trailing arbutus is one of the proudest possessions of the amateur gardener, because of the difficulty of transplanting it. This is best done in very early spring, and great care must be taken to trace down its original root and leave it entirely uninjured, something which can be done only in soil that will hang together, and is free from stones. If you do happen to break the ball of earth, do not bother to take the plant home; it is sure to die.



ROSE BAY OR AMERICAN RHODODENDRON (*Rhododendron Catawbiense*): A MOUNTAIN WILD FLOWER THAT WILL FLOURISH ON A DOMESTIC HILLSIDE.

MOUNTAIN-LAUREL (*Kalmia latifolia*): POSSIBLE TO DOMESTICATE.

SOAPWORT: A WILD FLOWER THAT WILL GROW IN A WOODSY CORNER OF A GARDEN.

NATIVE BLUE FLAG OF THE SWAMPS. CAN BE TRANSPLANTED TO MOIST LOW GARDEN SPOTS.

By the courtesy of the Zoological Society Bulletin.

TWO SPOTS IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS OF NEW YORK WHERE WILD FLOWERS NATIVE TO GERMANY AND AMERICA HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFULLY DOMESTICATED.

WILD OR ROCK PINK FORMS ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST SPOTS OF COLOR IN THE WOODS WHEN LEAVES ARE UNFOLDING AND GROWTH ALL ABOUT IS SPROUTING; IT GROWS WHERE ROCKS GROUP THEMSELVES IRREGULARLY AND WHERE THE SURROUNDING VERDURE IS DENSE; ABOUT ITS STEMS AND LEAVES THERE IS A STICKY, ROUGH FEELING,—A MEANS OF TRAPPING INSECTS THAT WOULD MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE FLOWER.

ADDER'S-TONGUE, THE EERIE LITTLE INHABITANT OF MOIST PLACES IN THE WOODS, WHICH THOREAU WISHED TO CALL FAUN LILY, ITS LEAVES BEING SHAPED LIKE THOSE OF A FAUN AND SPOTTED DELICATELY WITH BROWN; ITS PERIOD OF BLOOM IS SHORT, MERELY THAT OF THE FIRST UNCERTAIN DAYS OF SPRING. FLOWER GATHERERS SHOULD PASS IT BY, AS ONCE PICKED THE BLOOM CLOSES INSTANTLY.

THE SPRING BEAUTY AS IT FORMS A CARPET OF STAR-SHAPED BLOSSOMS VEINED WITH DELICATE LINES OF ROSE PINK. IN THE INTERIOR OF THE WOODS IT IS FOUND, SPREADS ALSO TO THEIR EDGES, AND STRETCHES OUT SOMETIMES UNTIL IT REACHES THE ROADSIDE BANKS. A FLOWER USELESS TO GATHER AS IT DROOPS ITS HEAD, WILTING QUICKLY.

FOUR-LEAVED OR SILKY MILKWEED, THE FIRST OF A GREAT FAMILY TO SHOW ITSELF IN THE WOODS. SELDOM IS IT FOUND IN COLONIES OF ANY EXTENT.

DOGWOOD BLOSSOMS THAT BEDECK THE MAY WOODS AS IF FOR A FESTIVAL; THE PITY BEING THAT FROM OVER-PICKING IT IS SPEEDILY VANISHING.

BLOODROOT, A PRACTICAL WILD FLOWER TO BRING INTO THE GARDEN BORDER, SINCE AFTER ITS EVANESCENT FLOWERS HAVE PASSED ITS LEAVES MAKE STRONG CLUMPS OF GREEN, DOING SERVICE AS GROUND COVERS.

DUTCHMAN'S BREECHES, KNOWN TO EVERY CHILD WHO GATHERS HYPATICAS, VIOLETS AND ANEMONES IN THE WOODS OF EARLY SPRING.

BLAZING STAR, A STRIKINGLY BEAUTIFUL WILD FLOWER OF SOUTHERN RANGE WHICH GROWS OVER AND COVERS SANDY WASTES.

MILKWEED PODS LETTING FREE THEIR WINGED SEEDS THAT THEY MAY FLY ON THE WIND TO DISTANT PLACES.

BUTTONBALL BUSH, A FOLLOWER OF STREAMS, A DWELLER OF LOW MOIST MEADOWS, A COMPANION IN THE WILD OF THE CARDINAL FLOWER.

PHLOX, THAT THROUGH HYBRIDIZATION HAS BECOME THE HIGH COLOR NOTE AND THE INSPIRATION OF MANY GARDENS.

"Shrubs like azaleas, rhododendrons, viburnums and cornels, are comparatively easy to collect, as any injury to the roots can always be compensated for by reducing the tops. The holly needs the greatest care of all. Not only must the roots remain intact, and be kept moist, but it is in addition necessary to snip off all of the leaves before transplanting. Yet that it can be transplanted successfully by the amateur, is proven by a beautiful holly hedge in the Vermont garden of a well-known New York architect.

"Another plant that has long eluded the gardener is the fringed gentian, the most beautiful blue wild flower we have. This plant has lately been discovered to be a biennial, that is a plant that flowers the second year of its life, then dies.

"To transplant a plant that has flowered is useless. The fringed gentian should be raised from seed, or only young plants collected that will bloom the following year."

Most of the mentioned plants can now be had in our great nurseries. In fact in Massachusetts there is a nursery that specializes entirely in wild flowers.

To place advantageously the plants chosen for a wild garden one should plan beforehand where each one is to be set. To do this one should have some knowledge of their habits; the kind of soil; the amount of shade and moisture each one likes best. Attaining this knowledge is where the pleasure of experimenting with wild flowers is to be found.

John Fiske truly says: "I often think when working over my plants of what Linnæs once said of the unfolding of a blossom: 'I saw God in His glory passing near me, and bowed my head in worship.'" The scientific aspect of the same thought has been put into words by Tennyson:—

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here root and all in my hand
Little flower,—but if I could understand
What you are root and all and all in all
I should know what God and man is."

No deeper thought was ever uttered by poet. For in this world of plants which, with its magician chlorophyll conjuring with sunbeams, is ceaselessly at work bringing life out of death,—in this quiet, vegetable world we may find the elementary principles of cell life in almost visible operation. So clean and forceful in action are these cells of a strong plant, so persistent their determination to work steadily for its benefit that they present in truth one of the object lessons of the plant world.

ONE of the most effective American varieties suitable for gardens is the mountain-laurel, sometimes called calico-bush. It is in its glory on the mountains or hillsides from New Brunswick and Ontario southward to the Gulf of Mexico and westward to Ohio. It flowers in May and June; is easily transplanted; although unless placed to its liking, it will cease to exist after the first summer of bloom. It is necessary to prepare only a bed of leaf mould; take up a young plant without injuring the roots; prune back the bush a little, and unless something unfortunate occurs it may be expected to show its quaint flowers the second year. This lovely plant is especially prized in Europe, where it was imported in the eighteenth century. It flourishes there in the gardens of many beautiful estates.

The rhododendron in June and July blazes in a riot of bloom throughout the Alleghanies to Georgia and is well worth traveling hundreds of miles to see as it transforms the mountainsides into huge bouquets. The Japanese show a much keener appreciation of natural beauty than we, for they have a festival in the spring when the cherry trees are in blossom and often go long distances to enjoy their loveliness. The native rhododendrons serve the European cultivators as stock for producing the hybrids now used profusely. Who having seen the glory of the hybrid rhododendrons in the Villa Carlotta on the Italian Lakes can ever forget it? Although our natural varieties are not as brilliant, yet their beauty in shady gardens or on hillsides is wonderfully effective. They have the merit of being easily cultivated, in places of moist, soft climate.

The native iris, among which are found the larger blue flag, first cousin to the famous fleur-de-lis of France, are of peculiar interest as a connecting link between the old and new. Ruskin says the fleur-de-lis, which is the flower of chivalry, "has a sword for its leaf and a lily for its heart." It was adopted by the Crusader Louis VII for his emblem and remained the royal insignia of France until Napoleon replaced it with the imperial bee—symbol of industry and perseverance. The connection is close and scientific for the royal blue flower is dependent upon the industrious bee for the continuance of its existence. The iris is found mostly along the seaboard from Newfoundland to Florida, where it grows in marshes holding plenty of moisture. It is one of the most successfully grown wild flowers. To plant it near a pond, a little stream, even by a fountain, would be a step toward its preservation.

Lilies can be chosen to follow the iris, for they flower later in June, July and August, and among them are several varieties that require the same moist ground or swamps. The tall Turk's cap or Turban lily and the Canadian lily are of respectively brilliant yellow

and red spotted with black. They, however, must be placed in rich, loamy soil where shade is abundant, their true home being the woods. They grow from Maine to Carolina and westward to Tennessee. The dainty little yellow adder's-tongue popularly called dog's-tooth violet is also a lily. It flowers very early in March and often grows beside a brook. It appears in the woods before the trees are in leaf and competes with the spring beauty and rue-anemone for the favors of the few insects then flying about.

Lily bulbs can be taken up when their stalks have finished blooming, and kept in a dry place until the time for planting them in the autumn.

The glorious field poppies, including the California yellow poppy, are not native to America as they are to Europe. They are so nearly wild however that they are appropriate in a naturalistic garden. They can best be grown from seeds and appear well in beds or borders.

OF the host of lovely wild flowers, native shrubs and plants only a few well suited to garden cultivation can be mentioned. Besides the plants already named as adaptable to American gardens, more particularly in the Atlantic States, are the arrowwood, black haw, highbush huckleberry, beautiful in color in the autumn, viburnum, azaleas, rhodora, swamp pink, snake-root, bugbane, wake-robin, Carolina lily, Solomon's seal, golden-rod, asters, black-eyed Susan, violet and hepatica. The various forms of wild, terrestrial orchids, including the pink lady's slipper or moccasin flower, are particularly beautiful in a wild garden.

In the more conspicuous wild-flower gardens of the northeastern States an effort has been made to gain not only beauty and effect by their use, but also to preserve those that are vanishing under the tread of man and the transformation of woods and meadows into suburban towns. The wild flowers are sensitive as well as shy, and all places near to busy centers are now facing the same danger that has overtaken England, a country in which the native flowers are to be seen only at Kew or preserved on private estates.

Each year in this country the wild flowers seek haunts farther away from cities and towns and become more difficult to find in their chosen habitat. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, at her country home in Hempstead, Long Island, has made most attractive additions to her garden by the use of many wildlings. Probably Mrs. Belmont has pursued her way in opposition to the advice of skilled gardeners, men who believe in grafting and hybridization and who delight, through their ability to multiply petals and enlarge blooms, in obliterating much native simplicity. Mrs. Belmont has made extensive use of

the cardinal flower. Indeed, it produces a bloom that has captured even professional gardeners, who now acknowledge its desirability for low, moist spots naturalistic in treatment. Its vivid color, not unlike that of a cardinal's cloak, the piquancy of its expression and its staunch uprightness make it a striking figure anywhere. Moreover, it blooms in midsummer when brilliancy in a garden is prone to wane. Mrs. Belmont was also one of the first to become alive to the necessity of protecting the black alder, *Ilex verticillata*. Not long ago this member of the holly family could be found in plenty throughout the lowlands not far distant from city pavements. The brightness of its innumerable red berries at a time when flowers were dead and the gray and brown tones of winter prevailed, caught the eye of flower gatherers who ruthlessly stripped the shrubs of their long gay twigs, holding in truth the seeds of reproduction. Today New York is under the stigma of having practically exterminated this shrub. On Mrs. Belmont's estate it is mercifully preserved in abundance, forming one of the brilliant charms of her planting when snow lies heavy on the ground.

The late Mr. Whitelaw Reid pursued wild-flower planting on his estate in White Plains, New York. He desired the preservation of wild flowers and sought for this end on his highly cultivated acres in a way that gave him much gratification and artistic delight. Among the plants of his locality that he especially encouraged were trilliums, chaste, beautiful flowers of the wild, with an air of breeding and hyper-delicacy usually associated with the hothouse.

The planting done at Biltmore House, the home of Mr. George Vanderbilt in South Carolina, is notable for a broad and complete treatment of wild flowers. Naturally the climate in which Biltmore House is situated is highly encouraging to plant growth, touching it with a luxury and radiance that is undeniable. Mr. Vanderbilt, in the early days of planting his estate, remembered to have seen in northeastern gardens some remarkable specimens of *Azalea mollis*, a flame-co ored variety.

"It is a Japanese," he was told. Mr. Vanderbilt then directed that his gardener should send to Japan to secure for him similar exquisite treasures, giving light and color to the early spring. Innumerable specimens of *Azalea mollis* were planted about his grounds and the time of their first bloom was awaited with impatience. But before they unfolded their buds the mountainsides that give a background to Biltmore House had burst into a wild medley of color among which was that of the flame azalea.

The American variety is called *Azalea lutea* and is almost identical with the *Azalea mollis* of Japan, now one of the most generally used

shrubs in America. Japan indeed has supplied America with a shrub that is to be found in equal beauty and strength on her Southern mountainsides.

When exploring for unusual plants, Bartram, one of the early botanists to know the indigenous plants of America, wrote after his first encounter with the flame azalea, *Azalea lutea:*

"The epithet *Fiery* I annex to this most celebrated species of azalea as being expressive of the appearance of its flowers which are in general of the color of the finest red lead, orange and bright gold, as well as yellow and cream color. These various splendid colors are not only on separate plants, but frequently all the varieties and shades are seen in separate branches on the same plant, and the clusters of blossoms cover the shrubs in such incredible profusion on the hillsides that suddenly opening to view from dark shades we are alarmed with the apprehension of the woods being set on fire."

Examples are no longer few in this country of satisfactory work done in connection with transplanting wild flowers,—a work touching closely the land of pleasure.

With the advent of spring, the return of the birds and the bees, the desire is again felt to go forth into the wild and to bring home from its shelter the plants that give it life and beauty. In so doing a garden is built of material free to all; moreover, a step is taken toward preventing the vanishing of the wild flowers.

Homes that are simple, near to the heart of nature, are held still more closely by the presence of wild plants and shrubs unaffected but forceful in their growth.

DROOPING ANDROMEDA, A WILD FLOWER THAT WILL FLOURISH IN THE HOME GARDEN.

PORTRAITURE AND ORIGINALITY: THE LITHOGRAPHS OF HENRIK LUND: BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

HERE are two ways of painting, one by inspiration with the paint running freely while the enthusiasm fills the mind and the blood surges under the emotion of creation and the brush moves practically of itself; the other way is to produce slowly with tender and never-ending devotion, peering lovingly into each part of the canvas nursing it so to speak as it grows. But this sort of canvas only becomes "finished," seldom complete as a unit.

The first sings with joy and inspiration, a sincere message and lives, while the latter kind is usually dead before it leaves the studio with the subject buried alive under care and hard work—which while a substitute for the real spark is but an example of patient industry. The first way belongs to Henrik Lund, the Norwegian, a rising figure in the world's art, vigorous, fearless, whose portraits, partieularly that of Hans Jaeger shown at the recent Scandinavian exhibition, aroused the interest of free-thinking art lovers.

No matter what may be personal tone in a painter, he cannot live outside the influeneing currents of his own time and as such Lund has unconsciously absorbed the tendencies of modern time which above all stand for a personal viewpoint expressed in a simple manner and with "color gladness" to translate a Seandinavian word literally. As blond as he is himself so is his color and he paints in broad touches, rapidly and tersely.

Landseape and figure painting has gone through its periods of stress, fighting its way into air and sunlight, and when the impressionists fought they struggled for new principles and not money. And today these painters as a whole are artistically more independent than the portraitists, who having to please others find difficulty to be captain of their own expressions. Of course there are some portrait painters who have managed to over-ride the made-to-order feeling and who are bent upon produeing a work of art which happens to be a likeness at the same time. And modern portraiture of the greatest originality has been where the work was a labor of love, not involved in a desire to please. This may be why portraits of painters' families, friends or children have been finer and fuller of that meaty juice which stamps a real work of art. When portraiture is a life job a painter's eye sometimes dulls until he, a modern Lenbaeh, hand in hand with the camera, beeomes a conscious performer. The mightiest do not escape. Sargent, rich and fêted, refuses the orders and the gold of the noblesse and takes to the water-color box as means of refreshment. And even

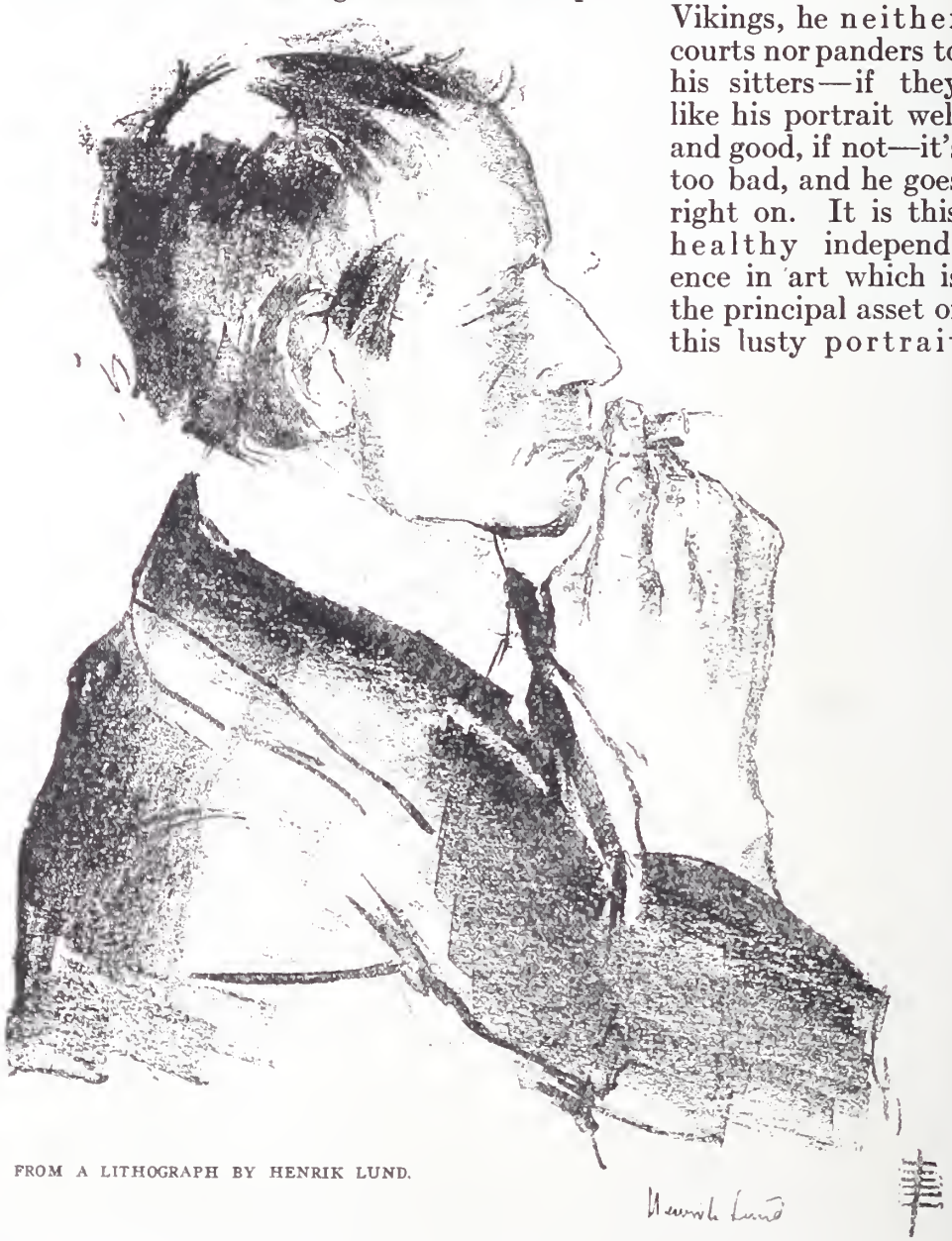
A SKETCH OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT BY HENRIK LUND IN FIFTEEN MINUTES: OWNED BY MR. HENRY REUTERDAHL.

plain-spoken Zorn, forsakes his frock-coated millionaires and retires to peasant life and freedom of mind. There stands Whistler's portrait of his mother—a great work of art as well as a likeness—shoulders high above those of his which were paid for.

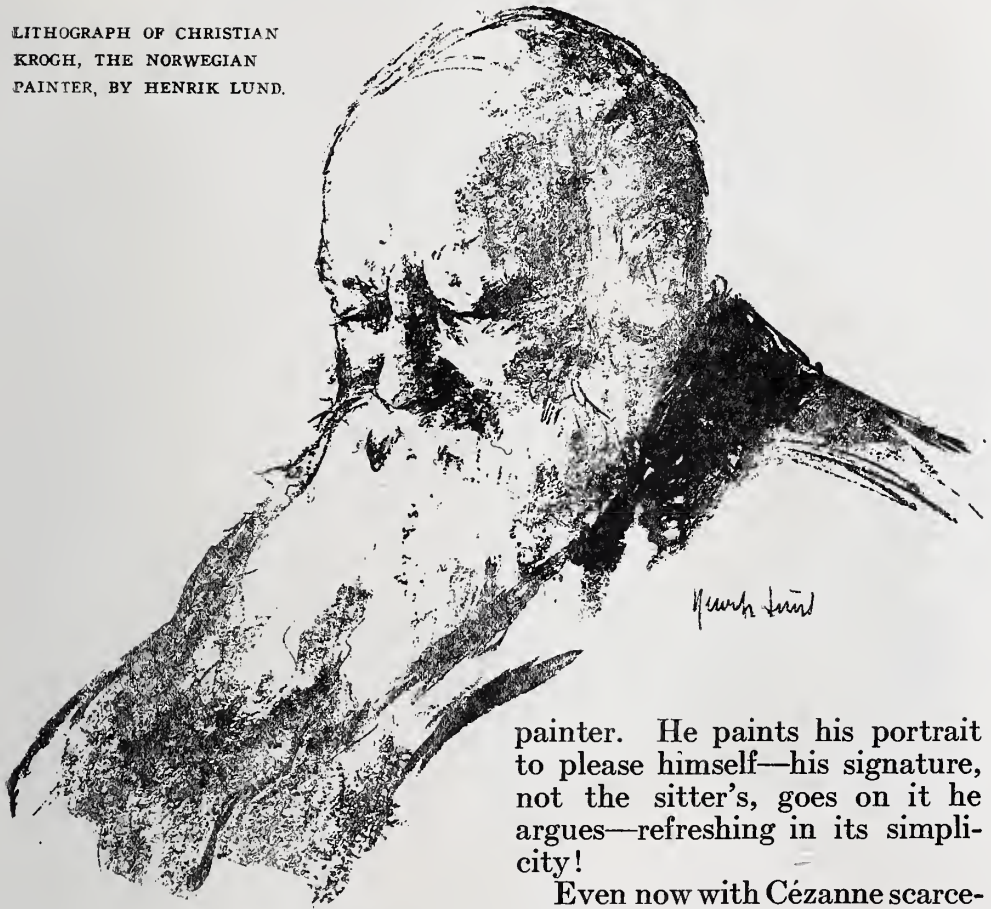
A portraitist must above all artists have eyes of his own, seeing things individually, but so compellingly that others perceive and understand his expression and accept his honesty of purpose with

faith. To carry his artistic points—to "put them over," to use a theatrical phrase, the artist must be strong and possess a spirit of independence and personal and artistic courage, this, or succumb to the dollar-mark.

Lund has this courage in his make-up; bred in the land of the Vikings, he neither courts nor panders to his sitters—if they like his portrait well and good, if not—it's too bad, and he goes right on. It is this healthy independence in art which is the principal asset of this lusty portrait



FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY HENRIK LUND.

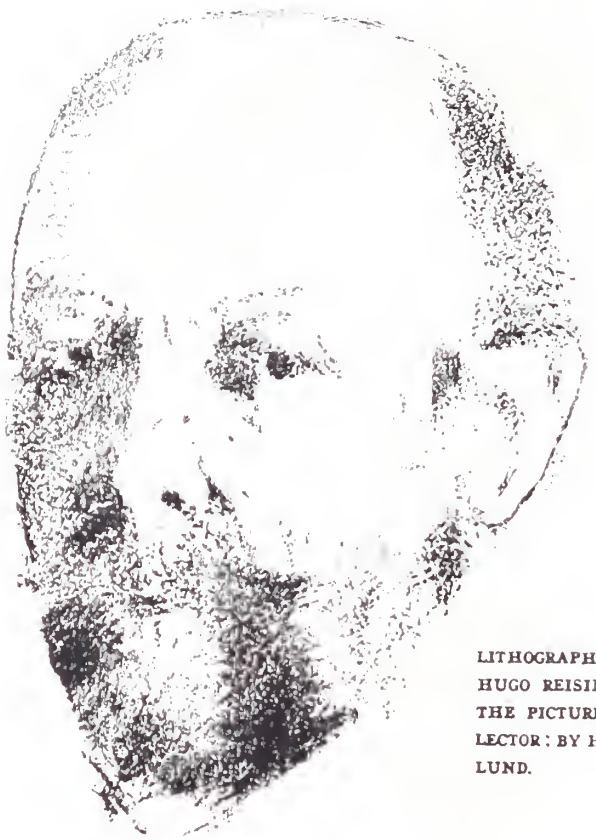


LITHOGRAPH OF CHRISTIAN KROGH, THE NORWEGIAN PAINTER, BY HENRIK LUND.

painter. He paints his portrait to please himself—his signature, not the sitter's, goes on it he argues—refreshing in its simplicity!

Even now with Cézanne scarcely in the past, the conventions and academic teachings in art, at least with us, are thought more of than personal or inspired force. The art schools teach the young to know the facts (and poorly at that) of bare forms presented in a stodgy way—but not of life, or the expressions of humanity, and never that the individualism of the student is his choicest asset. This breeds a point of view which is entirely antagonistic to the kind of art which Lund has in him. His plain, sincere statements and his terseness of drawing where unnecessary details are obliterated are as red rags to those who still hang their hats on the pegs of academic recipes.

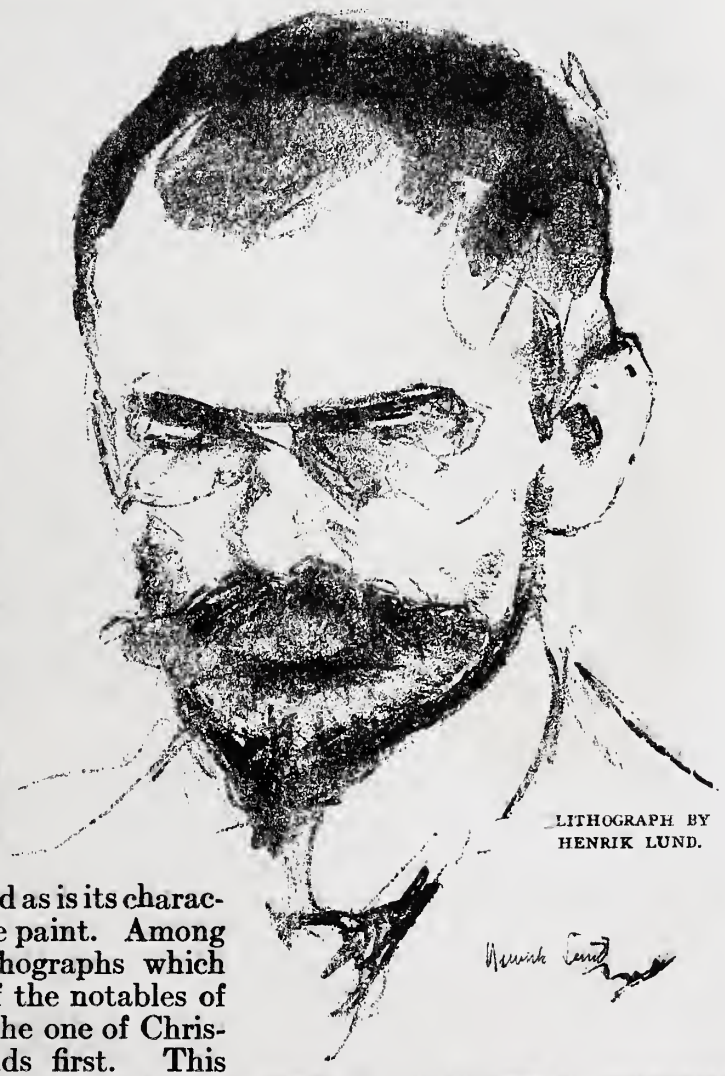
For must not portraits be pleasantly painted against a brown or mellow background like of an old master or the figure set against a Gainsborough ground of foliage and balustrade and above all be pretty? It would break the traditions of the game if an Andrew Carnegie was painted out-of-doors, the ironmaster's right among



LITHOGRAPH OF HUGO REISINGER, THE PICTURE COLLECTOR: BY HENRIK LUND.

the titanic elements which his ingenuity has turned into gold. This might help to lend a physicological value to such a portrait and make it a human document to future generations. Lund's portrait of Hans Jaeger, the late Norwegian poet, shows a man leaning over a fence against some trees for background—a man without any fuss in everyday clothes talking to a neighbor as if during a stroll. But the making of such a picture involves many difficulties which tradition and demand have trained the portrait painter to sidestep. It means that the picture must be painted out-of-doors and in one or two sittings, practically an instantaneous performance.

Lund is one of those who were born "in the sun" and who has this instant, magic touch which comes with a quick eye and a speedy brush. His instantaneous expression lies in his lithographs and with a crayon on a sheet of rough paper he makes in twenty minutes a portrait the likeness of which is so compelling that it seems to bare all the characteristics of the sitter and teems with life and personality. There can be no errors possible as the lithographic crayon admits no erasure, it must come straight from the shoulder and in one sweep. Take Mr. Roosevelt's lithograph, it is so true of the man, so full of that dynamic force and irresistible frankness which breaks through even his smile. And in comparison to Lund's virile drawing even Sargent's well-known canvas of the Colonel fades into insignificance. The subtle draughtsmanship which Lund has displayed in the litho-



LITHOGRAPH BY
HENRIK LUND.

graph of Hugo Reisinger, that remarkable collector of modern art, can unfortunately not be transposed through printer's ink. As a characterization it is the last word in modern drawing standing alongside Zorn's incomparable etching of Renan, the greatest plate since Rembrandt. The physical likeness alone in this lithograph appears as remarkable as the simplicity of the treatment and in many ways it surpasses his own painting of Mr. Reisinger, splendid as is its characterization and fine paint. Among the dozens of lithographs which Lund has made of the notables of his own country the one of Christian Krogh stands first. This grand old figure was the working spirit in the Secession movement of Norwegian art, a battle-scarred berserk, now white haired, still militant. To his fine old head Lund has imparted the solidity of a Rodin marble, plus the tenacity and Viking spirit of Krogh himself.

Lund's technique is simple as a draughtsman and painter, plain in statement, virile at the same time of reserve. It is not decadent, but modern and fresh. His art is the kind which we need here, free from frippery and artifice, healthy and young, the understanding of which will help our people to realize that even a portrait must possess the personality of the painter as well as the sitter.

HOW GARDEN WALLS CONSERVE THE HOME FEELING: THEIR PICTURESQUE AND PRACTICAL VALUE: BY ALICE LOUNSBERRY

FEW years ago there raged in America the widespread desire to tear down all fences and boundary walls and to blend the domain of neighbor intimately with that of neighbor. Lawns were encouraged to extend without interruption until touched by the public sidewalk; the postman, tradespeople, children and dogs walked across and about them ad libitum. Even the owners of large estates disclaimed the advantages of high surrounding walls and placed their houses and gardens where they could be seen and supposedly enjoyed by every passerby. The English custom of shutting in parks and castles and gardens from public view was descried in America as selfish and undemocratic.

Today when many Englishmen have torn down their walls and abolished hedges generations old in an attempt to imitate our lack of domestic reticence, a change has come over the sentiment which formerly prevailed here. It may perhaps be owing to neighbors' dogs, to their children or even to the paths worn by postmen across various lawns that a universal desire seems to prevail for the protection given by walls. And the walled garden, the walled estate, the terrace wall and the fruit wall are finding their way into plans of the American landscape gardener.

This is perhaps because walls are capable of being not only structures of great convenience, but also objects of decorative value. Still America is young in wall building, especially in those that are beautiful. Time with its softening touch must pass before even the most satisfactory of the newer walls can have the mellowness and the air of blending with the landscape that is noticeable about English walls, to say nothing of those along the Mediterranean, the land of walls—rugged and brilliantly decorated.

Walls of field stone which were the early and seemingly indigenous ones to America were made in part to assist the farmer or country landowner in clearing up his fields. Building materials at that time were costly and the landholder wisely made use of the stones lying about his acres, doing so in the same spirit that the early settlers used logs for their cabins.

The walls he made, however, many of which are still standing especially in the New England States, were usually thrown together in a more or less careless way, the stones being piled without exact fitting, without mortar or other binding material. In consequence they were likely to break away and to roll down after those scaling the wall intent on making a short cut across fields. Yet these early, low stone

TWO VIEWS OF A FINE BRICK WALL IN KENT, ENGLAND, LEADING TO THE GARDEN WHERE MRS. BURNETT TAMED AND LOVED "THE ROBIN," OF WHICH SHE HAS RECENTLY WRITTEN.

Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

AN OLD BRICK WALL BLENDED INTO THE LANDSCAPE BY THE PLANTING OF MANY ROSES.

STONE WALL ALONG A ROADWAY PLANTED HEAVILY AT THE TOP WITH VINES AND SHRUBS.

Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

STEPS AND TERRACE WALL HAVING AT THE BASE A BORDER OF HARDY PERENNIALS AND AT THE TOP A LINE OF BRIGHT-COLORED PLANTING.

ROUGH STONE WALL PLANTED THICKLY WITH PERENNIALS ABLE TO THRIVE IN THE SOIL OF ITS SPACES.

THIS WALL OF ROUGH STONE SHOWS ALONG ITS FACE SEDUMS AND OTHER ROCK-LOVING PLANTS GROWING WITH EVEN MORE LUXURIANCE THAN IF THEY WERE IN A GARDEN BORDER. THE CRAMPING OF THEIR ROOTS HURTS THEM NOT AT ALL, WHILE THE WALL GIVES THEM THE WARMTH AND PROTECTION THEY SO GREATLY DESIRE.

Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

SEDUM ACRE AND THE FIG CACTUS DECORATE TO A GREAT EXTENT THIS WALL, IN ITSELF FAR FROM BEAUTIFUL. THE FIG CACTUS IS HERE A HAPPY CHOICE, SINCE IT SPREADS IRREGULARLY OVER A CONSIDERABLE SPACE, THE TONE OF ITS GREEN BEING VERY PLEASING, ITS ABILITY TO GROW IS CURBED NEITHER BY INTENSE HEAT NOR BY THE INEVITABLE DROUGHT OF SUMMER.

Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

walls had a dignified appearance and when they were covered with native vines, which sought them as a support, they lent to the landscape a rude grace.

IT is probable that native stones will remain one of the materials largely used in America for walls although brick has an old and indisputable place and concrete has now as well a strong hold. In fact, the latter material seems in many places to have given a new impetus to wall building.

Brick walls have inevitable distinction and when of soft colors they make one of the most pleasing backgrounds for flowers. The accompanying photograph of a garden wall in Kent, England, shows a way in which bricks can be laid at the top of the wall so that soil placed between them, gives to plants the opportunity to extend their roots and to hold the bricks as firmly together as could be done by mortar. The reason that brick walls are not more general in this country is owing to the exceeding high cost of laying them.

Many of the newer concrete walls are clean looking and impressive, but to live up to their possibilities they should be treated with vines and blooming things. Vines have already made a good showing on many American walls, but the charm of vivifying brilliant bloom is still far from them. To see walls with flowers growing from their sides, to scent the fragance they exhale and to have the eye fairly dazzled by their splendor, one must turn the steps to that sun-ridden strip of land bordering the Mediterranean, famous for its flower-bedecked walls as for its villas, its soft, dulcet atmosphere and its smiling, care-free people. There the walls are as characteristic as the civilization. They are moreover useful, giving to the landscape both dignity and beauty. No holder of land however limited in area is content without his surrounding wall marking off his possessions assuring him seclusion and the opportunity for peace.

The greater number of walls along this strip of country are made either of native stone or of a composition material, mellowing with the atmosphere and taking, as it grows old, soft tones of pink and buff. Usually a coping of flat stone, a railing or architectural feature in the way of a vase or ornament marks the tops of these walls; again their upper line is broken only by flowers clambering over them from the top downward or stretching upward from the base. Sometimes they are so covered with bloom, as in the rose wall at La Mortola, Italy, that the material of which they are built is lost to sight.

Although it would be futile to attempt to reproduce, especially in the northeastern States of America the same decorative brilliancy of walls that is found along this southern sea and in various other places

of the Old World, on account of climatic conditions, it is something that could very readily be done in parts of the South and West and even in States having severe winter climate for at least a part of the year. Indeed a great deal of planting has to be done in order to become effective during the summer months. The use of evergreens as a substitute for the palms and cacti of semi-tropical climates would give them besides color in the winter, abetting their stalwartness.

There are several ways of planning for the floral treatment of walls. The general American habit has been to plant vines at their base and to train them upward. Along the Mediterranean the most noticeably beautiful walls show flowers and vines planted along their top and allowed to hang downward over their surface. This latter is the highly pleasing method and especially to be desired with retaining walls or those placed at the foot of terraces.

The attractiveness of floral decorations hanging over walls instead of climbing up from their base is undeniable, in fact, so enchanted with this arrangement have visitors to the Mediterranean become that they have endeavored to produce similar effects at home, even to the extent of placing along the top of their walls, boxes filled with earth in which plants might be grown. Again vines have been planted at the base on one side of a wall, trained upward and allowed to hang down on the opposite side. This treatment is advisable when a wall has been built that has no attractiveness in itself, and when it is desirable to transform it as speedily as possible into a green boundary line.

The concrete walls without niches of any sort are not possible to decorate with the many flowers that can be grown on stone walls. Their surface can best be softened by planting them at the base with vines and training the growth upward.

WALLS of rough stone can be constructed, as those herein photographed, in which intervening gaps are filled with earth so that seeds sown or plants set into it can stretch their roots until they find a firm anchorage enabling them to endure the intense suns of summer and to hold fast through the blasts of winter. In decorating a wall with blooming plants the lesson the American cares to learn is to do it abundantly. The walls of the Riviera appear as if the whole of Paris had strewn its artificial flowers over them. And the made-up flowers of Paris are world famous. They are so perfect that they appear real, and the flowers of the Mediterranean walls are so flawless that they seem to be artificial.

Roses, great, full and beautiful such as the Marechal Neil, La France and Killarney, cover these walls of the sunlit south, form-

SKOWHEGAN, ME.

ing one of its dominant beauties. They stand as trees beside them, make festoons over them and hold as it were the wall in their embrace. The fine old brick wall shown in one of the reproduced photographs is so blended into the landscape by roses that it appears to partake of their brilliancy and charm. In the northeastern parts of the United States, rose growing on walls has barely been attempted; but of late, with the many new varieties propagated from the rugosa and wichuraiana stock, both hardy as weeds, the field has opened for such work with a promise of success. The Cherokee rose of the South has decorated many fences, clambering over them with an apparent spirit of revelry, enshrouding them, covering them with its fair white blooms. But unfortunately the range of this free-growing trailing rose is somewhat limited. It is in the province of hybridizers, however, to produce one that can take its place in the northlands.

Roses after all are the acme of desire in wall decoration. People of more simple, even more practical taste can well content themselves with using for this purpose perennials of tested value, annuals that are cheery and bright and with vines that have proved their merit.

Among perennials are found the Sedums, live-forevers, of which there are several varieties that do well in poor, shallow soil. They have a snug compact habit blooming in soft pastel colors—pink, white and yellow, and give the appearance of sitting on a wall. *Sedum acre* is one of the best, as its habit is spreading and moss-like and its yellow flowers numerous. A most beautiful addition to a wall on which a good foothold of soil can be had is the bleeding-heart, *Dicentra eximia.* It comes from the Alleghany Mountains, its leaves being as exquisite as those of any fern, its rose-colored flowers piquant in appearance and occurring all summer. It is related to the Dutchman's breeches of the woods, also a good wall plant requiring little soil, but with a season of spring bloom too short to make it of much service.

Self heal, *Prunella Webbina* with flowers crimson purple, and evergreen candytuft, *Iberis sempervirens*, showing pale white flowers in trusses are both adaptable to wall decoration. *Helianthemum perfoliatum roseum*, a comparatively new trailing plant with single flowers of salmon pink, is worthy a trial on a wall, as is also sand-wort, *Arenaria Montana*, an evergreen trailing plant, dense in its foliage and covered in spring with white flowers. The sea-pink or thrift, *Armeria maritima laucheana*, should do well in such planting, while gold dust, *Alyssum saxatile compactum*, exquisite in bloom and leaf, is attractive at the top of a wall built to form a terrace. The crab cactus has been planted and thriven on a rough stone wall on Long Island, giving to the whole planting a semi-tropical appearance. In fact many of the perennials associated with rockeries can be grown as well on walls,—

that is on stone walls having niches supplied with a reasonable amount of earth. The determination of rock-loving plants is very great.

ANNUALS hold their own in decorating a wall and require a small outlay of either money or labor. Sweet alyssum known principally in America as a garden border plant does well if once well sown and established. It endures until the time of frost. Along the Mediterranean it is one of the most conspicuous bloomers on walls, occurring there as a wild flower. The pastel blue *ageratum* forms a good companion-flower, since its color is soft and the plant unmindful of intense heat and drought. Its seeds need to be sown where soil has accumulated or some plan been made for its growth.

The climbing nasturtiums are decorative in many places, their flowers being strong in color and many-toned. On the whole, however, people prefer to plant their walls with perennials which endure from year to year, rather than with annuals that have to be resown each season.

High fences almost deserving the name of walls are now designed to be covered entirely with native vines, traveler's joy, *Clematis Virginiana*, the Virginia creeper, sometimes called five-leafed ivy, bittersweet and others. For such a purpose a costly fence is not necessary. Posts and rails, the former being of some architectural design are serviceable, while rough stone walls are inevitably good for the purpose. The point is that the wall will be so completely covered with vines that it is likely to be very little seen. The so-called Japan ivy, *Ampelopsis Veitchii* has been used to cover many walls, being a vine of brilliant greenness in midsummer and turning to rich red and russet tones in the autumn. No vine moreover can be found better able to cling by its fine rootlets to stone and concrete surfaces. Honeysuckle, *Lonicera Japonica*, gives forth in June, a subtly sweet fragrance; *Clematis paniculuta* sends out clouds of fleecy white bloom in September. The wall on which this vine grows should be unquestionably a wall. It is too heavy for a light fence.

Unless very skilfully conceived, walls are not satisfying when in themselves ornate. The materials of which they are made gives little inspiration in the way of decoration, while their primary purpose that of portraying boundaries seems to demand clear, straightforward lines. Through their quality of durability, however, they can become apparently pleasing planting grounds, accepting the softening beauty of flowers as naturally as if they were the unchanging side hills, the rocks of the woodlands or some rough-hewn bank.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS: BY T. GILBERT PEARSON

THERE is something weird and fascinating about the word migration. We associate it with the long ago or the far away. When we pronounce it, our minds go back to the dim stories of tribal movements carved on the rocks by men who wrought in the grim dawn of history. We wonder at the compelling force that swept the Aztecs across the vast Mexican desert, and drove our ancestors howling through the forests of northern Germany. The very sound of the word shouts to something within our blood, for even the most stolid of us must at times harken to the music of the Pied-Piper, and fain would we up and away with him to regions remote and unknown.

Man is not alone the possessor of the migrating passion. Menhaden, in vast schools, sweep madly along our Atlantic Coast in their season. From unknown regions of the ocean, herrings and salmon return to the streams of their nativity when the spirit of migration sweeps out over the shoals into the abyssal depths. There are butterflies that in companies rise from mud puddles beside the road and go dancing away to the South in autumn. The caribou, in long streams, trek southward over the barrens of Labrador when the word is passed. Even squirrels, over extended regions, have been known to migrate en masse for hundreds of miles. With birds, there is no phase of their life which is quite so distinctive. The extent and duration of their migrations are among the most wonderful phenomena of the natural world.

Ornithologists have gathered much information regarding their coming and going, but even knowledge on these points is far from complete. It is only of recent years that the nest of the solitary sandpiper has been found, a bird which passes northward in great numbers every spring. Where is the scientist who can tell us, even today, in what land the common chimney swallow passes the winter?

As to why birds migrate, we can only conjecture. Doubtless the absence of food is the controlling factor in their movements southward in autumn, but why, when a bird has passed a comfortable winter in a garden at Biloxi, should it fly northward fifteen hundred miles to build its nest on a lawn at Bar Harbor? Many theories have been advanced in explanation, but no one of them enjoys the universal acceptance of the scientific world.

To the bird student, there is keen delight in watching for the first spring arrivals and noting their departure when the year is dying. It is usually late in August that we first observe a wanton restlessness on the part of our birds which tells us that they have begun to hear

the call of the South. The blackbirds assemble in flocks and drift aimlessly about the fields. Every evening, for weeks to come, they will collect, a chattering multitude, in the trees of some lawn or in those skirting a village street and produce an unspeakable annoyance to their human neighbors.

Across the Hudson River from New York, back of the Palisades in the Hackensack marshes, clouds of swallows collect in the late summer evenings and for many days you may see them from the car windows as they glide through the upper air or swarm to roost among the rushes.

In a certain Southern town there is a small grove of oak trees clustered about an ancient courthouse. Here, before the first of July purple martins begin to collect of an evening. In companies of hundreds and thousands, they whirl about over the tops of the houses, alight in the trees, and then almost instantly dash upward again into the sky. Not until dark do they finally settle to roost. Until late at night a great chorus of voices may be heard among the upper branches. Their numbers increase daily for six or eight weeks, as additions, in the form of new family groups, are constantly augmenting the great gathering. Sometime along in September the migration call reaches the martins, and, yielding to its spell, they instantly depart for their winter home in Central or South America.

MANY of our smaller birds, such as warblers and vireos, do not possess the strong flocking instinct of the blackbirds and swallows but, nevertheless, may be seen associated in numbers during the season of the northern and southern movements. Small birds migrate chiefly at night and have been observed through telescopes at an estimated altitude of three miles. There are certain apparent good reasons for their going at this time. They need the daylight for gathering food, and by traveling at night they are not as subject to attack from predatory birds.

There appear to be certain, well-marked pathways in migration along which the aerial *voyageurs* wing their way. As to distribution of these avian highways, we know at least that the courses of rivers and the coastline of the continent are favored routes.

Longfellow, in the valley of the Charles, lived beneath one of these arteries of migration and, on still autumn nights, often harkened to the voices of the migrating hosts "falling dreamily through the sky," as he has told us in his "Birds of Passage."

Various species of hawks, in autumn, are to be noted in large numbers especially in certain parts of Connecticut. For days in succession they may be seen flying toward the coast. Many thousands

every autumn pass in the neighborhood of Bridgeport, as if impelled by a common motive. Being large, powerful flyers, it is unnecessary for them to migrate by night. They do not fly at such heights, or with such rapidity, as is usual with small birds. Among the feathered migrants, the hawks are the de luxe travelers, moving leisurely across the country, catching their prey as they need it and going comfortably to roost as usual when the sun goes down.

During the spring, it is not uncommon for strange water-fowl to be found helpless in the streets or fields of a region in which they are ordinarily unknown. These birds have become exhausted and dropped to earth during the storm of the night before, or perhaps they were injured by striking telegraph wires.

Once I picked up a loon after a stormy night. Apparently it had recovered its strength after a few hours rest, but, as the bird can only rise on the wing from a body of water, over the surface of which it can paddle or flap for many rods, and as there was no pond or lake in all the neighboring country, the loon's fate was a sad one. The situation from the first seemed desperate. After exerting every means which could be suggested, such as tossing it into the air, placing it in a large horse trough and leaving it alone for a time in an open field, I was in the end forced to realize that this was only another one of the many tragedies of migration.

Birds are often swept to sea by storm winds from off shore. Vainly they beat against the gale or flee on quivering wings before its blast, until the hungry waves swallow up their weary bodies. One morning in northern Lake Michigan, I found a Connecticut warbler lying dead on the deck beneath my window. For hours the night before a storm of wind and rain had prevailed. Overtaken many miles from shore, this little waif had been able to reach the steamer on whose sheltering deck it had fallen exhausted and died. What of its companions of the night before? Had the waves of the Lake received them? At times the loss to bird life, occasioned by storms, is appalling.

IT may thus be seen that the period of migration is fraught with numerous perils. Many birds are annually killed by striking against lighthouse towers. In September, when fogs are not uncommon, the migrants become bewildered and, seeing a light in the gloom, dash headlong toward it. Vast numbers have lost their lives by striking against the torch of the Bartholdi statute in New York Harbor. The keeper in Cape Hatteras lighthouse, some years ago, showed me a chipped place in the lens which he said had been made by the bill of a great white gannet which, one foggy night, crashed

through the outer protecting glass of the lighthouse lamp. Locomotive engineers have stated that in thick weather many migrating birds hurl themselves against the headlight and frequently their bodies are later picked up from the engine platform beneath.

The ponds and sloughs of all that vast country lying between the Great Lakes and the mountains of the far West constitute the principal nesting area of the North American water-fowl. This is the great nursery of the northwest from which, in autumn, come the great droves of ducks and geese that in winter darken the waters of the Southern sounds. One great stream of the migration moves down the Mississippi River to the marshes of Louisiana and the Gulf Coast of Mexico. The second wave passes diagonally across the country in a southeasterly direction until it reaches the Maryland and Virginia coastline. Thence the birds scatter southward along the bays and marshes of our Southern seaboard.

Turnstones, sanderlings, curlews and other species of the beaches and salt marshes migrate in great numbers along our Atlantic Coast. Some of them winter in the United States, but others pass onward to the West Indies and southward. The extent of the annual journeys undertaken by some of these beach birds is indeed marvelous. Commander Peary says that he found shore birds nesting on the northernmost land, where it slopes down into the Arctic Sea, less than five hundred miles from the North Pole. Prof. W. W. Cook, the ornithologist, has pointed out that in autumn the golden plovers leave North America at Nova Scotia, striking out boldly over the Atlantic Ocean, and do not again sight land until they reach the eastern coast of Brazil. Traveling, as they do, in a straight line they ordinarily pass to the eastward of the Bermuda Islands where, however, they sometimes alight when overtaken by stress of weather. Possibly some of these birds were the "land birds" which the crew of the *Santa Maria* discovered flying over the ocean when, disheartened by long watching for land, they were on the point of throwing their commander overboard. Who knows but what the discovery of America would have been long delayed had not the migrating birds indicated to the mutinous sailors that land was not far distant. Upon reaching Brazil, the golden plovers move on down to the pampas of Argentina to spend the winter. In spring they return by an entirely different route. Crossing the Gulf of Mexico, these marvelous bird travelers pass up the Mississippi Valley and on to their breeding grounds on the shores of the Arctic Ocean. The main lines of their spring and fall migration routes are separated by as much as fifteen hundred miles. During the course of the year the golden plover has taken a flight of fifteen thousand and five hundred miles.

MYSTERIOUS JOURNEYS OF THE BIRDS

The home instinct of migratory birds is exceedingly strong, for they return to the same locality year after year to rear their young. This may be usually demonstrated by watching in spring for the appearance of some characteristically marked individual noted the summer before. With undeviating flight a bird will return from its southern home, after crossing thousands of miles of ocean and land, and will again quietly settle down in your garden, often to build its nest on the very limb thus occupied the previous year.

If the birds could speak, what strange stories they might have to tell us of dangers by the way and of tropic scenes in the South. To me the bobolink has always appealed as one of the most fascinating of the migratory birds. In autumn the male loses the bright coat he has worn all summer, and the birds, assembling in flocks, pass on to Brazil to spend the winter. In the spring they return, the females and males going north in separate companies. I recall seeing these birds singing among the fields of sprouting rice on the shores of Matamuskeet Lake. Their mates had all gone north, but the riotous, rollicksome, singing males were apparently in no hurry to leave the splendid feeding grounds which they had found.

Perhaps it was folly to attempt to interpret their song, but it seems to me that they were singing:

The Journey Song of the Bobolink.

Oh, far away is my winter home,
Where the ocelot swings 'neath the leafy dome,
Where the parrot screams by the tropic streams
That slowly glide toward the ocean foam.

I am northward bound, at my heart's behest,
Away and away on the south wind's breast
To the meadows sweet and the growing wheat,
To labor and sing and guard my nest.

But here I pause at the bounteous treat
That spreads for leagues beneath my feet,
For Love must wait, though the call be great,
While I gather the rice of Matamuskeet.

WATER GARDENS NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL: BY GEORGE V. NASH

E have many gardens of all kinds; gardens for roses, for lilies, for peonies, and for other flowers; so why should we not have more water gardens where we can cultivate those delightful plants which find their home in and about water? Here is a phase of gardening all but neglected in this land of ours, and yet on all sides opportunities for its display abound. Ponds, brooks, and old swamps, ideal places for this sort of gardening, are neglected, allowed to remain unkempt and unsightly, when they might be made beauty spots in the landscape. More, too, the public health would be benefited by the transformation of these old swamps into water gardens, for they are the breeding places of mosquitoes and so aid in the dissemination of malaria. As water gardens they could be stocked with fish which would destroy the larvæ of the mosquito.

Perhaps we are mostly deterred from the attempt by fear of the cost. Yet water gardens are of many kinds, and we can spend little or much on them, as we choose. A natural pond may be beautified, a brook adorned, an artificial pond produced, or if space or purse will not allow of this, we can still gratify our desire for a water garden with a small tank made of cement or the half of an old barrel or hogshead, and it is wonderful what charming effects these comparatively humble means will produce.

Let us take up first the natural pond. This will require less financial outlay in its development than other large water gardens, for here we have at hand a picture in the rough—all we need is to touch it here and there to produce a finished result. There is no expense of digging or dam-building involved, the only outlay will be for plants to spread over the water and shores, and perhaps this cost can be minimified if we conserve the supply at hand—allowing the trees and bushes already in place to suggest the treatment.

If a pond is not at our command, then we must make one. This can be accomplished by damming up a brook to form a pond, provided the topography of the land lends itself to the scheme. Or if not possible we can take an old swamp, full of tussocks and weeds, an unsightly object, and convert it into a beauty spot in the landscape. These old swamps are frequently fed by springs or small brooks, and the supply of water is usually sufficient to foster plant growth. But if neither swamp nor brook is to be had, we need not despair, for a beautiful water garden can be made on dry land with the aid of cement, there being no natural supply of water.

In the case of an old swamp some expense will be involved in the building of a dam across its lower end, this work depending entirely

upon the conformity of the surroundings. These old swamps are full of tussocks which must be removed. And here science has pointed out an easy way. All plants must have access to the air. The first step is to drown these plants, by depriving them of air, and this may be done by raising the water level above them. As soon as the leaves appear above the surface, have a man cut them off with a scythe. A few repetitions of this will kill the plants and the old tussocks will rot down, making a fine soil for the aquatic plants. This plan is much cheaper than the old way of digging them out with pick and mattox. The permanent depth of the pond need not be over two feet. In ponds fed by brooks or springs it is impossible, in the north, to grow the tender aquatics.

IN the selection of a site for a purely artificial pond, study the surroundings and place it in a natural position. Do not select the top of a hill, for this would at once destroy its naturalness. A hillside with a gentle slope makes a capital place, for it permits of the installation, on a lower level, of a heating plant, a necessary adjunct in the cultivation of tender aquatics. The cost of cement construction will depend entirely upon size and location. Any worker in concrete can furnish figures for this, or a home craftsman desiring the fun can do the work himself. The actual construction of the cement pond is not difficult. The lines of the rim should be artistic and fit in with the surroundings. A depth of eighteen inches or two feet is ample, if only the ordinary water lilies are to be grown. If it is desired to include the cultivation of the *Victoria regia*, then special preparation must be made in the shape of several pits six to eight feet square and a foot or eighteen inches deeper than the regular bottom of the pond. These pits should be provided with raised rims for the reception of a wooden frame and glass sash, to protect the plants during cool weather. In a pond of this kind tender aquatics may be successfully grown.

Whatever the form of pond, there are certain elements to be considered in the development of the water garden. In the first place, a good background is a great advantage, and if it is possible to locate it near a clump of trees a great deal has already been accomplished. The two essential elements which must enter into all water gardens are, the border itself, which may be called the frame of the picture; and the treatment of the water surface, the picture. The planting of the pond border should be given careful study, for upon the arrangement of this depends, in great measure, the beauty of vista and the charm of those glimpses of the garden secured as one walks along the shore. Openings must be left to allow of an

approach to the edge of the water so that the beauty of the aquatic plants as well as the charming vistas may be enjoyed. The skyline of the border should be undulating, and to accomplish this trees should be placed at proper places to carry up the lines, while shrubs also of varying height should be used, thus relieving the flatness which is naturally a part of a water landscape.

WITH this general discussion of the arrangement of a water garden let the next consideration be the plants which can be employed in producing the effects desired. In the first place, consult the immediate neighborhood. Probably much of the needed supply can be found in the nearby swamps and meadows. Many shrubs and trees and a wealth of herbaceous plants are native to any locality. With a judicious admixture of introduced elements they will secure a maximum of effect.

For such few trees as should be planted, any inhabitant of a swamp or low place will do. I would suggest as examples the sweet gum, *Liquidambar styraciflua*, with its autumn garb of deep crimson and yellow; the pepperidge or sour gum, *Nyssa sylvatica;* the red maple, *Acer rubrum*, aglow in the spring with its mantle of orange and red flowers, and later attractive in its abundance of red fruit, and the richness of its fall coloration being an added charm. The weeping willow, *Salix Babylonica*, is very effective placed at one end of the pond. Let it stand by itself to get the best effect, and let it be a vista point.

Of shrubs which will fit into the planting of the border there are many. Almost any neighborhood will show them in abundance. The willows and alders should certainly form a part of the planting, for the "pussies" of the willow always claim our attention, coming when spring first awakens; and the alders with their yellow tassels swaying and tossing in every breeze add much beauty to the barren landscape. The elder, *Sambucus Canadensis*, must not be forgotten. What more charming than a cluster of their boughs hanging gracefully over the water, at first white with bloom, later with great bunches of wine-colored fruit? The arrowwood, *Viburnum dentatum*, has its place, and the sweet pepper-bush, *Clethra alnifolia*, full of the perfume of spices, has a double attraction. The swamp honeysuckle, *Azalea viscosa*, and the dainty Carolina rose, *Rosa Carolina*, are both desirable. For winter effect moreover we have the Virginia winterberry or black alder, *Ilex verticillata*, showing bright red fruit. Every one knows the mountain-laurel, *Kalmia latifolia*, with its profusion of flowers. Its usefulness here is quite evident. It is also an evergreen, so we also get the good of it in winter. Right here

AN ARTIFICIAL POND OF CEMENT. THE PLANT IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE JAPANESE LOTUS, *Nelumbium nuciferum.*

AN ARTIFICIAL POND OF CEMENT. THE ROYAL AMAZON WATER LILY, *Victoria regia*, IN THE FOREGROUND. A TROPICAL TOUCH IS ADDED TO THE BORDER BY THE BANANA, CASTOR-OIL PLANT, AND ELEPHANT'S EARS.

A SMALL LILY POND IN THE HERBACEOUS GROUNDS, NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN. THE PLANT IN THE FOREGROUND IS MARLIAC'S YELLOW WATER LILY, *Chromatella*.

A CORNER IN THE WATER GARDEN, NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN. THE SHRUBS ARE ALDERS. THE WATER PLANT IN BACKGROUND IS THE YELLOW AMERICAN LOTUS, *Nelumbium luteum.*

A SMALL POND IN THE HERBACEOUS GROUNDS, NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN. THE PICKEREL-WEED, *Pontederia cordata*, AS A DECORATIVE PLANT.

THE OLD SWAMP, UNCARED FOR AND UNKEMPT, FULL OF TUSSOCKS AND SMALL POOLS OF STAGNANT WATER, THE BIRTHPLACE OF MOSQUITOES AND MALARIA. A DAM WAS THROWN ACROSS AT THE RIGHT, FLOODING THE SWAMP.

THE OLD SWAMP AFTER ITS TRANSFORMATION, FULL OF BEAUTY AND INTEREST. WAS IT NOT WORTH THE TROUBLE?

let me emphasize the desirability of putting evergreens in your border, and suggest that rhododendrons be among them. The button-bush, *Cephalanthus occidentalis*, the sweet bay, *Magnolia glauca*, and the American holly, *Ilex opaca*, can all be used. Many other shrubs are available, but this will serve to suggest what is needed.

When we come to the herbaceous plants, and it is upon them that we must rely for the great show of color in the border, there is a host from which to choose. Any neighborhood will supply a good selection. Visit the swamps and water courses in your own vicinity and see how many can be found. They are much easier to transplant than shrubs and trees, giving usually a much greater measure of success. The cattails, *Typha latifolia*, and *Typha angustifolia*, growing right in the water, are most useful. Their growth is in straight upright lines, and they are very effective when planted in the rear of water lilies. The arrow-heads, *Sagittaria*, with their halberd-shaped leaves and white flowers, are worthy a place, also the lizard's-tail, *Saururus cernuus*, with its odd spikes of creamy flowers, nodding at the apex. The pickerel-weed, *Pontederia cordata*, is an excellent plant, showing masses of blue flowers in spikes.

PLANTS which will give height to the border may be found among the grasses. The Indian rice, *Zizania aquatica*, is among them, reaching eight to ten feet in height, and showing an ample panicle of nodding flowers. Another of about the same height is the common reed, *Phragmites communis*. Still another, of somewhat taller growth, is *Arundo donax*, with broad gray-green leaves. An air of lightness may be added to the border by planting groups of the Japanese reed-grass, *Miscanthus sinensis*. It comes into flower in the fall, its feathery tassels persisting a long time. The variety known as *gracillimus* gives the best effect. Two of the common blue flags of the swamps, *Iris prismatica*, together with the Japanese iris, *Iris Kæmpferi* or *lævigata*, occurring in a number of shades, will introduce much variety of color. The common marsh marigold, *Caltha palustris*, is one of the best early yellows. It snuggles close down at the edge of the pond and makes itself at home there, its beauty being reflected in the still waters. The much despised skunk cabbage, *Spathyema fœtida*, is an excellent plant for foliage effect, giving a tender green early in the spring. The American hellebore, *Verbatrum viride*, is a stately plant, upright in habit, and very effective in mass, growing four to five feet tall.

Perhaps the most striking of all the native swamp plants is the rose mallow, *Hibiscus Moscheutos*, a tall, bushy plant, of vigorous habit, attractive in foliage, and sending forth during the month of

August a succession of lovely pink blossoms five to eight inches across. A mass of these plants against a background of dark green is one of the most striking features of a water garden. Then there is the white swamp mallow, known as "crimson eye," *Hibiscus oculiroseus*, similar in habit to the rose mallow with pure white flowers and a deep crimson eye. The spiked loose-strife, *Lythrum salicaria*, its flowers a rich purple, and the brilliant cardinal flower, *Lobelia cardinalis*, a mass of flaming red, should occupy respectively a prominent place. They must however be widely separated since their colors glare at each other. And by the way, the harmony of color should be carefully studied in the planting scheme.

There are so many herbaceous plants which can be used that it would take pages to enumerate them all. The asters, the goldenrods, the swamp sunflowers, the tickseeds, and many others will furnish a wealth of material. Many can be secured in nearby swamps, and to those who really love flowers there is a certain zest in seeking thus for the desired material. The ferns and brakes must not be overlooked. What can take the place in the border of the royal fern, the ostrich fern, the cinnamon fern, and Clayton's fern? Nothing can replace their stately dignity. Terrestrial orchids will also add a touch of color and form not to be had from any other flower. The yellow fringed-orchis, *Habenaria ciliaris*, the small purple fringed-orchis, *Habenaria psychodes*, the grass-pink, *Limodorum tuberosum*, and the showy lady's slipper, *Cypripedium spectabile*, the latter a beautiful blending of white and pink, are all orchids well worth while seeking and transplanting about the water garden.

If a touch of the tropical is aimed at use the castor-oil plant, *Ricinus communis*, or the Abyssinian banana, *Musa Ensete*, bearing in mind that they are not hardy and must have protection over the winter.

WE now come to that part of the water garden which is unique, and to which all that has gone before leads—the plants which live only in the water, ineffably charming and beautiful. Others that have been mentioned are possible to grow in an ordinary garden, but the water lilies occur only in the water garden. Remember the water lily of lakes and slow-moving streams, as it floats lightly on their surfaces responding to the touch of every wave and ripple. Can its delicious fragrance and purity be forgotten? It surpasses all other water lilies in its sweet perfume. While not as striking as some of its tropical cousins, there is associated with it a sentiment which will always make it our first choice. Another good white beauty is the tuberous water lily, *Nymphæa tuberosa;*

still another, of hybrid production, is known as *Nymphæa alba candidissima.* The latter is a vigorous grower and must be watched that it does not take general possession of things. In great contrast to these large flowers is the pygmy lily, *Nymphæa tetragona,* the smallest of its kind, with flowers barely two inches across. It should be grown in the shallower parts of the pond. The only native pink water lily of northeastern America is a variety of the common pond lily and is called the Cape Cod lily, *Nymphæa odorata rosea.*

We must turn to M. Latour-Marliac, the wizard in the production of hardy water lilies for some of our most striking flowers. Among his productions we can choose flowers from the clearest flesh color to the deepest red, a clear yellow, or a combination of red and yellow. The variety called chromatella, a fine yellow, is a wonderful lily, full of vigor, free of bloom. Another yellow, a dwarf form, is called helvola, an appealing little plant. The fault with the native pink lily is its weak habit and small flowers. One of these is called *carnea,* a flesh pink, while the other bears the name of *rosea,* a much deeper pink, and the better variety. Perhaps the most striking and unusual forms he has produced are those in which he merged the red flowers with the yellow. One, known as William Falconer, has the red parent predominating, and the result is a flower of deep claret color. James Bryden is another of the deep reds. Forms in which the yellow and red are equally merged are represented in *Seignoreti, aurora,* and *gloriosa,* revelations among water lilies. In them the center of the flower is a deep red, the ends of the petals yellow. They are unfortunately not of strong habit, so it is necessary to grow them in the shallower, warmer parts of the pond. They will need replacing from time to time.

There are two other hardy plants, sometimes called water lilies; the lotuses. One is known as the Japanese lotus, the other as the American lotus. The Japanese plant is much to be preferred, with its magnificent flowers of rich pink. It is one of the most striking features of the water garden.

ALL of the plants to which reference has been made are hardy, and they will live on from year to year, requiring little care. There are, however, other water lilies, well worthy of cultivation, which demand much more care. These are of tropical origin and so require to live in water of a much higher temperature, which can only be effected in an artificial pond, free from running water. The pond must be placed in a sheltered position so that the sun superheats the water during the day, or means must be provided for heating the water artificially. If practicable, this latter method

is much to be preferred as it gives absolute command over the water temperature. It is especially desirable early in the summer or early fall, or during any continued cool spell of weather. A few pipes and a hot-water boiler such as is used in greenhouses will be sufficient equipment. There can be cultivated the blue-lily-of-the-Nile, *Nymphœa cœrulea*, the Cape-of-Good-Hope lily, *Nymphœa capensis*, another blue, and the Zanzibar lily, *Nymphœa Zanzibarensis*, of the deepest blue or purple. Two of the finest of these blue tender lilies are of hybrid production; they are known as pulcherrima and William Stone. A beautiful pink is called Mrs. C. W. Ward.

All of these lilies are day bloomers. There is another class which blooms at night. They are also tender, requiring special care. The Egyptian white lotus is one of them. Among the reds and pinks of this class we have *Sturtevantii*, *Omarana*, *Devoniensis* and George Huster.

Other non-hardy aquatics which will add variety to the planting are the water hyacinth, *Piaropus crassipes;* the water snowflake, *Limnanthemum indicum;* the water poppy, *Hydrocleys nymphoides;* the parrot's feather, *Myriophyllum preserpinacoides.*

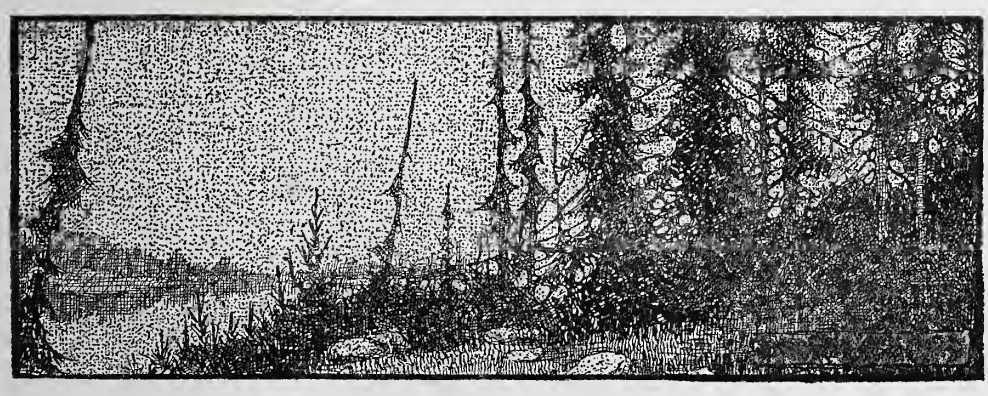
But if you have gone as far in the cultivation of water lilies as to have an artificial pond with heating equipment, you will never be satisfied until you have added to your collection the royal water lily. For its cultivation it is wise to provide the deeper pits in your artificial pond to which reference was made in an earlier part of this article. The seeds for the royal water lily should be started in a greenhouse tank early in February, or young plants may be secured from dealers. There are two forms of this lily, *Victoria regia* and *Victoria cruziana;* the latter, commonly known as *Victoria trickeri*, is to be preferred, as it is of much easier cultivation, requiring a lower temperature. Think of plants with giant leaves, well shown in some of the accompanying illustrations, five to six feet across, with upturned margins of four to six inches or more high and flowers sometimes a foot across.

TO those who are not in a position to enter into water gardening on a large scale, let me suggest that smaller gardens, delightful in every way, are within their reach. A dam may be thrown across a small brook, thus making a little pond. It and the brook margins will give excellent opportunity for securing pretty effects. One of the accompanying illustrations shows a pond of this kind. If a brook is not available, a tank can be made of cement at small expense, and in it some of the choicest water lilies can be grown. I would place among the hardy forms which can be satis-

factorily grown in limited quarters the following: Helvola, tetragona, Seignoreti, aurora, gloriosa, William Falconer, odorata rosea, and odorata. Of especial value under such circumstances are the following tender lilies: Mrs. C. W. Ward (pink); and the following blues: pulcherrima, cœrulea and capensis. They, of course, must all be planted in small tubs or other receptacles. By skilful planting the artificial rim of the tank can be hidden. Irises, ferns, and other herbaceous plants should be used for this purpose.

Another form of small water garden can be made from a half hogshead, sunken into the ground, if so desired, and treated in the same way as the cement tank. Several of them may be put into a small area. Half barrels can be used for still smaller gardens. In addition to the lilies enumerated above, I would suggest as possibilities for such miniature water gardens, the following: Water poppy, water snowflake, sagittarias.

A number of the accompanying illustrations were made from photographs of a water garden, the result of the transformation of an old swamp. The two depicting the swamp before and after treatment are especially convincing. What has been done once, can be done again. So, in closing, let me emphasize not only the beauty of water gardens but as well their usefulness. Old swamps, the breeding places of mosquitoes, and hence the birthplace of malaria, may be transformed from these pest holes into objects of beauty—may be converted from tangles of brush and briar, and scattered pools of stagnant water, into little ponds or lakes, around the margins of which may be grown some of the most beautiful of flowers, and their waters bedecked with the fairest members of the aquatic plant world.



THE NEGRO'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE MUSIC OF AMERICA: THE LARGER OPPORTUNITY OF THE COLORED MAN OF TODAY: BY NATALIE CURTIS

NOTE: A recognition of the negro's part in the music of America finds appropriate emphasis at this time when the fiftieth anniversary of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation points to the progress made by the colored race industrially, economically and spiritually since the days of slavery.

UR children dance, our people sing, even our soldiers march to "rag-time," which is fast becoming a national "Pied Piper" to whose rhythm the whole country moves. This bizarre and fascinating music with its hide-and-seek of accent has not only swept over the United States, but it has also captured Europe, where it is rightly known as "American Music," and is taken quite seriously as typical of this country. In New York, where the commercial and mechanical instinct pervades all things, popular songs are regularly manufactured on stereotyped "rag-time" pattern and turned out on Broadway till the type is becoming so conventionalized that the refrain of a "best-seller" of a few years back might aptly now be changed to "All tunes sound alike to me." Yet rag-time at its best has originality which at once attracts, and a rhythmic impulse that compels response. I remember when the great Russian conductor Safonoff heard it for the first time. The band at the hotel where he was staying had been playing serious music in his honor, when something more popular was requested by one of the other guests. With the first bars of "rag-time" the musician, who had paid scant attention before, began to listen curiously, then attentively, then enthusiastically. He rushed to the leader of the band. "But what is this? It is wonderful! So original, so interesting." The leader smilingly explained that it was the "real American music." "I shall score it for orchestra and play it in St. Petersburg!" declared the Russian, with real appreciation behind the humor of the suggestion.

Whence comes this music that now fairly runs in our veins? Though the origin of "rag-time" is a matter of discussion, no one can deny the influence of Negro musical characteristics upon our popular songs of the day. Of course the syncopation which is the predominant feature of "rag-time" is to be found occasionally in all music. It occurs in Scotch and Irish folk-song, it is very prominent in Hungarian melodies, and it is an absolutely essential element in the songs of our North American Indians of many tribes. It is frequently found in the music of primitive people who associate song with bodily movement and rely upon variety of rhythm for diversity of musical effect.

THE NEGRO'S CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICAN MUSIC

Any one who has studied Negro music in its different phases—dance-songs, cake-walks, laboring songs as well as the religious melodies—will certainly find ground for the assertion that what we specifically call "*rag-time*" (the popular American song that is played, whistled, sung and danced to in the theater, in our homes and on the street) received its first impulse from Negro songs. A remarkable volume entitled "The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man" contains an interesting account of the beginnings of "rag-time" by an author who evidently has intimate knowledge of the facts. He says that "rag-time" originated "in the questionable resorts about Memphis and St. Louis by Negro piano-players who knew no more of the theory of music than they did of the theory of the universe;" that this music made its way to Chicago and thence to New York, springing into immediate popularity, the crude improvisations of the Negro players and singers having been "taken down by white men, the words slightly altered and published under the names of the arrangers" (who reaped the financial profit).

IT has been said that "rag-time" first appeared in our music-halls about the time of the Chicago World's Fair and it is possible that the reiterated syncopation of the Oriental drum-beat which went echoing forth all over the country with the polyglot songs and rhythms of the "Midway Plaisance" may have had some slight share in the evolution of our popular music. But some authoritative colored men have traced the origin of the first "rag-time" melodies directly to the common working-songs and boisterous merrymaking of their own people; and in spite of white imitators and Broadway manufacturers of popular songs, no one can invent such attractive "rag-time" as that written by colored men (who are only just beginning to be adequately paid for their own ideas); also ignorant colored people sing and play this kind of music naturally and instinctively in a way peculiar to themselves, and difficult, at first, to the average American. All this would help to prove the Negro's influence, at least, on the music of this country.

Doubtless the Negroes in the South heard the tom-tom and the sharply accentuated rhythms of Indian song from the surrounding tribes with whom they mixed to some extent prior to the removal of the Southern Indians to Indian Territory. Also the slaves heard constantly the music of their masters,—the hymns and ballads of the whites. But the voice of the African sounds through these two different influences, shaping a folk-song of its own that is distinctly the product of the Negro in America. The enslaved race which is now part of our body politic, presenting one of the most difficult problems

of adjustment that our country has to meet, has sung itself unconsciously into the very life of our nation.

Very different indeed from modern "rag-time" both musically and spiritually are the old folk-melodies of the plantation; yet many of these have also the rhythmic feature of syncopation—the short note falling on the even beat of the musical bar. The religious slave-songs or "spirituals" have been made familiar to Northerners through the singing of the students of Hampton and Fiske Institutes, two of the great Negro schools of the South which have held meetings all through the North in the interest of their educational campaign. These and other schools have printed small collections of the plantation melodies, chiefly religious songs,—a noble work, for the slave songs are fast being lost to the memory of the present generation.

White musicians here and there have turned to these beautiful Negro folk-tunes for themes and inspiration. Though we took from the Negro greedily (and still applaud him as an "entertainer" in vaudeville and cabaret) yet few of us ever gave to the colored man any serious consideration of his talent or stopped to think that the music which white composers found worthy to be valued as a contribution to a future national "school" and whose themes they purposed to "develop" might be "developed" by Negro musicians if encouraged to study. Though the Negroes had already made some organized effort at self-education musically (as in a conservatory of music founded about nine years ago in Washington by a colored woman, Mrs. Gibbs Marshall), it is only two years ago that a group of earnest people in New York, interested in the uplift of the Negro and also in music, conceived the idea of establishing a Music School Settlement for Colored People. This institution had the two-fold aim of preserving and developing the beautiful old Negro music in its purity, and of founding a social center in the heart of the colored district where the educational appeal through music would take the children from the streets in the daytime and provide wholesome and instructive recreation for adults in the evening. The purpose of the school was chiefly sociological, but music was the avenue through which it was believed that the colored people could best be reached.

AS might have been foreseen, the enormous Negro population in New York at once endorsed this effort, the churches and the people at large contributing to the embryo school and quickly enrolling both children and grown people as pupils. The school has been in actual existence little over a year, yet already it has a building of its own at Two Hundred and Fifty-Seven West One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Street in the "Black Belt" of Harlem, with an orchestra

and chorus, and classes in nearly all important branches of music. Of course no one entertains the mad dream of turning all the pupils of the school into professional musicians, for it is only the exceptional few in any race who are sufficiently gifted to warrant devoting themselves exclusively to art; and pity it would be indeed, to divert Negroes, of all people, from more practical work at the present stage of their economic development. Yet music, as a factor in the life of communities and in the home, is an undoubted influence for education, refinement and uplift, and to the Negroes, who are a distinctly gregarious people, it is, as it always has been, a natural and wholesome element of social intercourse. But there are already Negroes in New York who actually do sing and play for a living, and it is precisely these that the school may help to lift out of the demoralizing environment of all-night restaurants and cheap theatrical shows into a world of better effort.

Though the actual work done by the young institution is productive of much good, it is the influence of the school which is most potent both as a settlement, and also in creating a better understanding between whites and blacks. As a rule, it used to make no difference how gifted a colored man might be, or how well he might play an instrument; the Negro could hardly hope to be taken seriously and to find a place among white musicians: vaudeville and "entertaining" were the only fields in music easily open to him. A very few men in different parts of the country have forged their way to the front, with a heroism worthy of all admiration. But most Negro musicians have been obliged to stay with the clog-dance and the comic-song; the color-line was a barrier in music as in the trades and professions.

But, through the efforts of the School, New York was given a real awakening last May, when the city learned to see what the Negroes had themselves accomplished in music utterly without the aid, instruction, or even the knowledge of white citizens. Few white people had ever heard of the orchestra of the "Clef Club," a band of a hundred and twenty-five members organized a few years ago by the colored people themselves at whose head now stands James Reese Europe, a man with a strong sense of organization and discipline and with pronounced musical ability. For the benefit of the Settlement School this orchestra and several other colored musicians volunteered their services at a great concert of Negro music given on May second in Carnegie Hall. I mention the date because this concert really formed an epoch in the musical life of the Negro and also in the development of Negro music. Hardly a day passes that the influence of that concert is not felt in some phase of Negro life in this city, for

our eyes were then opened as never before, not only to the Negroes' ability, but to the importance of the step that the School had taken in appealing to the higher nature of the colored people through their own talent and in helping them to turn that talent to the good of our whole country. For music is certainly one of the distinct contributions that the Negro has to offer to our American life.

It was an astonishing sight, that Negro orchestra (a sort of American "Balalaika") that filled the entire stage with banjos, mandolins, guitars, a few violins, violas, celli, double basses, here and there a wind instrument, some drums, eloquent in syncopation, and the sonorous background of ten upright pianos corresponding in efficiency to the cymbalo of the Hungarian band. Europe uplifted his baton and the orchestra began (with an accuracy of "attack" that many a greater band might envy) a stirring march composed by the leader. It was the "Pied Piper" again, for as one looked through the audience, one saw heads swaying and feet tapping in time to the incisive rhythm, and when the march neared the end, and the whole band burst out singing as well as playing, the novelty of this climax—a novelty to the whites, at least—brought a very storm of tumultuous applause. After that, the audience settled back with a broad smile of enjoyment.

MOST of these Clef Club men play by ear; two-thirds of them could not read a note when they first joined the organization. They have "picked up" the ability to play an instrument, and, like the Hungarians and the gypsies, when they have caught the melody, they are quick to catch by ear their own orchestral parts also, or even to fill in and improvise the harmonies,—but always subject to the criticism and leadership of the conductor who corrects and drills his musicians carefully at rehearsals. These Negro players who sing also, think nothing of playing a bass part and singing tenor at the same time or of playing alto and singing bass! Yet these are men with only odd hours for practise,—many of them being waiters, porters, elevator-boys, barbers, employees or tradesmen of different kinds. Even as the Negroes in the South sing naturally in four part harmonies at their work in field or factory, so too these Negroes in the North almost equally untrained musically, play and sing by virtue of sheer natural ability.

The program on May second was made up entirely of the modern work of Negro musicians, most of the composers taking part in the performance. There were in the audience many of New York's best white musicians and also contributors to our Philharmonic and Symphony Orchestras; and the musical editors of the New York papers

had come in order to give this enterprise serious consideration. Never before had the Negroes had such an opportunity.

An example of what the educated Negro can achieve is furnished by the career of Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, a British-African mulatto who lived and worked in England and whose recent death in the thirty-eighth year of his age is mourned abroad as a loss to the English musical world; for Coleridge-Taylor was not only a composer of eminence but was a professor of composition at Trinity College, and conductor of the Handel Society, a prominent English choral organization. In an obituary notice the London Telegraph describes Coleridge-Taylor as "one of the foremost of English composers of the present day . . . undoubtedly the first person of Negro birth to achieve fame as a creative musician." His greatest work, a choral trilogy called "Hiawatha" is said to have "brought a new 'note' into English music." Coleridge-Taylor studied at the Royal College of Music in Kensington, and at eighteen years won a scholarship in composition; three years later a symphony by him was produced at St. James Hall under Sir Charles Stanford's direction, and a work for clarinet and strings was performed in Berlin by the Joachim quartet.

He never visited West Africa, his father's native country, yet he had a strong belief in the musical instinct of his people, and a keen interest in Negro songs. He composed some African Dances, an African Suite for the piano and an orchestral Rhapsody on Negro themes, written for the Norfolk Festival in Connecticut in nineteen hundred and ten. But though he had talent, Coleridge-Taylor had not the background of cataclysmic human experience of the Negro in this country, an experience which has charged the folk-song of the American Negro (even as oppression, pain and struggle have colored the folk-song of the people of Russia) with a wealth of pathos, longing and aspiration. No American Negro can be placed in the same class with Coleridge-Taylor as regards scholarly musicianship, yet the Negro in this country has a message that the British-African could not give—a message that sings the struggle of a race from darkness into light.

THE present impetus toward an appreciation of our own Negro folk-music was undoubtedly given by the sojourn of Dvorak in New York, and by the emphatic words of the great Bohemian who wrote that the "so-called plantation songs are indeed the most striking and appealing melodies that have yet been heard on this side of the water."

Those who knew Dvorak in this country link the recollection of him with the thought of Henry T. Burleigh, one of our foremost

Negro musicians. Burleigh was educated at the National Conservatory in New York, and was still a student when Dvorak came to America to take charge of that institution. The talented young Negro greatly interested the Bohemian composer, and it was partly through contact with Burleigh that Dvorak became familiar with Negro songs, incorporating their rhythmic and melodic characteristics in compositions of his own which he hoped would point a path to the future development of a national American music. The "Symphony from the New World," and the so-called "Negro" string-quartet which were written to this end, are filled with suggestions of the composer's study and appreciation of Negro melodies and of the association of the great master with the young colored student.

A pioneer for the Negro's right to enter the field of serious art, Burleigh has worked for years in New York, never sinking his high standard, never doing anything that would compromise his dignity as a musician, never allowing himself to be beaten back by prejudice. Quietly, unassumingly but firmly he has maintained his hard-earned place among professional musicians. For many years he has been baritone at St. George's Episcopal Church on Stuyvesant Square and is now also a member of the choir at the Temple Emanu-El on Fifth Avenue.

Though Burleigh has made two small collections: "Plantation Melodies, Old and New," and "Negro Minstrel Songs," and has also written songs of his own, he is best known as a singer, and particularly as an exponent of the old slave songs. Realizing the beauty of these melodies Burleigh has always placed them on his programs, striving to make white people and black appreciate this folk-music of America; for the Negroes of today, especially those in the North, have turned from the songs that remind them of their former subjugation and of the present race ostracism, and Burleigh rightly feels that in losing the old plantation melodies the colored people are throwing away their best musical asset. It is indeed doubtful if any Negro music of the future can ever equal in simple beauty and depth of feeling that of the past.

Another important figure among our colored musicians is Will Marion Cook, chiefly known as the clever composer of light opera music and vaudeville sketches; for none of the publishers would take the better things that Cook had written. It was at the concert mentioned above, that some of Cook's manuscript compositions were first heard by white people, and then a new place was won for the composer.

In listening to these better works of Cook, one involuntarily recalls Shakespeare's words: "This above all, to thine own self be

true." It is truth to his race that stamps Cook as another of the pioneers in the artistic efforts of the Negro, lifting his work beyond an expression of musical talent alone, and making it prophetic of a larger development of the Negro people in music.

WHILE the song of the American Negro has been from the beginning the simple expression of a naturally musical folk, it was to the illiterate laborer of the plantation the one great outlet for his thoughts and feelings. In his music the Negro poured out his sufferings and his aspiration, his patient submission to the bondage of this world and his vivid hope for the world to come. His song was also his recreation and his joy; it lightened his toil, inspired his dances, accompanied his games, enriched the story-teller's narrative, and embodied all the sports and pastime of a childlike people. This music, so full of pathos, religious devotion and emotional power on the one hand, and on the other, so overflowing with humor and irresistible spirit, is the heritage of the Negro composer of today.

And Cook has had the imagination to see and to feel this. His music is the conscious response to that same unconscious musical impulse through which the very soul of his race found voice, and he is justly proud of the upward struggle of the freedman. Though his compositions so far, are little more than an indication of the larger work that he might do, he is already seeking to interpret the character of his people in music, and to carry the untaught musical language of the Negro into the realm of art. And everything that he writes is true in melody, rhythm and form to the racial utterance, so that his music, even in its most external aspect, is distinctive and characteristic. A love of strong, rich harmony, a keen dramatic sense, and a restraint that avoids excess are all qualities that help to round out and balance a highly-gifted nature.

The music of Cook and also some of that by J. Rosamond Johnson is indeed the Negro's own musical speech set to verses, some of which have the quaint mixture of crude poetry and humor characteristic of the tales of Uncle Remus. A "Negro Lullaby" by Johnson has caught in music the tender crooning of the colored "Mammy"; "Southland," an unpublished manuscript by the same composer, has for its opening theme that sublime old Negro chant "Go down, Moses," whose somber cry seems to have been wrung from the very soul of an oppressed people. In singing of the bondage of the children of Israel in Egypt the Negro felt his own, and the call:—

"Tell ole Pharaoh
Let my people go!"

has a pathos that voices the Negro's own hope for deliverance.

"Exhortation," a song by Cook for baritone solo and chorus is a complete genre picture showing a darky Deacon of the old time in the South, surrounded by his flock who make devout response to his words. The "exhortation" by the preacher was in old days a regular part of the camp-meeting service, and Cook has caught with vivid humor the improvisational eloquence of the Negro preacher whose dramatic appeal always stirred his listeners to such fervor of repentance and conversion. In the "Rain-Song," also by Cook, which is picturesquely colored by humorous childlike superstition, we hear an echo of the spirit of Negro folk-lore.

"When de frog's done changed his yaller vest,
An' in his brown suit now he is dressed,
Mo' rain, an' still mo' rain!
When you notice de air it stan's stock still,
An' de blackbird's voice it gits so awful shrill
Dat am de time fo' rain!"

And here again, the dramatic instinct which is so strong in the Negro (as in most primitive people, and in all children too, before it is crushed out by education) gives to this delightfully original choral composition a vigorous freshness which sweeps to a brilliant climax and quite carries an audience off its feet. When the Negroes sing the "Rain-Song," the few gestures of the soloists, who rise up, one by one from different parts of the orchestra and sing each a verse, give such a touch of delicious reality to the supposed contrasting signs of rain and of clear weather, that at the conclusion the listener feels quite sure with "Mr. Simmons" that "dere aint a-gwine ter be no rain today!"

"Exhortation" and the "Rain-Song" are certainly the best things that Cook has done, so far (and these lay unpublished for years), but "Swing Along," a cake-walk, though in a more obviously popular vein, is irresistible, and "Lover's Lane" has a swaying lilt, a crooning refrain and an unexpected loveliness of harmony that haunt the listener for days.

ALTHOUGH both Cook and Johnson have received good musical education (Cook studied at the Hochschule in Berlin, and had violin lessons from Joachim), they have endeavored in their better work to hold fast to the traditions of Negro music in this country influenced by the enthusiasm of Dvorak and by the example of Burleigh. Through translating into their own form of art the life of their people, these colored musicians have undoubtedly made a picturesque and truthful contribution to our musical literature.

Not only did the concert of last spring introduce our Negro composers to the music-lovers of this city, but it also proved that some of

the music was worthy of a place on the programs of white musicians. It was the Schola Cantorum of New York which took the initial step of performing in concert (with its own well-trained chorus) three dialect songs by Cook and Johnson. On the recital programs of great singers such dialect songs have already figured, but usually as arranged or composed by white people. The Schola program was devoted to works by living composers of America, and Kurt Schindler, conductor of the chorus, felt that, since these Negro compositions reached the standard of musicianship, they should certainly take their place with the works of other American composers, as they reflect a phase of life distinctly characteristic of America,—the life of the Southern plantation.

An unexpected force for better understanding between whites and blacks has been liberated in this conscious admission of the Negro into our musical life. Music has always sprung from people who labor out-of-doors,—simple people who sing as they work and pray and dance. Whether the Negroes, any of them will develop into great artists is not the present question; what we hope is that the Negro of today shall carry into his free industrial life in ennobling form the same love of song that upheld him spiritually in the days of bondage and made slavery bearable. For us, the fact is here, that the untaught Negro has already unconsciously given to this country the elements of a type of music that the people love, while the Negro with a little education now gives us the promise of a development of that type. The folk-song of the Negro has something to give to art,—something that is original and convincing because it speaks directly from the heart. Like all music born of the need of song in a people, it appeals to the listener with that elemental truth of feeling in which race has no part and humanity is one.

If anything can bring harmony from the present clashing of the two races during this difficult period of problem and adjustment, it might well be the peace-giver—music!

As this article goes to press another concert of Negro music is announced to take place in Carnegie Hall on Lincoln's Birthday, when a great chorus will sing in commemoration of the Emancipation Proclamation the beautiful old slave song whose burden runs:

"Oh freedom, oh freedom over me!
And before I'll be a slave
I'll be buried in my grave
I'll go home to my Lord
And be free."

BERMUDA: THE LAND OF TWO SPRING-TIMES: BY HANNA RION

AFTER the dry heat of September comes a cooling of the morning and evening air and almost every day there drift across the little Islands strange trailing rains—blown curtains of mist. The browning, weed-filled, resting fields are hurriedly cleared by the heavy Bermudian hoe to the song of mating birds and while the calendar says "autumn," the sky, the rain, the air, the flowers and the birds know it to be spring. Everywhere is heard the steady click of hoe; for the clearing of fields must all be done by hand, followed by the shallow plow. The Islands now grow ruddy, as red fields are turned and made ready for the first crop of potatoes, lettuce and parsley.

Each flower garden wakes from its summer lethargy and celebrates the "spring." During the intense heat of summer the flower gardens have been forgotten; only new-comers torture their gardens and themselves during a Bermudian summer. Besides the Island dwellers do not need flowers in their private gardens during the months of June, July, August and September—hillsides and roadsides have become vast gardens of splendor—the oleanders are in bloom! To a voyager approaching the Islands on a ship, Bermuda then appears a great fragrant bouquet of blossoms and foliage flung out over a turquoise sea.

The colors of the oleanders have a wide range. I have counted seven varieties of pink and three of red on our own farm land. The pure white variety is the rarest and perhaps the most beautiful. Near the sea all fields are hedged by oleanders fifteen to twenty feet high; serving as wind-breaks to protect crops from the biting brine of blown sea-spray.

On looking down from the top of the hills the scene is breath-taking in its unbelievable beauty; a beauty that becomes poignant when the eye shifts to the summer sea framed by millions of oleander blossoms.

In Bermuda there are three great flower festivals, the oleander, the narcissus, and the Easter lily. The narcissi begin to flower in December and continue during January. Every garden is filled to overflowing with these exquisite "paper" narcissi, which have spilled over the edges of gardens blooming outside the walls and gateways, spreading to the banks of roads and neglected fence corners. This asphodel-like flower is the prelude to another spring—the springtime of January. As it grows and ripens, this January springtime, the violets awake in the wild untraveled country and freesias in pure, fragrant colonies claim the moist depressions of many fields as their sporting ground.

AN OLD BERMUDA ROAD WITH GARDEN WALLS EACH SIDE, OVERHUNG WITH BRILLIANT TROPICAL FOLIAGE.

A PRACTICAL GARDEN OF CULTIVATED BERMUDA LILIES.

FRAGRANT NICOTIANA IN ONE CORNER OF A BERMUDA GARDEN.

SHIRLEY POPPIES BROUGHT FROM A NEW YORK STATE GARDEN.

THE LAND OF TWO SPRINGTIMES

IN January the potato crop of the October "spring" is harvested and the fields made ready for the planting of the Bermuda onion. The days are again drenched in mingled sunshine and drifting rain—the atmosphere of midday is that of a greenhouse, a humid heat odorous with the lush growth of tropical haste. On the hillsides appear millions of little green lanterns tipped with red—the elfin blossoms of the life plant; the cliffs along the south shore are white with sweet alyssum, called by the Bermudians "Traveler's Joy"; under the larger growths of bush and tree on the hillsides shines the blue eye of the little Bermudiana—a tiny star-flowered plant with iris-like leaf.

The January spring is the time of the great bird carnival—every bird is in love, and shares its love with the world. The air is filled with the ecstasy of the redbird; gorgeous in scarlet, with top-knot touched with black, he selects the topmost branch of the tallest juniper from which to woo his modest wife, who, in prayer-meeting gown of brown and greenish copper hides in the branches of a nearby oleander. Demure, gray, ground doves, anomalously wearing pink silk stockings, walk about lovingly in pairs. At any breathless moment a quail may appear from some mysterious shadow of a tangle, while sometimes a little brood of fifteen or more babies follow the mother. The bluebird flashes across the sky going a-courting; the catbird and the sparrow are on every side, and the beautiful little chick-o'-the-village brags about his beauty every hour of the day.

It is the supreme season of the rose. Roses bloom throughout the year in Bermuda, but in the January spring they reach their greatest perfection. The Duchess de Brabant grows almost wild. It is called the "shell rose" and is regarded by the Bermudian as an exclusive and native rose. In this blest land there are no rose diseases and the rose seems not to have any insect enemies whatever.

In January strawberries begin to ripen both for the benefit of birds and tourists—the birds get the berries for a song, the tourists get them for two shillings a quart.

In February every field is sprinkled with the wild salmon-colored poppy. Several years ago a Frenchman sent to France for poppy seed. It was a windy day when it arrived and the Frenchman took a long walk, casually tossing a pinch of seeds to the wind now and then. This fact he relates only to poppy lovers, for if the Portuguese and Bermudian farmers knew him to be the culprit he would have to go back home to France. Since that windy day when the Frenchman took the long walk, there have been many other windy days and the poppy seeds have been aeroplaned to every corner of the Islands, so now when February comes, there is each early morning, a salmon glow over the fields of vegetables. Bermuda is the natural home of poppies;

but, as yet, in no garden but my own are the shirley poppies planted to any extent. I have them by the thousand and some windy day I, too, shall take a long walk.

When I began my garden in this alien land a feeling of homesickness made me desire to reproduce a certain garden at home. I wanted familiar flower-faces to cheer me—flowers that had helped me dream in childhood, and flowers that had later on helped to make some of these dreams come true. But after experimenting valiantly with American perennials for two seasons I began to realize that I must adapt my garden and dreams to new conditions. With the exception of shirley poppies and *Nicotiana affinis* my planting ground is now a typical Bermudian garden inclosed in a high bignonia hedge—a garden of Sago palm, guava, curacoa willow, crêpe myrtle, loquat, lemon, poinsettia, hibiscus, larkspur, periwinkle, candytuft, violets and daisies.

The chaotic conditions of the climate must be strangely puzzling to many flowers and trees. The Australian fiddlewood in the spring month of May, feeling the echo of its native autumn, proceeds with a curious and rather pathetic loyalty to paint its leaves yellow and crimson, and then to drop them one by one. In October the fiddlewood thrills with the memory of the Australian spring and bursts into fragrant blossoms and tender new leaves.

MANY plants here give themselves no vacation during all the year; the hibiscus, geraniums and periwinkles flower three hundred and sixty-five days without taking a breath. A foreigner might think that this unbroken feast of twelve months of flowers would eventually surfeit the senses. It does not, however, for there are distinct seasons for many of the flowers and one grows to know them and look forward to them with renewed joy. In midsummer the pampas grass throws up great plumes of silky white, the hillsides shimmer with the candelabras of Spanish daggers, while great tangles of night-blooming cereus, snaking through tree boughs and over old walls, break into myriads of giant blossoms, making night too beautiful to seem true.

The summer is also the period of the flowering royal poinsiana, the most gorgeous of all trees. At Christmas each Bermuda garden has its own Christmas tree, the glowing poinsettia. Many years ago the poinsettia was brought from the Andes by Mr. Poinsett, a South Carolinian, and from his garden in Greenville it has spread far and wide—even to little Bermuda.

In January the century-plant-like aloe celebrates the spring by sending up an asparagus-shaped sprout which grows over night to gigan-

tic proportions. In two weeks' time an aloe can overtop a tree of ten years' plodding growth. The aloe has a bell blossom which forms a large seed-pod, changing in time into a little aloe. It grows where the blossom appeared on the stalk, and continues to thrive contentedly swaying high in the air with the parent stalk, until some psychological moment when a breeze loosens its hold on the mother and it falls, its little rootlets all ready to thrust themselves into the soil.

The calla lilies bloom in profusion during the January spring and lead up through February to the great festivals of the Easter lilies. A field of Easter lilies is a field of snow. Its beauty, however, is tragically short-lived, for the farmer walks through his lily field denuding the stalks of their flowers, throwing them between the rows and shamelessly trampling them with his muddy feet.

The native takes the beauty of his land for granted, scarcely realizing the paradise of flowers in which he is living; but a foreigner to whom these little islands have now become home, finds Bermuda a fairy tale that grows each year in beauty, with the re-telling.

ANTIDOTES: MARGUERITE O. B. WILKINSON

HAVE you come close to a cynic and been in danger of shipwreck because of his doubts?
Seek you the young and struggling idealists who live around the corner.
Has a hypocrite infected your soul with nausea and weariness?
Go at once to the honest persons who live nearest you and visit with them.
Does Nero reign violently and cruelly in the world of your labor?
Go outside of that world, for once, seeking those who are of the kingdom of Christ.
Do you frequently meet the Devil at the corner of the street on which you live?
Turn into another avenue and walk fast, hoping, and also expecting that there you will meet God.
For when the body sinks into deep waters we reach out toward something that floats, something to which we may cling.
When flames take hold upon our clothing we seek water, or earth wherewith to quench them.
When we have swallowed poison we hunt for an antidote while there is yet time.
We do what we can to save the body, and we do it quickly.
When the soul is drowning, burning, poisoned, in danger of life, shall we not do what we can to save the soul?

LOUIS AKIN, PAINTER: IN MEMORY

ITH the knowledge that our native forests are all but destroyed, our animals of plains and woods almost extinct, our wild flowers receding to mountain heights and woods, with our bird world stricken, we who have known our land in any of her fresh loveliness turn with a sense of peace and security to the spots of her indestructible beauty, the gardens of the gods, stern and inviolable, her wild and empty violet prairies, her mesas crowned with adobe towers. The silver mists, the rose twilight, the solitary people of a dying race—a vision of the Southwest, her changeless beauty, her spell of mysterious splendor—how many of us have come to a knowledge and love of this land through the fine vision and glowing brush of Louis Akin?

It is with a real spirit of mourning that we speak of Mr. Akin's recent and lamented death in his Western home near the mesas, the Indians, the desolate, beautiful prairies of his paintings. The world has lost a painter of vision—a poet-painter—and THE CRAFTSMAN mourns a friend of years' standing.

In nineteen hundred and six our first article about Mr. Akin appeared in the magazine illustrated with pictures of himself and reproductions of his paintings of the Southwest. The last record we may ever make of his valiant achievement in this chosen field of distinctive American art is the present mention of the work in which he was engaged at the time of his death—the designs for the mural decoration of the great "Southwest Room" in the Natural History Museum of New York. That so fine a monument to a man's love of his country and of art should not have progressed to completion is the overwhelming tragedy of Louis Akin's early death. We have been told by the museum that friends who saw the designs for the mural decoration this last fall on a visit to Mr. Akin's studio at Flagstaff, pronounced them "wonderful!" Late in February or early in March there is a prospect that the designs for the walls of the "Southwest Room," sixty by ninety feet, will be exhibited in the room which they might have adorned with their final fresh beauty.

THOSE who only know Mr. Akin as a painter of the Southwest will be interested to hear that he really belongs to the Northwest. He was born in Portland, Oregon, and like many men here in America of significant achievement, began his early life in humble ways—a painter of signs. Undoubtedly he painted these signs very well indeed—today they must be very interesting to the men who own them as the work of one of the significant painters of

LOUIS AKIN, PAINTER OF THE SOUTHWEST, WHO WAS ENGAGED AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH IN DESIGNING MURAL DECORATIONS FOR THE SOUTHWEST ROOM OF THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, NEW YORK.

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"THE ORAIBA PLAZA," FROM A PAINTING BY LOUIS AKIN.

the great Southwest of America. In New York Mr. Akin did some illustrations, not very important, for the call of his soul was for great singing spaces vibrant with color. And so he only waited for the opportunity to trek for the Southwest, very poor when he started and very joyous. How fine a spirit he took to his glorious task only those who know and love him could ever say.

The Hopi Indians became Louis Akin's lifelong friends, welcoming him and sharing with him the wealth of their art and religion. He was in fact one with them in dignity, sincerity and real love of beauty. And no man has so well presented these gentle, vanishing people, for no one has so intimately known and so profoundly loved them and their land.

After a few years among them Mr. Akin sent back to the East canvases that were gladly hung in the National Academy and at the annual exhibitions of the Pennsylvania Art Academy, also in dealers' galleries. The press as a whole commended him, the classic critic of academic conditions fretted a bit about his color, his curious atmosphere; his canyons swaying in frail-tinted mists bewildered these visionless men, and they accused Mr. Akin of being original. He was painting as if Holland and France had not been guiding us for years. He was courteously reproved; but he stayed out in the Southwest and painted more naturally, more fearlessly, more surely than ever. The critic did not quite exist to him, and the mesa top, the prayer at twilight, the prairie sleeping in a sea of gold and pink, the woman grinding corn, with yellow, red and blue in the picture, suns and moons and the wide skies of the Southwest filled his soul and his canvases. And he continued to work happily and beautifully for his own joy and for the good of his spirit and his friends, both Indian and white man.

There were many of these friends, how many we did not realize until the word of his sudden, sad death came, and then messages poured in to THE CRAFTSMAN, high tributes to man and artist. The fellow-workers of the Salmagundi Club held "an evening," not to eulogize him formally, but to come together once more in a friendly way to think and talk *of* "Louis" as they had thought and talked *with* him so often in the past. The stories of him were good to hear, of his loyalty to his friends, of his devotion to his art. With these friends we would like to offer a spiritual toast, our loving cup held high, "to a man whom men loved and an artist whom artists believed in."

CERTIFIED MILK AND CERTIFIED BOYS: BY ARTHUR D. DEAN

EVERAL years ago the Catholic Protectory of New York City placed two of its boys on an up-State farm. The first day they arrived one of them was directed to get a whiffletree out of the wagon shed. Much to the surprise of the farmer, the boy returned with an old butter churn. Later, the other boy was caught chasing a hen in a most painstaking manner around an improvised race track. When sharply scolded, the boy said, "The hired man says that hens will lay better if they are exercised every day."

Such stories of the ignorance of the city institutional boy when placed on the farm are not uncommon. City institutions for orphans and juvenile delinquents mean well when they send their boys into the country, but it is an impossible task to take boys who come direct from tenements, street corners, nickel shows and the crowded city, and make them "country-minded" by an educational process developed between brick walls and by books alone.

These boys are city-minded, not to mention crime-minded. Their pulse keeps time with the hurdy-gurdy; their eyes snap with the "movies;" they exist by their wits and not by their hands; their hearts and heads are as far from the hills and fields as are the tenements from which they come. Their homes are places to go only when everything else is shut up. It is no wonder that they confuse whiffletrees with churns and accept foolish tales of farm hands.

The Board of Managers saw the point after the boy chased the hen for commercial purposes; so did the farmer, for he said, "I don't want any more city stuff sent me." A branch school has consequently been established in Westchester County, forty miles from New York, for the purpose of giving boys preparatory agricultural training. No longer does the city institution send boys into the open country unprepared to follow a vocation so unlike their previous experience and in such different social and industrial conditions. The trade-school work for the city-minded is to be supplemented by a country branch for those who may become country-minded through genuine experience with farm practise before being placed on the farm.

Naturally some Westchester County folk objected to the school being started in their neighborhood. They said, "Our fruit will be stolen, our fences will be broken down, we will have to lock our doors and bar our windows, for are not bad boys coming into the neighborhood?" But suddenly the bad boys became good, in fact, so good that the citizens of the village voted to change the name of the town to meet the new spirit and out of their own initiative gave the school a

tablet commemorating the Gettysburg Speech—Abraham Lincoln being the model and ideal of the school.

AND why shouldn't the boys change for the better? They were not bad boys at heart. Their chance at a square deal had been small; their parents and environment had not been picked for them. On their faces were written the results of malnutrition and canceled birthrights. At the station Brother Barnabas met them—a man whose keenness, insight and enthusiasm no one will question. His mind is resourceful, his heart is in the cause and his soul dedicated to the boys. He set them to work—"real work"—as the boys say. It is through this work that the boys become part and parcel of the new institution which they are to build up and maintain with their own labor and brains.

The town was re-named Lincolndale. Lincoln is written large all over the place. Therein lies the secret. Lincoln is over the station doorway and in the great reception hall of the school; *his* face is modeled over the fireplace and *his* spirit is in the eyes of every boy.

Of course the boys changed. They had caught the "Lincoln Spirit." Inquire of any one, from Brother Barnabas to the neighbors who so strenuously objected to the school; from the oldest boy to the newest recruit, for the cause which has brought forth clean-cut, bright, sturdy youth, and the reply is, "The Lincoln Spirit." I asked a boy about it who had been there but a week, and he said, "Why, sir, it simply means a kid that's on the level." Another said, "To give a square deal." A third, "To do your work and not kick." "Oh, I can't tell you, but I feel it," replied the fourth.

I sat on the rail fence with a more mature boy who had been at the school from the start, and he went into the details of this wonderful school spirit. This is the conversation as I recall it: "Well, it's this way," he said. "When we come here" (they are *sent*, but he did not think of it that way) "we aren't asked any questions about our past. We are told that it is up to us to make good. An older feller gets hold of us and tells us that Brother Barnabas don't stand for any nonsense and that the other fellers don't want us around unless we mean business." "But what is this 'business'?" I asked. With a flash of eye filled with pride and dignity, he answered, "It is being like Abraham Lincoln and being a good dairyman." Such an answer makes one think. Here was a sixteen year old boy who in eleven words had given an educational ideal—to develop a Man for the Job. To me it was clear that we must think of the man-end of education as well as the job-end, and that somehow we are to measure a man by what he does as well as by what he knows.

CERTIFIED BOYS

"OF course I can understand," I said, "why you want to be like Abraham Lincoln, for he became President of the United States, and of course all boys want to be President." Quick as a flash he replied, "But I didn't say I want to be President. I said I want to be a good dairyman. It requires brains to run that sort of a business and there is good money in it besides. Why, over there in Newburgh there is a fellow that gets twenty cents a quart for his certified milk. We are trying to get our milk up to the standard so it can be certified." And then followed my first lesson on certified milk. "You see," he said, "profitable dairying must come through larger milk production from the individual cow. The cow must be of the dairy type, healthy, well-fed and well-cared for. No boy here would think of kicking a cow for it breaks up the quality and quantity of milk. When the school dairy had hired men we used to have kicking cows, but since we boys have done the milking and taken care of them, the production of milk has increased twenty percent"; an improvement in record that any dairy would be proud of, and rarely good for a group of boys having their first business experience.

His knowledge of dairying soon convinced me that I was an amateur. In order to get out of deep water, I asked him what they did about discipline around there. "Well, you see, every boy when he comes to the school is put in what we call 'seven grade.' This means that he is better than nothing, for you know everyone is good for something, and it isn't fair to start him off with zero, but on the other hand it isn't fair to give him the highest mark until he has earned it. It is better to give him a low mark and make him work up to a high mark. After six months he can be advanced to the 'fourteen grade' if the other boys in the school say he has the beginning of the Lincoln spirit and has succeeded fairly well in reaching the goal. No boy can get his mark raised until he has been passed upon by the rest of us fellows. Each new boy has an older 'brother' to look after him who is ready to tell him when he gets off the track. The highest grade is thirty-five. Only twenty-eight and thirty-five grade boys act as big brothers."

All the boys seemed so happy and so "on the level" that I wanted to look around the corner of the wall or back of the corn stalks for the boys who are in every school, always given to breaking rules; but I did not find any. I inquired about smoking. The reply was, "We don't do it." "What! no boy out of the two hundred and fifty is tempted to sneak off and take a smoke?" "No, because it isn't on the level, and besides every 'twenty-eight' and 'thirty-five' boy would be after such a fellow and he would soon find out what would be coming to him." And would "be coming" seemed to the little lad both just and severe.

IT SEEMS AS THOUGH EVEN THE COWS HAVE THE LINCOLN SPIRIT. THERE IS NEVER ANY "ROUGH HOUSING" AT MILKING TIME. EVERY YOUNG DAIRYMAN IS DRESSED IN WHITE, HANDS WASHED AND THE WORK SCIENTIFICALLY CONDUCTED.

THE BOYS THEMSELVES EXPERIMENT WITH THE MILK IN THE LABORATORY OF THE SCHOOL, AND THEY KNOW INDIVIDUALLY HOW GOOD OR HOW BAD IT IS.

A PICTURE OF ONE OF THE CERTIFIED BOYS, SHOWING THE MANLY TYPE THE SCHOOL TRAINING PRODUCES. NOT ONLY ARE THE BOYS TRAINED TO DO THEIR WORK WELL AND TO BE INTERESTED IN IT, BUT THEY ARE TRAINED FROM A HUMANE POINT OF VIEW TO LOVE ANIMALS AND TO CARE FOR THEM AS A VERY IMPORTANT PART OF THEIR DEVELOPMENT. THEY ARE ALSO TAUGHT TO DRESS NEATLY AND TO THINK WELL OF THEIR OWN GOOD APPEARANCE, AND IN SPITE OF ALL THE HARD WORK AND EVEN ROUGH WORK AT TIMES, THEY ARE A TIDY LOOKING LOT OF BOYS. THAT THEY AVERAGE PRETTY MANLY IN APPEARANCE GOES WITHOUT SAYING.

ALL THE BOOKKEEPING DETAIL IS DONE IN THIS SCHOOL BY THE BOYS THEMSELVES, COMPLETE RECORDS BEING KEPT SO THAT THE BOYS WILL HAVE A WISE UNDERSTANDING OF THE BUSINESS AS WELL AS THE MANUAL END OF THEIR WORK.

CERTIFIED BOYS

IT was time for milking, so we went over to the model dairy barn. This barn was built under the directions of the best dairyman in New York. Every cow is thoroughly washed, then wiped with a cloth; every part of the barn is gone over with a damp cloth for dust; every young dairyman dressed in white and every hand washed and every fingernail cleaned before milking begins. No "rough-housing" on the part of the cows or the boys. Even the cows have the Lincoln spirit. One new arrival, inexperienced in milking, was holding a cow's tail from the milk pail. As I walked by, he smiled as he said, "Every little bit helps." The milk is taken to the milk room, each boy has his pail of milk recorded by the youthful clerk, on special milk sheets. "How much milk is Black Bess giving this month?" I asked. After a hasty glance at the charts, "Nine hundred and seventy-nine pounds," was the quick response. "Better or worse than last month?" I said. "Falling off, sir." "Any reasons?" "Oh, it is about time that she commenced to dry up."

When the milk is taken into the milk room it is weighed by pounds and reported to the boy acting as recording clerk. It is then carefully strained through four thicknesses of cheese cloth, and emptied into the pasteurizer. The milk is pasteurized for fifteen minutes at one hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit, after which it is allowed to cool to fifty degrees, then it is transferred into the large shipping cans, which have been thoroughly sterilized. The cans are placed in the ice chamber, where the milk is brought down to forty degrees and ready for shipping. The boys then put the canvas jackets on the cans which serve to keep this uniform temperature as long as possible, and take the milk to the railroad station for shipment daily.

Suppertime came. Did I see the traditional plates of heavy stone ware, the tin cups, the long tables and benches, and worst of all, the institutional odor? Not at all. Instead I saw a series of small dining rooms with a "thirty-five" boy presiding at a small table around which were gathered six boys, each boy being served with excellent food and plenty of it, in marked contrast to the usual doling out so common to institutions. On Saturday there was to be a ball game on the grounds between two rival schools. I supposed I would hear at the table nothing but baseball, but instead the conversation centered on cows, cows, cows. "How much milk did you get tonight, John, out of Bonnie Face?" "Say, Patty, how did that Guernsey Royal show up on the tubercular test?" "It's too bad that Big Harry has got to leave the herd." Surely education is serious business here.

After supper the boys separated. One group went to the laboratory for a regular lesson in milk testing. Others sought the general reading room, a few to read stories, but the majority evidently pre-

ferred to read farm journals. It was strange enough to see boys who but a few months before would have cared only for pictures of a prize fight, now studying points and score cards of thoroughbred cows. It was indeed a step forward!

The boys even use their playtime to take care of individually allotted plots of land on which they raise farm products. There is keen rivalry in this work. To one little chap I said, "Well, are you a dairyman too?" With a woebegone look he replied, "Brother Barnabas says I'm not big enough, but say, you ought to see my garden. It's a corker," and so it was. In this school, to be a dairyman seems to be equivalent to being President.

WE all went to bed early, for at four-thirty next morning work would begin. There was the cold plunge to take, the chores to do, breakfast to eat and the short assembly in the hall. Oh, such singing! The songs were not cut and dried, but stirred one to action and somehow tied up joy with daily work. The words and spirit of one song of which the chorus was, "Isn't it nice to toss the hay, toss the hay, toss the hay?" still lingers with me.

The boys spend half a day in school and half a day in manual work. Did I say manual work? That is the wrong term. It is the work which makes direct application of the book work. It is not manual work. It is applied head work. One little chap was hunting for the cabbage worm in the patch. This was his particular job for the day, but when he came across other worms or bugs, he knew their names and habits. This is nature study that is really worth while because it involves nature practise. In arithmetic there is an absence of puzzles such as, "If A is nine miles from B and A walks two and one half miles an hour toward B and B walks three miles," etc. Instead I found, "To lessen potato scab, the seed potatoes are soaked in a solution of half a pound of formaline to fifteen gallons of water. What is the percentage of formaline in the mixture?"

ONE boy was reading from a book on "Tile Drainage." His reading lacked the usual monotony of half-hearted interest and understanding. I asked him to close the book and tell me what he had read. I fully expected the repetition of the first sentence or two—a stumbling through a paragraph, and then the final gasp which goes with the majority of recitations. To my surprise he gave the gist of the chapter in his own words with a directness and emphasis that showed he knew what he was talking about. I was bold enough to say, "Do you really know anything about drainage?" "Sure I do; didn't I help lay about a mile of tiles last fall?" The Bulletins of the

United States Experiment Stations, the Bulletins of the College of Agriculture at Cornell, and a library of five hundred volumes on agricultural subjects furnish a large proportion of their reading material.

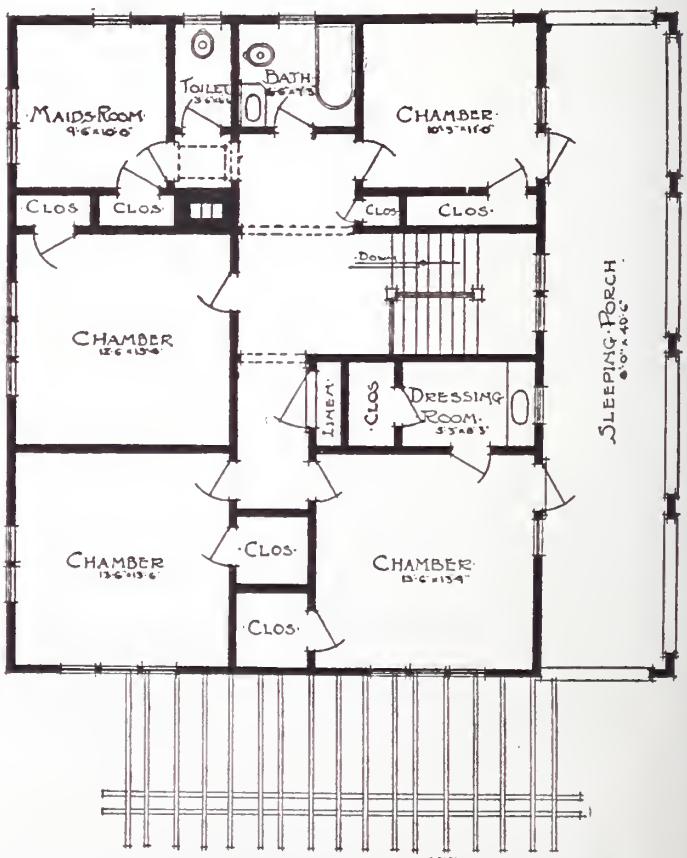
On the door of one of the schoolrooms hung a red card which I supposed said: "The attendance in this room has been perfect the past month," or "No case of tardiness here in a week." Such cards are quite common in most schools. But the card which I saw bore the words, "Twenty-one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two pounds of milk this month." This meant that these particular boys lead the other rooms in the actual milk produced from the herd over which they had special charge. At first this scheme of rivalry appeared to me to be a bit worldly, as the schoolmaster would say. Why not a card showing good deportment, or lack of tardiness, or high percentages in lessons? But on second thought it was clear that it was a perfect system of marking. The highest production of milk in a given term depends upon efficiency *all along the line.* Expressed in that one term "milk production" is all the training which every school should aim to give. In this particular instance it means knowledge of breeding, of feeding, of care, of testing, of account-keeping; it means the exercise of patience, of painstaking attention to details, of kindness, of coöperation. It means ability to work, to think, to achieve; it covers more than being good or being prompt or being able to pass examinations.

The boys are making it their business to reduce the number of bacteria per cubic centimeter to the point where the milk can be "certified" by the Board of Health of New York City. This is the problem of producing clean milk. But the boys are doing more than this. They are making clean their bodies, making pure their hearts, making free from harmful bacteria their attitude toward life. In short, they are making themselves "certified boys."

TWO SHINGLED HOUSES SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR CRAFTSMAN CLIENTS, BUT READILY ADAPTABLE TO OTHER HOME-BUILDERS' NEEDS

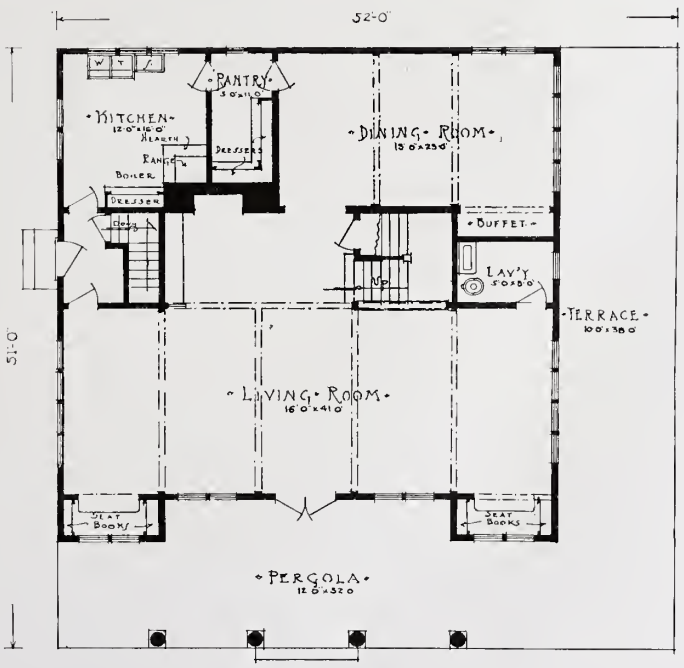
DURING the past month we have been preparing in our Architectural Department, for certain clients, special plans and specifications for two new Craftsman houses. Naturally a great deal of careful thought and work has gone into the preparation of these plans. and frequent consultation with the owners, both in personal interviews and through detailed correspondence, has enabled us to carry out their wishes as fully as possible. The result, in both cases, has proved so satisfactory, both to our clients and to ourselves, that we feel sure it will be of almost equal interest to our subscribers, especially those who are contemplating the building of their own homes. And so we are presenting here exterior views, detail sketches and floor plans of both designs.

These houses, while typically Craftsman in their layout and construction, contain at the same time a number of novel and original features, the natural outcome of planning to meet definite individual and local needs. So convenient and homelike are the rooms, so practical is the construction and so satisfying are the exteriors, that we believe the plans are not only well fitted for the particular requirements for which they were originated, but are also likely to prove useful to many other home-builders in various parts of the country who are seeking something along similar lines. In a few instances, possibly, the designs shown here might prove available just as they stand; while in many cases, with a few modifications in arrangement or materials, they might be adapted to slightly different tastes and conditions. But in any case we think they will be found well worth studying, for the sake of the many new suggestions they offer in both the general planning of the interior and the handling of the various structural details.

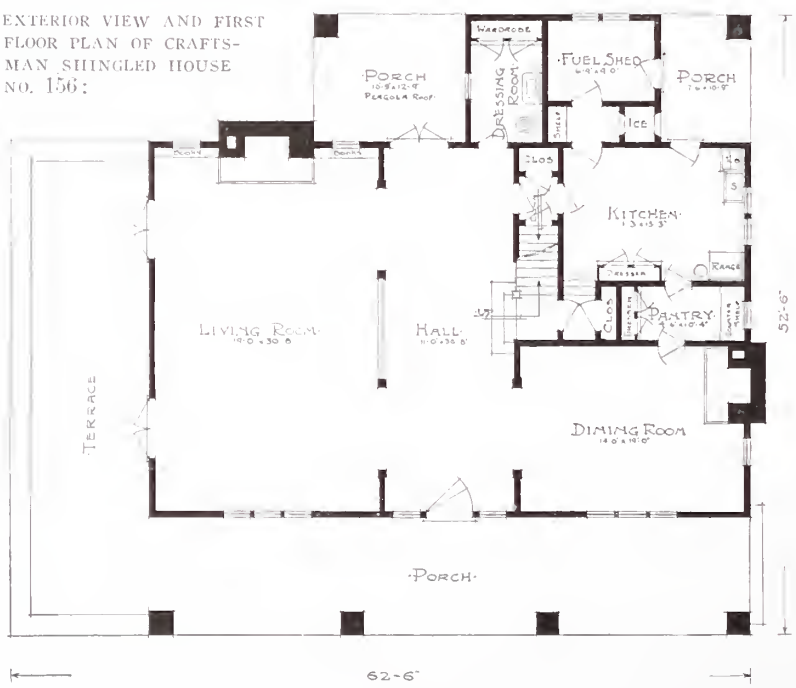


CRAFTSMAN SHINGLED HOUSE, NO. 155: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

EXTERIOR VIEW AND FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF CRAFTSMAN SHINGLED HOUSE NO. 155: THIS HOUSE IS ESPECIALLY INTERESTING ON ACCOUNT OF THE STRUCTURAL FEATURES, SUCH AS THE HOODED CASEMENT WINDOWS, THE PERGOLA OVER THE ENTRANCE AND THE ONE AT THE REAR; THE FLOOR PLANS ARE WORKED OUT SO AS TO COMBINE SPACIOUSNESS WITH COMFORT AND PRIVACY: ONE OF THE MOST PRACTICAL AND ATTRACTIVE POINTS IS THE LONG SHELTERED SLEEPING BALCONY, WHICH IS ACCESSIBLE FROM TWO OF THE BEDROOMS.



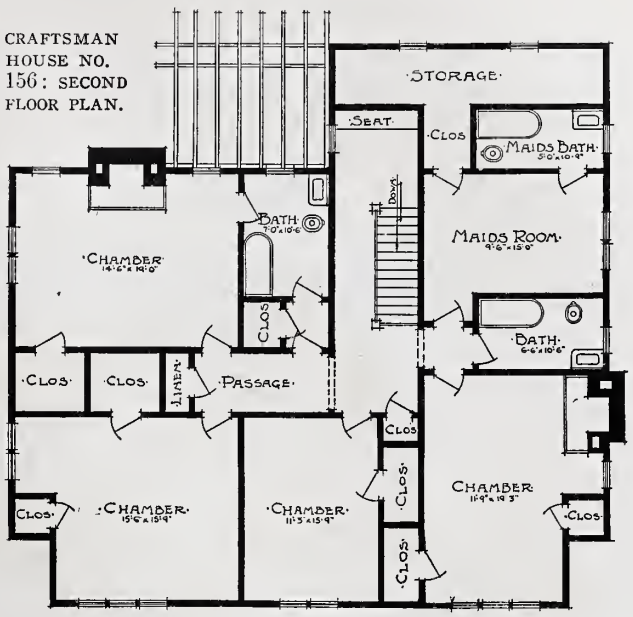
EXTERIOR VIEW AND FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF CRAFTSMAN SHINGLED HOUSE NO. 156:



THE WIDE EAVES, LONG DORMER, SMALL-PANED CASEMENT WINDOWS AND FIELDSTONE PILLARS, CHIMNEYS AND WALL, WHILE ALL PRACTICAL PARTS OF THE CONSTRUCTION, GIVE THE HOUSE A VERY HOMELIKE, PICTURESQUE AIR, AND THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE FLOOR PLANS IS WELL WORTH STUDYING FOR THE COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE THEY EMBODY.

THE first house illustrated here —No. 155—is two stories high and comprises eight good-sized main rooms as well as pantry, lavatory, separate toilet and bathroom, dressing room and large sleeping balcony. The interior is exceptionally roomy and well equipped, and the exterior both durable and attractive; yet the arrangement and construction have been worked out along such practical lines that the cost of building may be kept down to a very reasonable figure.

Shingles are used here for the walls, with V-jointed boards in the gables. The chimney is of brick, pergola roof of wood, while concrete is used for the pergola pillars and for the pergola and terrace floor. The design, however, could be carried out successfully in clapboards, brick, concrete or stone.



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 156: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

As the slope of the roof is not quite steep enough for ordinary shingles, it may be covered with a sheet roofing such as Ruberoid, or with any of the new composition shingles laid over a sheeting of tar paper or similar material.

While the house is simply and sturdily designed, a certain amount of decorative interest is afforded by the way in which the structural features are used. The solid appearance of the building is relieved by the deep-shadowed recess of the sleeping balcony, which runs across one side, sheltered by the wide overhanging eaves. The flower-boxes between the shingled posts, the projecting sill on which they rest, the heavy beam that runs across the gable and supports the purlins at each end, the shingles sprung out to form hoods above the windows of the lower story, the small-paned casement windows so carefully grouped with relation to the spaces of the walls and rooms within, and the pergola that lifts its shelter above the glass entrance in front—all these are features which, while economical and practical parts of the construction, help to give the place an inviting, homelike air.

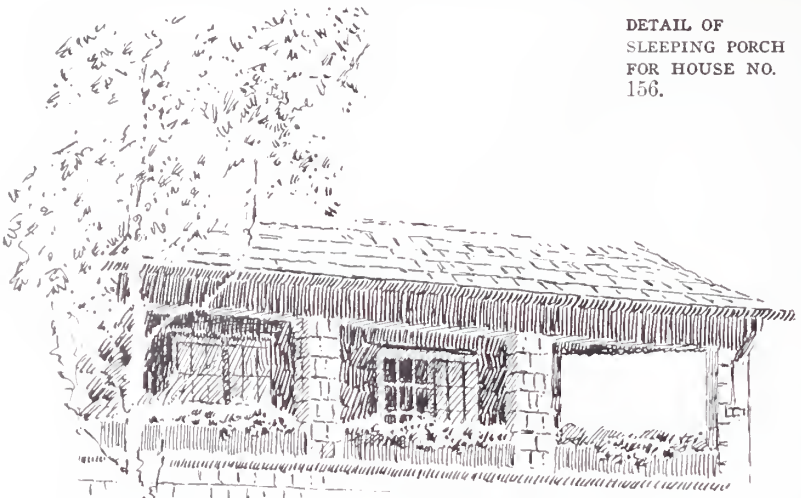
The entrance to this house is particularly pleasing, not only on account of the pergola but because of the recess formed between the bay extensions of the living room; and the effect of cosiness may be emphasized in a practical way by the building of seats in the recess, as indicated on the first floor plan. The front door, it will be noticed, is protected overhead by the second story, which is not recessed like the first.

Owing to this arrangement of the entrance, no vestibule was considered necessary, and so one steps directly into the living room—a big, airy, cheerful place that extends across the entire front of the house. In addition to the group of four windows at each end and those on each side of the door, there are the bay windows in the front with their built-in seats and handy bookshelves.

So open is the layout of this first floor plan that the fireplace nook toward the rear with its broad hearth and long fireside seat is practically a part of the large living room, the only indication of a division being the ceiling beam which runs from the partition on the left to the one on the right. Four beams also run across the living room ceiling in the opposite direction, supporting the floor above, and a similar construction is shown in the dining room.

An interesting point about the living room is the placing of the staircase in one corner, partially screened from the room by a grille. The stairs go up to a half-way landing and thence turn up to the second floor hall, the space below the upper flight being utilized for a coat closet. On the right of the stairs a lavatory is provided opening out of the living room.

A wide opening at the back of the fire-



DETAIL OF SLEEPING PORCH FOR HOUSE NO. 156.

place nook leads to the dining room, which has a group of four windows on the right and a pair of double windows in the rear. This opening, by the way, if left without hangings or screen, will afford a pleasant garden vista right through the house from the front door — always a delightful feature in a plan. As the arrangement of partitions affords a convenient recess, a built-in buffet has been provided which will add to the interest of the woodwork. A pantry is placed between the dining room and kitchen, and the latter is planned so that the range can be placed against the main chimney. The ice-box is located in a small entry, also accessible from the living room, and from this entry the cellar stairs descend.

Upstairs are four bedrooms, maid's room, bathroom and toilet, all opening from a central hall. A generous amount of closet space is provided, and in the hall are a linen closet and one for brooms. The front bedroom on the right has a dressing room attached, with a wash-basin beneath the window, and the two bedrooms on this side of the house have glass doors leading out onto the sleeping balcony. If preferred, of course, the dressing room could be omitted and the space which it now occupies connnected with the hall, so that one could reach the balcony without passing through either of the bedrooms.

This balcony will prove one of the most healthful and attractive features of the house, for it is long enough to afford room for several cots, which may be separated by screens if desired. The overhanging roof and high parapet will afford a certain amount of shelter, but in order to prevent rain or snow from being driven in and possibly soaking through the floor to ceilings of the rooms below, the best plan would be to provide roller shades of canvas which could be drawn down between the openings and buttoned to the sides of the shingled posts during a storm or if the family were all away at any time.

SOMEWHAT similar in materials and construction but quite different in the details of arrangement and design is the second house, No. 156, which is to be built for our client in New Hartford, Connecticut. Here again shingles are shown for the walls and cement for the floors of the porches, but in this case the porch columns and the chimneys are of field stone, and the roof, being steeper, is shingled. The rural and rather picturesque air of the building is due partly to the wide overhang of the roof above the porch, gable and dormer; the use of small-paned casement windows throughout, and the irregular appearance of the field stone, which, if used also in the terrace wall and for the risers in the cement pathway, will do much toward bringing the house into harmony with its environment.

The first floor plan of this house is quite as unique in its own way as the preceding one, and is even more open in arrangement. The door opens from the sheltered porch into a wide entrance hall which runs back to the corner pergola at the rear, and a glass door here gives one a glimpse of the back garden on entering the house. The division

DETAIL OF PERGOLA CONNECTING HOUSE NO. 155 WITH GARDEN.

between the hall and the rooms on either hand is suggested rather than defined, as the floor plan shows, a partition six feet high, with posts at each end, being placed between the wide openings on the left that lead into the living room.

In the front wall of this room is a group of three windows, and in the long wall on the side are two glass doors opening onto the walled terrace, while the chimneypiece at the farther end is flanked by windows overlooking the garden and pergola porch. There is plenty of wall space left for bookcases, desk and piano, as well as ample room for the grouping of seats about the open hearth.

The dining room, which is equally light and pleasant, is also provided with a fireplace built against the outside wall—and in this connection it may be noted that the two chimneys, being built of field stone, add a good deal to the interest of the outside walls. By passing through a small but conveniently equipped pantry one reaches the kitchen, which in turn opens onto a recessed corner porch, which could be screened in summer and glassed in for the winter, if desired, to form an outside kitchen.

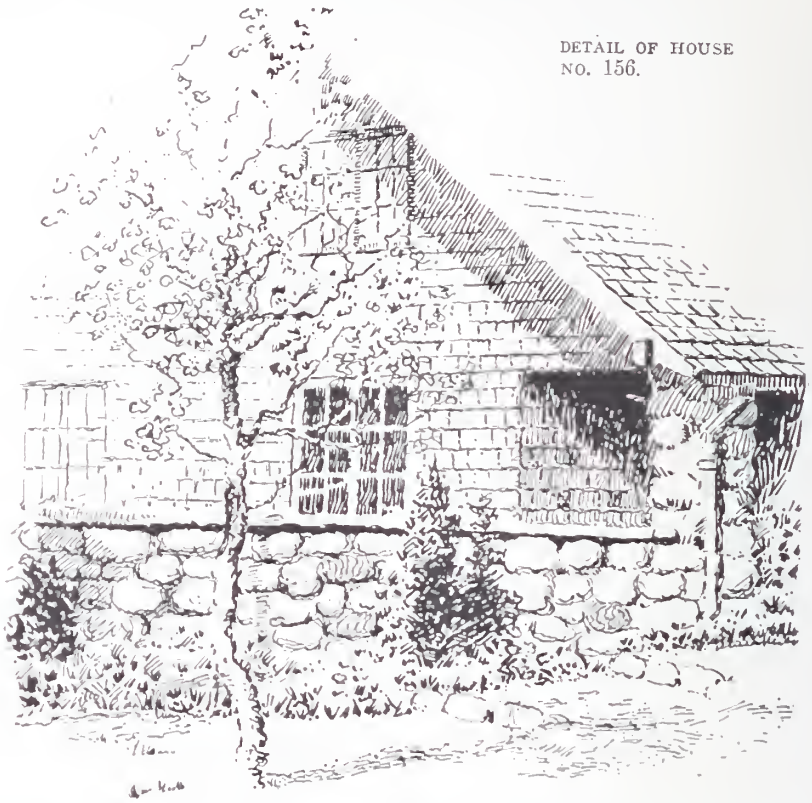
In the extension at the rear is a fuel shed communicating with the porch, and in the small entry which connects it with the kitchen are shelves and an ice-box that can be filled from outside. The rest of the extension is taken up by a dressing room equipped with a wardrobe and a lavatory which is reached from the rear hall.

The second floor comprises four bedrooms and a maid's room, with two bathrooms for the family and one for the maid. In addition to the closets in the bedrooms there is an extra closet beside the bathroom, a linen closet in the hall and storage space under the roof at the rear. Ample provision is made for lighting and cross ventilation, and in two of the bedrooms fireplaces are built above those in the living and dining rooms. A box seat built into the recess at the end of the hall adds to the cosiness of the plan.

In this house no sleeping balcony has been included, but the exterior construction and the layout of the second floor could be rearranged to include one if it were desired. In fact, both this design and the one previously described are capable of considerable modification to suit different needs without destroying that simplicity and comfort which are such inherent characteristics of the true Craftsman home.

It will be noticed that in the floor plans of these houses, as in others which we have designed, built-in fittings have been shown only where they will fit into a suitable recess or wall space—a bay window, a fire-

DETAIL OF HOUSE NO. 156.



THIS DETAIL SKETCH OF THE EXTERIOR OF THE CRAFTSMAN HOUSE SHOWN ON PAGE 690 GIVES ONE SOME IDEA OF THE INTEREST THAT RESULTS FROM THE SIMPLE USE OF SHINGLES AND FIELDSTONE: ALONG THE TOP OF THE TERRACE WALL IS A COPING OF CEMENT, AND THE WALL ITSELF IS INTEGRAL WITH THE CORNER COLUMN WHICH SUPPORTS THE ROOF OF THE RECESSED PORCH.

side corner or an alcove formed by the walls and roof on the second floor.

In fact, it is only when the arrangement of rooms and partitions happens to afford appropriate spaces that built-in furnishings can be used to advantage. We advocate them only where the interior is essentially suited to such treatment—where there is a recess or a wall which they will entirely fill; in other words, where they will be truly "fitments" in the sense in which the word is used in England.

In such cases the built-in fixtures become a permanent integral part of the interior construction, and by filling up the recesses or extending across the end of a room, they lessen proportionately the floor space and corners to be cleaned.

The owner should always remember that if such fittings are to add to the beauty as well as the convenience of the home, they must not only be well designed but well made. They will require well-seasoned wood and the work of a skilled carpenter; and the more closely the owner superintends the details of their construction, the better he will be satisfied with the result.

The exact design of the built-in features will naturally be governed by individual conditions and the owner's fancy and purse, but in a typical Craftsman interior it is always best to keep the structure rather plain, relying on the practical lines and proportions of each piece and the natural interest of the materials to bring about a decorative result. The variations of tone and grain in the wood itself mellowed and emphasized by a Craftsman stain, and the warm glint of light and color in the hammered copper, brass or iron trim—all these things, while parts of a practical construction, can be made a source of real beauty by wise handling and good workmanship.

And so, if conditions are favorable—that is, if the plan will lend itself to built-in fittings, if the owner can afford the extra expense they must necessarily entail, and if he can be sure that a good quality of material and work will go into the making of them—he will find that they will add greatly to the comfort and interest of his home. They will lessen the amount of other furniture required, and being easily cleaned will help to minimize the housework.

But perhaps one of their greatest charms is the air of durability and sturdiness which they give to the interior. Their presence seems to set the seal of permanence and repose not only on the architecture but on the whole atmosphere of the home.

THE OPEN SPACE OF THIS LAWN GIVES ONE A SENSE OF THE LOW HOUSE CROWNING THE HILLSIDE.

THE LAWN AND ITS CARE

THE price of a lawn is eternal vigilance. Velvety turf in England, where lawn-making is an art, is the work of generations of painstaking gardeners. It results from beauty and purity of color, the unremitting toil and care bestowed on well-matted, sturdy grass plants, and upon the management of the lawn space in relation to other parts of the garden scheme.

A skilled craftsman can achieve a lawn which fits the surrounding conditions. Any contractor can grade, rake and level a flat space of earth into the semblance of a lawn, but it will not merit the name unless it melts graciously into the contour of the landscape. Level lawns are seldom legitimate, except as playgrounds. There are few level spaces in nature, and a lawn which has long, easy-flowing lines is more restful to the eye.

Preparation for securing a well-favored lawn does not begin with shaking a packet of grass seed over the soil. It begins two feet underground.

Many lawns need underdraining, especially where clay is present in the soil in large quantities. Sandy soils do not require artificial drainage. Four-inch terra cotta or tile drain laid two feet deep will effectually carry off excess moisture where the hardpan or subsoil is impervious to water. Precisely as the garden earth is prepared for a bed of hardy flowers, so must the lawn soil be mellowed. Deep plowing and subsequent cultivation, the application of quantities of manure or other humus-forming material, and the supplying of deficient chemical elements essential to fertility, are the most necessary things to do even before there is a thought of grass seed.

When stable manure is used to provide organic material for a lawn, it should be well rotted and saturated with the liquid drained from the stalls. Only in this way can weed seeds, which are present in large quantities in fresh manure, be rendered harmless. Cow or sheep manure is especially valuable for lawn fertilization.

The soil should be plowed, harrowed and raked to a depth of not less than a foot, in places where the loam is shallow and the subsoil stiff. If the earth is acid, which a litmus-paper test will show, water-slacked lime should be applied at the rate of 1,000 pounds to the acre. It should be well harrowed in, and broken up by constant raking. Before seeding, roll the ground once to set the earth lightly.

Grass seed must be of the very highest quality to form a satisfactory lawn. De-

A SUNKEN LAWN WHICH GIVES OPPORTUNITY FOR UTDOOR LIFE CLOSE TO THE HOUSE.

partment stores and drug stores seldom carry the highest class of seeds. It is advantageous in the end to deal with the best seedsman or horticultural supply house in the neighborhood. The main ingredient in seed mixtures should be Canadian or Kentucky bluegrass. This makes the best sod, and forms matted roots capable of enduring severe drought. Mix with this a very little white clover, and about a fourth part of Red Top, Pace's rye grass or Rhode Island bent. Local conditions will modify the choice. In shady spots wood meadow grass, *Poa sylvestris*, thrives best. It is

A LAWN WHICH SEEMS TO CONNECT THE HOUSE CLOSELY WITH GARDEN AND ORCHARD.

useful for seeding under large trees. Bluegrass does not mature for three years, but the others will fill in meanwhile. Seed should be sown evenly and both ways on a lawn in order to get a good stand of grass. Don't sow on a windy day. A patchy lawn will prove your thoughtlessness.

After the grass has grown two inches high begin cutting it as a means of forcing luxuriant growth. Use a grass catcher on the lawnmower to avoid tearing the tender rootlets with either a wooden or iron rake. Water when necessary with a fine spray for several hours at a time, or else remove the nozzle from the hose and let it rest on the ground, allowing the water to soak slowly into the soil. Surface sprinkling does no good unless it is of long duration. It encourages the growth of top roots, and sods burn out in the sun as a result of such treatment.

Eliminate weeds whenever you see them. Keep cutting and watering the grass constantly. An occasional dressing in the spring with bone meal or wood-ashes will sweeten the soil and keep the lawn in prime condition.

Old lawns may be renovated and kept in excellent shape by plowing them and reseeding. The sod turned under will rot and form a rich humus foundation. Dandelion and other weeds should be pulled out, and bare spots raked and seeded like miniature lawns.

Never shovel a path through snow across a lawn. The sod will be bare next summer. Top dress in January or February with fine manure, if you object to unsightly barnyard droppings. And roll down the hummocks raised by frost, when the ground is moist in March. Unless this is done a drought will ruin the sod. Grass roots must be kept packed down to get their nourishment from the soil.

A smooth-cut lawn, fringed about with specimen trees and shrubs, or herbaceous borders and shrubberies, adds greatly to the charm of house and garden. Beds of flowers may very properly be placed near the house, but at the far end of a lawn no broken colors should show. Massed planting of shrubs and trees should blend the lawn into the scene beyond.

Paths should not cross a lawn unless they are absolutely necessary, and then they should be unobtrusive, and, if possible, sunk slightly below the surface level. A worn grass path is more pleasant and graceful than a graveled and crowned walk. Stepping stones imbedded in turf, conveniently placed, are acceptable in certain types of gardens.

Lawn clippings rot quickly in a composting pit and are valuable chiefly as a mulch for strawberry patches or beds of rhododendrons. They should not be left to shrivel on the lawn.

GARDEN MANAGEMENT DURING MARCH

PLAN your garden beforehand, on paper. Manure heavily. Plow and cultivate constantly, at least one foot deep. Doctor poor soils. Add lime or wood-ashes to sour land, sand to clay soils, and humus to sandy wastes. Prune fruit trees, bushes and vines. This is the last chance. Burn the prunings or utilize them for bloom as directed in another part of the magazine.

Spray the orchard with lime-sulphur for San José scale, before the buds swell. Spray everything about the place, except the evergreens, with Bordeaux mixture, for general cleanliness and health. Destroy the homes of brown-tail and gypsy moths. Apply iron sulphate to grapes before the buds start; wood-ashes to currants, peaches, pears and apples; bone meal or soda nitrate to the lawn after raking off the surface. Pick stones in the field. Start a compost heap with leaves and litter. Keep it under cover. Transplant shrubs, herbaceous plants and seedlings. Divide hardy perennials by breaking their roots into clumps and replanting. Plant nursery stock, trees, bushes, vines and garden vegetables. Toward the end of the month sow outdoors for early crops. Sow the following flower seeds: Pansies, sweet peas, candytuft, cardinal flower, cornflower, ageratum, spiderwort, Canterbury bells.

These suggestions apply to residents of the Middle Eastern States. Garden-makers living in the South, the West, or in Canada, will be guided by local conditions of climate and weather.

Moreover, in every locality the climatic conditions of the particular season must be taken into account when flower seeds are sown, since the vagaries of weather are very great, destined to influence all garden builders. The proverbial time for starting the garden is "when farmers begin to plow." And these are men governed not by the calendar, but by the almanac.

UTILIZING PRUNED FRUIT TWIGS FOR BLOOM

SPRING is often heralded in florists' windows several weeks before her time by huge masses of apple or cherry blossoms arranged attractively in jars. Behind plate glass windows, in warmed air, their delicate pink and white petals open freely even though it may be bitter weather out-of-doors, sharp enough to frost-blacken the hardiest orchard trees.

On the farm, or in the suburbs, the same results can be obtained, without sacrificing in any way the future fruit yield of the trees, simply by utilizing the branches that have been taken off at the time of annual pruning and by bringing them into a sheltered place indoors.

Late pruning is often a necessity with country folk, owing to the pressure of other work, and indeed March is the best time to do tree trimming, except in the far South where the buds sprout early. After the pruning is done, it is well to gather the brush into a heap and to sort out the branches which are to be forced into bloom.

Select well-budded twigs. There are two sorts of buds, leaf-buds and fruit-buds, each being recognizable by certain individual characteristics. Leaf-buds are long and slender, fruit-buds short and stout, and, as a rule, more rugged and scurfy in conformation.

PLUM BLOSSOMS, THE BRANCHES OF WHICH WERE PICKED JANUARY TWENTIETH AND WHICH BLOSSOMED INDOORS FEBRUARY THIRD.

A BRANCH OF APPLE BLOSSOMS PICKED IN A NEW JERSEY ORCHARD THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF JANUARY. BLOSSOMING INDOORS FEBRUARY SIXTH.

Put aside symmetrical branches from each variety of tree. The greater number will measure from eighteen to thirty inches long. Keep apple, peach, pear, plum and cherry branches separate. Burn the brush that remains. If left about the place it becomes not only unsightly, but, a splendid breeding ground for San José scale, the modest but destructive borer, as well as for many other common garden pests.

Take the branches you desire to force into the house, after slicing off the bark with a sharp knife on opposite sides of the stem at the butt end. Be sure to cut through the outer bark and to bare the white wood underneath, but do not mar its surface. This is a trick of Japanese flower wizardry, and causes the buds to swell and

CHERRY BLOSSOMS BLOOMING INDOORS TWO WEEKS FROM THE TIME OF GATHERING IN A WINTER ORCHARD.

sprout much earlier than if the twigs were left in their natural state. The wood fiber soaks up the water by capillary attraction. Place each bundle of twigs into a stone crock or tall jar, partly filled with cool water, setting them later in the cellar, or in a closet, where very little light can penetrate, but where they will be sheltered. The temperature of the chosen place should not at any time drop below 50 degrees.

After ten days bring the branches into the light and remove the water from the jars. The twigs should appear plump and almost ready to burst, tiny flecks of green being apparent on the ends of the leaf-buds.

Refill the jars with warm water, adding to each vessel a tablespoonful of household ammonia. Set them in a warm room in a sunny window. They will need no attention for a week, when it will be necessary to change the water again, adding ammonia as before.

Three weeks from the day the twigs are brought indoors, they should begin to blossom and transform for the succeeding two weeks their entire surroundings into flower realms by their beauty and fragrance. In fact their period of bloom may be somewhat lengthened by keeping the stems in shade as much as possible.

The selection and arrangement of blossom-laden fruit branches and their disposal in a room, is an interesting phase of interior decoration. The cult carries the advantages of cheapness; the ease with which enchanting results may be obtained, and the simplicity of Nature.

Jars of undecorated American pottery, rich in color, suit these blossom-laden twigs well for receptacles; also various forms of basketry supplement rather than detract from their individuality and the message of spring which they whisper to many ears.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT GARDEN TOOLS

HAVE you decided to make a garden this year, and find yourself handicapped by a lack of knowledge about tools? Here is a list of essentials, and March is a good time to buy them. Fifty feet of strong garden line, several dozen hardwood stakes about two feet long, a spading fork, spade, bow-headed rake, dibble, trowels, and a half-moon hoe, with a five-inch face, are absolutely indispensable. A wheelbarrow, a good wheel hoe, with cultivator, seeder and row marker attachments, pruning shears, and a four-gallon watering pot, are time-savers.

Buy only standard tools, for true economy. It is a good plan to brand tools with your name in some permanent way. A burning iron is a good investment and a protection against loss and borrowers.

Have a shed, or a corner in the barn, or better still, construct a simple tool house for housing garden implements. Make a rule never to put away a tool which is not ready for work the next morning. Save expenses by taking good care of the tools.

If you have gardened in past seasons, overhaul your tools now, and put them in order. A rusty spade cuts no sod. A dull hoe will give weeds a new lease on life. Knives, shears and lawn mowers want sharpening.

Now is the time to see to all this. If it isn't done now, it never will be. The spring rush will be here before you know it, with cabbages and tomato vines to set out, baseball will beguile you, and the garden will suffer.

Prepare for garden neatness also before the days come when time will seem to fly on magic wings. Construct a scrap basket of chicken fence wire in the simplest way possible, one readily conceived by the ingenious. Into such a basket unsightly things can be thrown and a match set to them at leisure.

THE CRAFTSMAN FRATERNITY

A CERTAIN fraternal relationship exists always between people whose interests lie in the same direction. In a very large degree this is true of the people who make up the list of THE CRAFTSMAN subscribers. They are home-builders and home-lovers, and have a common interest in things pertaining to home equipment.

CRAFTSMAN SERVICE was organized as a means of cementing and unifying the scattered thousands of our subscribers. The similarity of problems confronting our people has made this SERVICE practicable. For example, the discussion of the question of a proper lighting system for a Craftsman house evolves certain information which is applicable to all similar cases, so that another subscriber with the same problem may avail himself of the facts which the first discussion shall have revealed.

The same would be true in the case of the selection of a proper vacuum cleaner, the choice of the best building material, and in a multitude of similar problems. In almost every case where questions of home furnishings or home equipment are concerned our experience with the problems of other subscribers will enable us promptly to give the required information.

We are able to be of practical help to our subscribers in a personal way. THE CRAFTSMAN for 1913 will be a handbook of reference for the home-lover; and we aim by means of our SERVICE to give to a subscription to THE CRAFTSMAN a unique and personal value which can be secured in no other way.

In this connection we append a typical letter which recently came to hand showing the sort of information we are asked to supply.

"The Craftsman, Service Department, 41 West 34th St., N. Y. C.:

GENTLEMEN—I avail myself of your Service Department to ask for information, or the way to secure it, respecting the best plan to heat and light a small country home where neither commercial gas nor electricity are available, having in mind also water system for bath and toilet and fuel for cooking. If possible to accomplish all with one plant, I should prefer that.

The prospective house is in northern New Jersey, Sussex Co., three miles from N. There are seven rooms—five on the first floor and two on the second floor.

There are chimneys in each end of the house and while the openings are boarded up at present I presume a fireplace could be provided.

There is a cellar underneath the entire house. The only water to be seen is a well. I will suggest the end elevation.

It seems to me there must be some plan to get away from four different plants, viz., lighting, heating, cooking and water power.

I think that efficiency, economy both of first cost and cost of operation and safety should have due and perhaps equal consideration. I recognize some time and expense will be involved in this but will you do what you can for me at the least expense, as quickly as you can?

Very respectfully, C. M. B."

In this case we were able to suggest two possible solutions, requiring but two separate plants. This letter serves to point out the means of deriving benefit in a new and practical way through a subscription to THE CRAFTSMAN.

COMMUNITY OF INTEREST

IN the whole of life there is nothing perhaps that draws people more closely together, opening their minds with a rare responsiveness, than a strong community of interest. Two women, strangers to each other, will fall quickly into conversation over the way in which they have made their gardens; the reasons why their fireplaces have not been successful, or about their respective methods of serving their children. Men will readily unfold their ideas of craftsmanship, their aspirations and their hope of success in some chosen line to a plodder along the same road, while to an intimate of dissimilar taste they will reveal nothing of their cherished plans, nothing of their true selves.

Children, even are susceptible to the friendship that comes with community of interest. Boys who love books care little or nothing for those whose only thought is of sports; little girls who believe in fairies and cherish their dolls are timid and afraid before those of wilder moods.

Indeed it is obvious in all walks of life that people are more or less banded together by the hobbies that ride them. The more general and useful such hobbies, the more will all classes of men be brought into an understanding of each others' aims and motives. While CRAFTSMAN subscribers have in the main the interests of the Home and the Fireside there are, it would seem, many paths for them still to tread; gardens for them to enter and stony fields for them to cross together. Invariably the strength of fraternity is stronger than the individual effort.

ONE OF THE LARGEST FINANCIAL ITEMS IN DAIRY FARMING WITH PURE-BRED CATTLE IS IN THE ANNUAL SALE OF THE PURE-BRED CALVES.

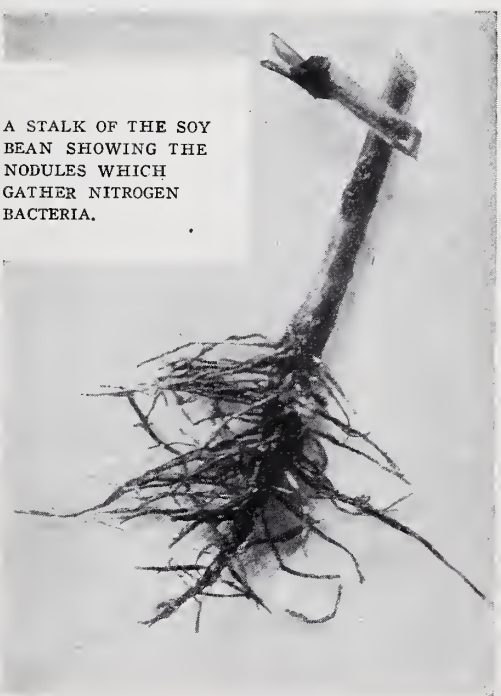
THE SMALL FARM AS A FINANCIAL PROPOSITION: BY W. H. JENKINS

AN occupation that does not return a labor income of $1,000 to $2,000 per year is not worth considering by the man who wants to support a family well. Only a few years ago the small farm was not desired by the enterprising competent business man, because its net income was too small to provide the modern needs and comforts of life. Very recently agricultural science has shown the value of the small farm in eliminating part of the grain bill for animals.

A balanced ration grown on the farm is now fed to cows whose capacity for making butter fat is four times greater than the average of 50 years ago. Science has almost eliminated the chemical fertilizer bill, by telling us how we can get nitrogen from the air and make mineral plant food in the soil available, through the decomposition of leaves, stalks and roots. Parcel post has brought the producer and the consumer closer together and its full development will do so completely. For these reasons the farm you may own, or are thinking of buying, may become your best investment.

Based on my experience and observations as a farmer, I desire to offer a program or plan, which I have demonstrated has given excellent results. I believe success is surer on a moderate-sized farm, if a scheme of dairying and diversified farming is followed. Some capital is necessary,—enough to pay for the live stock and tools and quite a large part of the real estate; but most of all the fundamentals of an agricultural education at least are necessary for the best results. This does not mean four years at college. A man with a taste or love of agriculture can work out the problem satisfactorily.

Personally, I would want about 100



A STALK OF THE SOY BEAN SHOWING THE NODULES WHICH GATHER NITROGEN BACTERIA.

COW FEEDING CONTENTEDLY AND LUXURIOUSLY IN A FIELD OF GREEN ALFALFA.

acres with a soil of good depth, naturally drained and easily cultivated. There should be some upland for pasture and fruit and a timber lot would be desirable. Such a farm can be purchased in good neighborhoods in the Eastern states for about $6,000 to $8,000. With two-thirds of the purchase money paid down, I would feel sure of being able, if I followed a definite business program, to release myself of the balance in a very few years.

On coming into possession of such a farm I would need a little ready money and would buy at least a high-grade bull with which to start my future dairy herd. I would make the cow stable warm and sanitary, with good gutters. I would use ground raw phosphate rock as an absorbent in the stable, which would retain all of the fertilizing value of the animal waste. This and a quantity of ground carbonate of limestone would be the only outside material I would buy. Then I would set to work to build up a soil which would feed my animals with but little expenditure for grain.

Using the solid matter and the liquids absorbed by the phosphate rock, I would apply both during the winter months as a thin dressing upon grass sod, scheduled for corn the next spring. Preferably I would apply it with a manure spreader. I want to say here that there are some farm tools which are almost indispensable. There should be ample machinery for preparing the soil for crops, harvesting and filing a silo, for the best dairy farming is not possible without using a silo. One reason for applying the manure evenly and thinly over as large an area as possible every year is that it makes conditions favorable to the growth of soil bacteria, as well as acting as a plant food.

I would plow the ground for corn early in the spring, and harrow it occasionally till trees were in full leaf and the earth felt warm to the hand. In New York I would mix corn and soy beans, in the ratio of 2 to 1, and drill them with a corn planter, 12 quarts per acre, in rows four feet apart. When cut green for ensilage, the corn and soy bean fodder would make a well balanced, succulent and palatable ration for dairy cows, with little or no grain. This recent development, if followed, should make dairy farming a profitable business. Experiments have shown that plants growing with recognized legumes, because of their association, absorb more nitrogen from the soil and contain that much larger proportion of protein.

Protein is the costly element the farmer buys in grain to balance his corn ensilage. The new method approximately saves him 25 per cent. of his cash outlay. This is not all, for the soy bean,—stalk, leaf and pod,—contains five times as much protein as the corn stalk, and when preserved with corn fodder makes an ensilage that is pretty nearly balanced.

There are reasons for giving the corn crop thorough cultivation, aside from the immediate yield of corn. The soil should be properly prepared for a seeding of alfalfa to follow. Cultivate frequently until the last of July, and then before the final cultivation sow between the rows a mixture of rye and vetch for a cover crop.

Before spring apply from 2 to 4 tons of carbonate of lime or 1 ton of quicklime to the acre to sweeten the soil or make it alkaline. Plow early in spring and inoculate the soil from an alfalfa field, by sowing the soil as you would grain, on a dark day, or harrow under quickly, if the weather continues fine. Some time in May when the ground is in good condition for working, sow half a bushel of barley to the acre and

harrow in about an inch deep. Next sow guaranteed pure alfalfa seed, 30 pounds to the acre, 15 each way to get an even stand. Roll or plank in the seed very firmly. When the barley is in the milk stage, mow both for hay, and if the season is dry leave the final cutting of alfalfa on the ground as a mulch for the plants in winter. The field is now established. Alfalfa will feed your animals, save on the grain bills, and with it you can get the maximum milk and butter fat production. It is not possible to produce as much milk or to produce it as cheaply otherwise.

A COW FED FROM FARM CROPS AND GIVING FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS OF BUTTER A YEAR.

Alfalfa will fill the soil with a mass of roots, which after decaying will feed any crop you may wish to grow after plowing it up. Alfalfa sod will grow the finest potatoes ever seen, and all the vegetables and fruits. Dairy farming, in connection with potatoes, fruit, or any other crop which can be advantageously marketed in your locality, is thus seen to be the most profitable kind of a business venture. Supplementary crops help cover the pay roll and keep down expense, generally. They should be grown after three years of cutting hay from the alfalfa field to get the best results.

With such a plan of farming only a small pasture is needed, which of course must be supplemented by green alfalfa or ensilage in summer, and preferably ensilage. The winter ration will be alfalfa hay, probably some mixed hay, and a little grain, in addition to ensilage.

This ideal ration for the dairy cow is succulent, fairly well balanced and grown right on the farm. It reaches its greatest value when fed to high-grade cows. It would be beyond the means of most farmers to buy a herd of pure-bred cows, but they can breed up such a herd in a few years by investing at the start in some pure-bred animals. If a farmer has a neighbor owning a pure-bred sire all he needs to do is buy a few cows of similar breed. I know a farmer who started ten years ago with only two animals, who now has a herd of 25 head worth $500 each. The business has netted him about $1,200 a year.

The best way is for the man of small means to buy a herd of high-grade cows and breed up, gradually replacing by pure-bred animals and disposing of the grades. A cow-testing association will often help him get the use of a good sire for a small price. He can slowly eliminate cows that bring in no profit.

In ideal dairy farming the best disposition to make of the milk is to manufacture butter on the farm, or sell cream; for skim milk and buttermilk are extremely valuable by-products fed to young stock. A ton of market milk sold from the farm carries off just so much fertility which must be replaced. A ton of butter contains practically none. The new parcel post suggests the possibility of the farmer shipping dairy products direct to consumers in the cities at prices materially benefiting both. One farmer in New York has for years marketed the butter made from 100 cows and the poultry products from several hundred hens, shipping by express directly to his customers in the city. Parcels of country produce may be sent up to the limit of 11 pounds.

While the main income from the sort of farming I have indicated comes from the sale of dairy products and breeding, and cash crops of potatoes or fruit, there are additional sources of income. Poultry, kept in connection with alfalfa dairy farming, can be made to pay well. A young man near my place shows a net profit on his books in one year of $1,000, produced by selling eggs for hatching and by breeding stock.

I believe I can offer no more convincing argument than to present the balance sheet of a farmer in my neighborhood who has fed a herd of pure-bred cows in a manner similar to that I have outlined.

Receipts.

Milk from 25 cows, 6,000 pounds each, market price	$2,250
Surplus pure-bred stock sold	2,000
Cash crop of potatoes	500
Value of fruit and vegetables used by family	300
Timber and fuel from wood lot	100
Poultry products	20
Total	$5,170

Expenditure.

Grain bill for 25 cattle at $6 a head	$150
Labor bill (one man full year, house free, helper in the summer months)	800
Repairs on buildings, machinery, wagons, tools, seed	500
Taxes and insurance	150
Interest on investment of $10,000	500
Total	$2,100

COLOR ARRANGEMENT IN GARDENS: ITS IMPORTANCE AND PROBLEMS

TO show color strong and vibrant is perhaps the dominant purpose of the true American garden, a purpose strikingly at variance with that of the time-worn gardens of Italy wherein architectural outlines and greenness in full and plenty are the standard of all classes. But while in America color is much desired, it is not always used so as to give attractive results. On every side the cry is heard that our gardens teem with colors blatant and screaming, that our blues are over-ridden by magentas, our pinks by vivid scarlets. Phloxes and nasturtiums we declare we must have, and they are unruly elements.

The following words come from a sincere striver after color harmony in a garden of more than usual charm: "Had I known those sweet Williams would bloom in a clear shade of cherry, I should not have planted them beside the late blooming pink irises. And my marigolds spoil that border; their yellow is powerful, completely over-riding every other tint in the garden. Next year I shall plant them solidly, perhaps as a border bed in front of the grape vines. The butterfly weeds are set in that snug green corner yonder this year and they will be lovely now that there is nothing near to be cast into gloom by their exhilarant color."

"Do you move your plants about every year?" was asked. And the answer was:

"Invariably at the planting season. Otherwise I could not even hope to approach color harmony in the garden."

Indeed in so doing lies the possibility of securing one day an altogether satisfactory arrangement of flowers. For only by continuous observation and the elimination of obtruding colors can the scheme of a garden ever be satisfactory to the artistic eye. Although it may be fairly pleasing one season, this fact does not of necessity mean that it will be equally so the next year. Seeds vary greatly in quality, not always bearing flowers that unfold the expected shades of color; while many plants, especially such as the garden phloxes which have been evolved from the wild and hybridized to a great extent, often revert to their native colors. A great clump of phlox that has been the salmon pink asset of a garden for several summers may without word or warning suddenly bloom flamboyantly in the tones it wore in its native state, a crude magenta, setting all else on edge. When thus a plant determines wilfully to revert, it forestalls all efforts of man. It becomes simply a necessity to remove it should its color appear intolerable and for the space then exposed other provision must be made.

It is not always because garden owners are careless or lacking in taste that their gardens show reprehensible arrangements of colors,—it more often occurs because absolute color harmony in a garden is a very difficult thing to attain, one requiring much patience, labor and the love and understanding of plants along with an artistic appreciation of color values.

To begin to plant a garden without some definite scheme in mind is simply to set out on the road of disenchantment. When the country home is building and the plan is made for the grounds and garden, the entire color scheme should be one of the salient points of decision. A house constructed of brick requires to be offset by very different planting from one made of concrete or clapboards. Houses of red or "Tapestry" brick cannot be made to appear at ease with red geraniums, salvia, red cannas, nasturtiums, magenta-colored petunias, phloxes, or many of the red, crimson, pink and magenta blooms that give a brilliancy

and poise to a concrete house, the tone of which has not yet mellowed. A log house or bungalow would be sadly handicapped by a nearby garden made of delicately tinted bedding plants. It would appear to nestle more snugly with the landscape should the planting show the bright scarlets, the blues and yellows of nature's most striking wildlings.

The crying difficulty with many gardens is that too much is attempted, too many varieties of plants are used, too many colors expected to blend with their surroundings, the atmosphere, the earth and the sky. Many of the most appealingly beautiful gardens are those of few flowers, few varieties of plants.

As soon as the general color scheme of a garden is decided upon the individual plants should be chosen to give it vitality. This is pleasing work. The colors of spring, also of early summer are mostly young and tender without the high spirit of rivalry. The soft pinks, the delicate yellows, the azure blues, lilacs and whites seldom clash with each other, provided only that some slight amount of care is given to their distribution. Color harmony in the spring and early summer garden is not difficult of attainment. Midsummer, however, when annuals and tossing perennials are at their height of bloom, is the heyday of color discords, the time of all others when a garden can put gray hairs into the head of its owner. It is at this season, when prolonged drought is likely that consummate art is required to keep the garden presentable. The yellows have a way of making themselves obnoxious; the idea of sunlight that gleamed through their early spring tones has become lost in their flaunting self-sufficiency. In midsummer the yellow lilies, the blanket flowers, coreopses, sunflowers and goldenglows come into the garden. So terrified of them are now many garden builders, owing to the wild damage they can do if not skilfully placed, that with a sweeping hand they exclude them altogether. But this plan denotes somewhat of lack of courage. Better it were to accept them as high notes advantageous in certain places and there to grapple with them than to give them no entrance fearing the harm they can do.

Although the idea is at variance with public opinion, yellow,—that is the yellow of midsummer, is one of the most difficult colors to handle well. The average garden builder thinks that it can be used indiscriminately like green or white. Would that he were sound in his conviction! As a matter of cruel fact yellow in its intensity gives no more pleasure to look upon continuously than can be gained from gazing at the sun. It is too bright, depressing other colors, provided always that it has the advantage of nearness. Beside blue in its paler shades it has a particularly unfortunate effect; its absorbing power is much less apparent when near pink. To see yellow however, in its full glory it should be placed where green is abundant as in a dell a bit dark and shady. It also is seen at its best planted en masse offset by purple. This idea when carried out in pansies is forceful and charming in the extreme.

Blue is another color that needs careful handling in a garden. Not because it has like yellow, the sting of too much brilliancy, but because it is soft and sweet and can be easily effaced by either red or yellow. Blue flowers are invariably lovely when beside white ones. Blue larkspurs when well massed and balanced by strong clumps of Madonna lilies, *Lilium candidum* are an imposing sight affording true joy to the eye keen for the delights of color. Seldom can there be too many blue flowers. They know not the meaning of the word intrude. Among the early plants the dainty Siberian squills are blue, there is a hyacinth fairly blue, irises can be found in blue merely tinted with pink. Then there come ragged sailors, larkspurs, *platycoydons, campanulas* and lupines, asters turning strongly to purple, blue lobelia, *Lobelia syphillitica,* a tall brilliant beauty and the annual dwarf lobelia growing no higher than four inches and having the ability to form a border as neat as a band of bright bue ribbon. The gentle forget-me-not can be grown in the moist spots of a garden, by a pond or stream. When placed where it appears to carpet the earth for white Japanese irises its own loveliness is accentuated.

While there is danger that the blues may be lost in a garden, there is the more salient one that the reds, and especially the magenta, will strike a note altogether too high. In fact in America there has recently come to the front a desire to abolish magenta altogether. It is felt to be too striking, too insistent in its quality of color. Yet this wish is not shared by the professional gardener who likes the richness of ma-

genta, feeling that it gives accent to his other colors. That it is difficult to abolish is true since it is the color to which pink flowers revert, a fact probably owing, as scientists teach, to its being the one peculiar to the zone in which most American gardens are located. The magenta that comes with the phloxes and petunias is very trying, infinitely more so than that which occurs among the peonies. The most dreadful bit of color arrangement in a garden that can be imagined has shown itself season after season at one of the great estates touching Long Island Sound. There a wide bed of magenta petunias is intercepted every now and then by standard heliotropes. Yet this is the work of one of the most authoritative gardeners in the country and can only be excused by the supposition that he and those he serves are color blind.

The Japanese get accent in their gardens by using a touch of black, something possible to them, since they have a black iris. It is placed near those of most vivid and alluring shades, that the idea of death may heighten the effect of the intense free life which they illustrate. Dead twigs are similarly used by the Japanese at seasons when the black iris is impracticable.

In old European gardens that have stood the test of generations, foliage plants have been largely used to hold the more riotous colors of flowers in abeyance. The custom is likewise growing in this country where frequently leaves of golden brown and green tones are interspersed wherever their softening note is necessary. In large gardens the Japanese maples and cedars (retinosporas) showing respectably warm rich, wine-color tones, browns and deep greens, copper and lemon yellow have been used to give accent in needed places as well as to keep exceedingly high colors from vying with each other.

Under many circumstances this plan is better than an indiscriminate use of white flowers which have of late been handled so carelessly between other colors that a spotted, detached look has been cast over innumerable gardens. One white flower there is charming in the late season for its sprightly appealing grace, *Hyacinthus candicans*. It raises its slender stalk of white bells uprightly and is sufficiently open not to block the sight, the eye passing through and beyond it. It can occur again and again in a garden and not be in the least obtrusive. Bulbs of the plant are not at all costly—three dollars a thousand—and should be used in great numbers. Its value is very different from that of the immense clumps of feverfew that appear so plainly white in many young gardens.

Stocks and snapdragons can usually be grown together without clashing since their colors show soft pinks, delicate yellows, rich rose and wine color, soft and velvety in appearance. Few plants are more beneficial to the midsummer garden than their improved strains.

Naturally the gardener must look out continuously for wild irrelevant colors that freak-fashion crop out unawares seeming to have lost all sense of family or tradition. Because they have bloomed in his garden is no excuse to allow them to ruin its effect as a whole. With stringent courage they must be denounced.

But color arrangement in a garden is something that can no more be taught than the mixing of colors on a palette. Simply to him who plans and builds a garden there is usually an individual conception of it having heightened value when open to experience and suggestion.

FOR THRIFTY, GLOSSY PALMS

A FRIEND whose palms are the surprise of her neighborhood washes the leaves often with water and frequently with sweet milk, the former affording the cleanliness they need to *breathe*, while the milk nourishes and gives a beautiful gloss. To feed the roots she occasionally inserts diced bits of fresh beef deep into the soil, and once in a long while a spoonful of castor oil is put into their drinking water. This treatment suggests human ways, but her plants are a proof of its efficacy.

Instead of the castor-oil and beef treatment for house palms many prefer, when the plants are ailing, to pour over their roots a pint of olive oil; the cheaper Italian grades serving well for the purpose. This amount applies only to large plants and rubber trees of good size.

Nowhere are various kinds of palms, rubber trees and aloes, in fact green-growing things, more to be encouraged than in the flat and apartment houses of large cities, places remote in feeling from the free life of the country; in such places plants, lusty in growth, are capable of playing a part in softening this impression and in making the out-of-door world seem less inaccessible.

AN INDOOR ARRANGEMENT FOR SEPARATING VEGETABLES AND WINTERING OVER TENDER FLOWERS.

PROLONGING THE GARDEN PERIOD BY AN EARLY START

SIX weeks may be added to the usual gardening season by starting vegetable and flower seeds indoors, and neither an expensive greenhouse nor a troublesome hotbed is necessary to have succulent vegetables, or garden bloom, when your neighbor's seeds are just beginning to germinate outdoors.

Market gardeners, whose business it is to supply the public with delicacies in or out of season, have made use of the greenhouse, simply because of the necessity for larger production.

But any one, who can provide similar conditions to those existing in a greenhouse, with reference to light, heat and moisture, may start his few dozen plants with no inconvenience, and achieve resuits as good as if the most expensive of U-Bar structures had sheltered their birth.

Any Craftsman house that has a glassed-in porch, or a room with a sunny southern window, can be turned, during the late winter months, into the semblance of a greenhouse. The first requisites for porch or indoor gardening are plenty of sunlight, a temperature of not less than 45 degrees at night and about 65 or 70 degrees by day and some moisture in the air and seed bed. With these essentials, flat boxes of earth for sprouting the seed, and the right varieties of seed, you can grow garden plants cheaper and better than you can buy them, and have your vegetables and cut flowers on their way to your table fully a month before their usual appearance there.

Only the simplest kind of carpentry is necessary to make the "flats" which professional gardeners use for seed beds. The lumber need not be more than a half inch in thickness. Make the boxes about 4 inches deep, 2 feet wide, and 3 feet long, for convenience in lifting. Nail or screw them tightly at the corners. Bore a few half inch holes in the bottoms for drainage, and set them on a wide shelf under the sunny window, or over trestles on the enclosed porch, where they will receive the maximum amount of sunlight. Your miniature greenhouse is now established, except for one thing,—a moisture-laden atmosphere.

Should there be a stove on the porch, be sure to keep a pan of water evaporating on top of the stove, or on the radiator, if your heating apparatus is steam or hot water. Nothing is more fatal to growing plant life than a dry, devitalized atmosphere. Coal gas or illuminating gas must also be excluded. The air in the room where your plants are to grow must contain oxygen, and sufficient provision be made for allowing fresh air to enter from outdoors occasionally, where it will not strike the tender seedlings.

With correct conditions of sunlight, artificial heat, and moisture accounted for, the flats are ready to be filled with soil, and the seeds sown. Special soil must be prepared for indoor seed beds.

To a bushel of ordinary garden soil, which contains clay, add a third each of old, well-rotted, short manure, and coarse sand. If manure is hard to get, leaf mold, the floor covering of woods, may be used in the same proportion. If you are a city gardener, however, and can't get either by going out-of-doors, any florist will supply you with what you want for a small outlay.

Thoroughly mix the three ingredients, screening them through a quarter-inch ash sifter. Lay the screenings on top of some broken stone or pottery in the bottom of the flats, and strew with them a handful of finely broken charcoal. This will help to prevent a fatal fungous growth in young plants known as "damping off." Put on more sifted soil, and tamp it down with a block of wood, called a seed board, which can be fashioned at home.

Small clay pans, about a foot long, eight inches wide, and two inches deep, may be bought and used as flats, with rather better results, for then only one kind of seed need be sown in each pan. The advantage of keeping them separate is great. A pane of glass must be placed over each pan to conserve moisture, by the prevention of evaporation. When the seeds sprout, and put forth their leaves, this glass cover ought to be removed at once. As all seeds do not germinate at the same time, promiscuous sowing in flats is attended by some trouble. It is wise to get seeds of contemporary habit in the same flat.

When the soil is solid under the seed board, soak the contents of the boxes or pans thoroughly, and let drain for half an hour. Then sift half an inch of finely pulverized soil, or leaf mold, through some wire mosquito netting over the wet soil, press a ruler into the surface to mark off three inch rows or furrows, and sow the seed in these depressions, covering them with about their own depth of soil. Top watering is a poor practise, as it often floods the seed bed and washes off tiny seeds. By the former method, the soil soaks up the moisture it needs in a few minutes, and a more even distribution of water is effected by soaking than could possibly be done by the finest rose spray.

The seeds will probably not need watering again until they have germinated, which may take a week or more, but usually two or three days.

A word about seeds. Order only such varieties as will fit in with your "paper garden" scheme. Buy from none but reliable firms of seedsmen. The stuff displayed at drug stores and grocers is more than half trash, and you will be bitterly disappointed if you buy it.

Below is a list of vegetables and flowers which may be started in the indoor greenhouse and later transplanted to more permanent homes outdoors.

From February 1 to March 1 sow successive plantings of cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce, tomatoes, parsley. From February 15 to March 15 sow beets, brussels sprouts, early celery, lettuce, tomatoes, eggplant and melons. From March 1 to April 1, cucumbers, eggplant, peppers, squash, late tomatoes, parsnips, carrots, celery.

The following flower seeds may also be sown at any time, preferably about March 15, for the best results: Asters, ageratum, begonia, canna, cardinal flower, campanula carpatica, centurea Montana, carnations, erigeron glabellus, mignonette, papaver nudicalle, gaillardia, geranium, heliotrope, petunia, salvia, verbena, ten-weeks stocks, penstemon campanulata.

No water should be poured directly on the surface of the seed bed, but a piece of cotton cloth of the same size should be spread over it, and water sprayed on this. When the seeds have sprouted this will be unnecessary. As soon as the little plants have put forth their second, or true leaves, they are ready for transplanting into other flats or pans.

Remove them gently from the bed with the flat end of a home-made dibble, whittled from a pine shingle, and lower them into their new quarters with some soil clinging to their rootlets. They ought not to be

placed closer than three inches apart each way. Water moderately, and keep out of strong light for two or three days until the plants take hold. Then let them have all the sun and air they want.

Seedlings may be transplanted directly into four or five-inch pots, instead of the second flats. The pots can be filled with the same kind of soil that is in the seed bed. As soon as they are old enough they can be turned out of the pots and put into the ground.

They may be hardened off by taking the flats outdoors during the day, in bright warm weather. After about a week of this sort of treatment, if the season is mild, they can be left out all night.

A cold frame is easily contrived from some old lumber and window sash, or cotton protecting cloth. The plants will even stand a little freezing o' nights, but they must be thawed in the shade afterward, or they will die.

By April, the first sowing of cabbage, lettuce and tomatoes will be able to withstand the rigors of an open-air life, and they may be removed to the garden.

If the dreadful "damping off" rot appears, attacking the fragile plants at the surface of the soil while they are still indoors, prompt action is necessary to save them. Dry the earth in the flats by suspending them over a radiator or the kitchen stove at night, but do not let the earth burn and destroy the humus. An even heat is all that is required. Sometimes a small shovelful of fine sand, heated, sifted over the plants and stirred into the surface soil, will destroy the pestilent growth. But charcoal is a good preventive. By keeping the seed bed not too wet, and airing frequently, no serious trouble need be anticipated.

As soon as the young seeds begin to sprout remembrance of all the trouble that has been taken in planning and arranging for their sowing vanishes, since they then grow rapidly, affording daily interest to the plant lover. It seems even as though they use nights as well as days for growing, often making astonishing progress. In general when they are about two inches high some thought must be taken as to their transplanting. This sometimes is done by setting them first in inch pots, again they are able to go directly in the garden. As a rule the more times a young plant is transplanted the more compact and hardy its rootstalk.

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(These magazines can be had by applying to the Garden Department, THE CRAFTSMAN, 41 West Thirty-fourth Street. Price 25 cents per copy.)

THE RELATION BETWEEN THE CRAFTSMAN REAL-ESTATE DEPARTMENT AND COUNTRY LIFE

COUNTRY life furnishes a solution for a surprisingly large number of social problems. It counteracts the artificialities of city environment and brings man back to the bedrock truths of nature. Pure food, pure air and thoughts directed toward the simple things connected with the natural products of the land are the best life insurance. The healthfulness of country living, to say nothing of its advantages in the way of pleasant and profitable exercise and amusement, accounts for increased demand for country and suburban property on the part of city people.

Because of its long advocacy of country living, THE CRAFTSMAN is especially gratified at the interest which the announcement of our new Real-Estate Service has aroused on the part of people in search of country and suburban homes. We feel that this is a direct response to years of effort on the part of THE CRAFTSMAN to point out what it regards as the most satisfactory mode of life.

The feature of our Real-Estate Service, which seems especially welcome to people who wish to move to the country, is our policy of acting in the interests of the investor only. We promote no particular neighborhoods or developments. We are simply gathering together the facts relating to home sites, suburban properties and farms, which are available to the home-seeker, and this information is gladly placed at his disposal. In addition to this, we are investigating the merits of properties listed with us and advise without charge as to their desirability.

We know of no other service where the home-seeker may obtain information and advice of this unbiased character without subjecting himself to the bombardment of the usual "selling campaign."

During the past month we have listed available and desirable properties in nearly all accessible neighborhoods around New York, also informing ourselves in regard to properties in many other sections. For instance, we are able to recommend some very desirable and inexpensive bungalow sites along the Maine coast, as well as interesting properties in other States.

We invite those who have property for sale which would be desirable for the purposes here outlined, to communicate with us, and a blank will be forwarded for listing. As we have stated, however, our chief service is to the investor. Those who are subscribers to THE CRAFTSMAN and wish to invest in a country or suburban home, are welcome to the information we have collected. Write to THE CRAFTSMAN REAL-ESTATE SERVICE DEPARTMENT, 41 West 34th Street, New York City.

IT WILL WELL REPAY CRAFTSMAN READERS, WHO ARE INTERESTED IN BUYING MATERIALS FOR HOMEBUILDING, TO EXAMINE CAREFULLY THE ADVERTISING PAGES OF THE APRIL HOMEBUILDER'S NUMBER. THE BEST GOODS IN EVERY LINE WILL BE REPRESENTED. OUR SERVICE DEPARTMENT WILL TELL YOU WHICH IS BEST FOR YOUR PURPOSE.

CUTTING BACK ONE-THIRD OF THE YEAR'S GROWTH ON A YOUNG APPLE TREE.

WHAT TO PRUNE AND HOW TO SPRAY

MANY homeowners are deterred from establishing even a small orchard or fruit garden, by the idea that expert professional attention is indispensable to its maintenance. Success in fruit culture depends somewhat upon climate, proper soil and cultivation, but yet more largely upon knowing something about the care of trees, bushes and vines. It has been the experience of nurserymen who have sold young trees to the public, that neglect is the main cause of so many failures to realize good crops.

Most people know that pruning is done to remove dead wood, to take out crossing branches, to shape the tree well, or to ensure better fruit; but the reason why this is done, or how it should be done, is unknown to them. Tree butchers have prejudiced the amateur against attempting the art. But intelligent and proper pruning may be done by anybody who will pay strict attention to a few simple principles and use common sense.

Late in the winter rather than in the autumn is the time for such work, as trees are more dormant toward spring, also because a severe winter will often kill back the branches below the cuts, which involves doing the work all over again. Pruning should never be done in freezing weather, nor should it be left till the sap has swelled the buds; in either case a serious loss of vitality will result.

The tools necessary for the work are a knife of somewhat peculiar shape and exceeding sharpness, or a pair of heavy pruning shears, and a saw. The cost of the whole outfit need not be more than three dollars.

It is erroneous to suppose that pruning is a mysterious business. In half an hour enough can be learned of its fundamentals to enable the average man to care for his own orchard. Since different fruits require different methods of treatment, it is advisable to take one kind at a time, giving directions separately for each variety.

For an example, let us begin with the apple. To obtain the best of fruit from an apple tree, it must be pruned rather severely. All spindly shoots which grow on the inside surfaces of the main branches must be ruthlessly removed every year; they are useless encumbrances commonly called "suckers." The term adequately describes them, since they absorb much of the life blood of the tree that would otherwise go into the true fruit-bearing wood. In addition

SPRAYING A DORMANT TREE IN WINTER TO KILL SAN JOSÉ SCALE.

to the removal of the unwanted wood, the whole tree should be shaped and trained in such a manner that it will bear the most fruit, of the best quality and low down, to minimize the cost of gathering, with the least amount of likelihood that the branches will break in the stress of wind or storm.

All dead wood and useless branches must be cut out of the tree first. Where the growth of one branch will injure another by rubbing it, or crowding it, sacrifice the weaker branch, or the one which will alter least the symmetry of the tree. Apple trees should be headed low for convenience in picking and spraying, of which more will be said later. About one-third of the current year's growth should be pruned to achieve this result. If this is done from the start, taking care to cut back to an outside bud, and removing the interior growth, to allow plenty of sunlight and air to reach the blossoms and fruit, the tree will be a comely and useful member of the orchard family. Care must be taken also not to leave a shoulder or stub after the pruning is done. This can be accomplished by making the cut parallel with the branch that is being pruned and flat with the branch.

Under no circumstances cut back on the two-year growth, for it is on this wood that fruit-buds appear. On trees which have matured the annual growth is less vigorous, and therefore pruning is not required to such an extent as it is with younger trees.

Many fruit growers and tree surgeons paint the exposed surface of a tree or limb after pruning. Tar, white lead, and carbolineum with soap are used for this purpose. It is said that painting prevents decay and fungous growth. On the other hand, many practical tree men use no covering whatever, asserting it is unnecessary. Excellent results have come from both systems. It is therefore largely a matter of personal experimenting.

Pear trees need less pruning, because they are more naturally of dwarf habit. The characteristic spurs of pear wood bear the fruit, and when they develop, little or no pruning is necessary. Trees that are pyramidal in habit need to be cut low-headed, of course.

Peaches, and their near relations, apricots and nectarines, bear their crops upon new wood. An effort should be made with them to remove all old wood that seems lacking in vigor for making new wood. Peach trees are liable to rank growth while young and throw up hosts of branchlets, which for a year or two will be literally burdened with fruit. But this ambition results disastrously for the tree, which kills itself by overbearing. The orchardist must watch this propensity and thin out such varieties vigorously.

The plum may be classified by its habit of fruiting all over. In early spring its branches from the main trunk to the tips of the tiniest twigs, are rosy with bloom. Severe pruning is necessary to get a good quality of fruit, which sets more abundantly on plum and cherry than other trees. Elimination of at least two-thirds of the present season's growth is needful for a fair

crop. Even fruit-buds may be sacrificed here, because where Nature has been so prodigal man may use discrimination. Inside branches should be cut out frequently and the tree kept as low-headed as possible. The habit of most plums is dwarfish. They respond to treatment easily. Particular attention must be paid to crowding branches.

Cherries require less pruning than other fruits after they have arrived at bearing age. An annual house-cleaning for the removal of dead or weak wood is all that is really needed for the health of the tree. Fruit is borne in clusters on spurs.

Quinces are naturally dwarf trees, and except in rare instances, after the shaping of youth, need no pruning whatever. Their fruiting tendency is prolific and all the new wood, which grows slowly, is immediately occupied by the tree to carry fruit.

Cane fruits such as raspberries and blackberries, require annual and harsh pruning to secure crops of any excellence at all. Old wood, or canes that have once borne, should be cut off level with the ground immediately after the berries are gathered. Leave only three or four new canes, easily distinguished by their smooth, bright-colored bark. Prune their tips back one-quarter of their growth.

The three or four canes which are left naturally receive all the nourishment in the plant. Sprouts from the roots make their appearance annually, and after two years are the fruit-bearers.

Currants and gooseberries may be treated in much the same manner. Three-year-old wood had better be sacrificed. Its opulence is past. In cutting out the useless branches, sever them close to the ground and thus give the aggressive new shoots, which appear in the middle of the bush, a chance to get their diet of sun and air. It is important to the health of the bush that these youngsters have unrestricted freedom.

BRANCHES OF AN APPLE TREE BADLY INFESTED WITH THE SAN JOSÉ SCALE.

Spraying is an absolute necessity. No matter what sort of fruit is being raised it ought to be sprayed. The point of view of the New England farmer that "his grandfather raised fruit without any such newfangled notions" has altered considerably since the advent of the San José scale and numerous other pests and enemies to horticulture. Scale is easily recognized. A single specimen looks a good bit like a fly speck, centered in a circle of brown or reddish bark. If a tree is overrun with scale the branches have a scurfy appearance, almost as if they had a heavy crust of salt and pepper. If the bark is scratched with the fingernail or a knife-blade this coating flakes off. The scale insect is then discov-

SIMPLE APPLIANCES FOR THE AMATEUR FARMER WHO IS TRYING TO RID HIS ORCHARDS AND GARDENS OF PESTS.

ered as a plump pale yellow mite underneath. If dead it will be shrivelled and brown, but if alive a speck of color, like blood, is evident. A magnifying glass enables the observer to get a good look at the pest.

The only safe method of killing scale is by dipping or spraying infested trees and bushes with a solution of lime and sulphur, or a miscible oil such as Scalecide. Other serious menaces are the gypsy moth and the brown-tail moth, both of which were originally from abroad and brought in through nursery stock. Their presence is easily discovered. The brown-tail moth will usually be found in the form of a small hairy caterpillar in loose webs or tents two or three inches long. They are conspicuous on any tree and should be removed and burned at once. The gypsy moth lays a mass of eggs which are readily detected in the branches of trees. These must be taken off and burned to rid the tree of danger.

Most orchard pests come under three heads, plant diseases, chewing insects and sucking insects. For each of these a different sort of treatment has been devised, and long experience has proven that most diseases may be checked and eradicated by sprays applied at the proper time.

Among the plant diseases are the black rot of peaches and plums, the peach leaf curl, leaf spots, mildews, cankers and smuts. They are incurable after development. Spraying with a fungicide which will not injure the plant or tree itself will check the fungus in early stages and often right the difficulty. The best fungicide is Bordeaux mixture, although the lime-sulphur wash is also used in very dilute form.

Bordeaux mixture is a combination of bluestone (copper sulphate) and lime with water. Two strengths are used, one for hardy plants such as the potato, apple, pear or quince, and the other for more delicate vegetation like the peach or plum. It can be purchased ready for dilution or it can be made at home.

To make it, take three pounds of bluestone, four pounds of quicklime and fifty gallons of water. Dissolve the lime in a barrel, using part of the water. Heat the water in which the bluestone is dissolved, then pour it into the lime water. Diluted to half strength it is useful for preventing disease on less hardy plants. This spray will not kill insects. To make it effective in destroying chewing insects arsenate of lead must be added to the diluted formula.

Some plant diseases are due to bacteria, rather than to fungi, and no spray will remedy the trouble, The medicine is pruning. Pear blight, variously called fire, black or twig blight, is such a disease. The black knot of the sour cherry and plum is another. Prune the infected branch well back beyond infection, and burn at once.

Chewing insects, such as the common potato bug, eat plant tissues, and will thus swallow any poisons placed on the leaves. All insects feeding in this way can be killed by the application of arsenical poisons. Chief of these are Paris green and arsenate of lead. They are applied when the plants are in leaf, as the insects are then at work. The coddling moth, destructive to apples, the curculios which feed upon peach and plum trees, may be destroyed by spraying with a solution of two to three pounds of arsenate of lead in fifty gallons of water. Or Bordeaux mixture may be used in place of the water for the general health of the plant, because of its fungicidal value.

Sucking insects are those which pierce the bark and then suck the sap, injecting at times a poisonous saliva. They operate like mosquitoes. Among these pests are the scale, plant lice or aphis, and the squash bug. They cannot be killed by arsenical poisons because they do not commence to feed until the proboscis reaches the inner plant tissues. Only contact insecticides will destroy them. In the case of the scale the insecticide must be so strong that it would destroy the tree leaves if it were sprayed at any time but the dormant season. Very dilute lime-sulphur sprays, either home-made or commercial, dilute oil emulsions, strong tobacco decoctions and dilute whale-oil soap solutions are some of the means used to kill plant lice and young sucking insects generally, when the trees are in leaf. Kerosene emulsion is made by boiling half a pound of hard soap in a gallon of water till it dissolves, then removing it from the fire and adding two gallons of kerosene oil, beating vigorously till it becomes buttery. This may be set aside as a stock solution and diluted with seven times its bulk of water when needed for use. It can also be purchased prepared for dilution. One of the best contact insecticides for amateur use is whale-oil soap, one pound in five gallons of water. For cabbage and tomato plants reduce to four

gallons, but for peaches, Japan plums and delicate stuff, increase the water to five gallons.

When brought down to essentials, spraying may be divided into spraying seed fruits and spraying stone fruits. For the former it is necessary to spray while dormant with Scalecide or with strong lime-sulphur, later after the blossoms fall with arsenate of lead in either weak Bordeaux or weak lime-sulphur wash, and two weeks afterward with arsenate in strong Bordeaux. This will ensure good fruit, unless other calamities intervene.

For stone fruits it is also desirable that spraying start with Scalecide, or strong lime-sulphur wash while the trees are dormant. If the trees are healthy and vigorous probably no more spraying will be needed. If peach leaf curl is prevalent, Bordeaux or weak lime-sulphur sprayed just as the leaf-buds open will check its development. But where fruit is liable to injury by brown rot, or ripe rot, spray just after the husks drop with Bordeaux or dilute self-boiled lime-sulphur wash, and again when the fruit is half formed. Arsenate of lead incorporated in each application will effectually destroy the curculio moth and many other nuisances.

A final word regarding the manner of application. For tiny gardens a hand spray or knapsack spray is just the thing. They cost from three to five dollars and will save many times that amount.

For farmers or commercial fruit growers, a large spray pump is indispensable. A good barrel sprayer should work easily and throw a steady, even spray through the nozzle of the hose, instead of spurting the liquid each time the pump is worked. A power sprayer working automatically is best for large orchards. It should have an agitator, a good strainer, and a modern type of nozzle. It is a good plan to use two nozzles on one 25-foot length of hose. An extension rod is extremely handy.

Thoroughness in spraying is the clew to success. The material applied should cover every portion of the tree or plant above ground. Spray in the direction of the wind, not against it. Go over the orchard a second time and retouch thin spots. When spraying trees in leaf be sure the spray is thrown as a fine mist, not in drops or in a stream. In spraying for coddling moth use enough force to drive the mist into the blossom end of the little apples, for it is there the worm lurks, and once the green tips close him in, the rascal is immune.

No man should be discouraged from spraying because his neighbors do not believe in it. Spraying means insurance; insurance of healthy, long-lived, vigorous trees; insurance of well-ripened crops. And the best kind of insurance in profitable returns.

NOTE.—For those who desire to pursue the subject further, Bulletin 178, Office of Experiment Stations, U. S. Department of Agriculture may be procured from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., for twenty cents. It is full of valuable information.

CAREFUL PLANTING MEANS SUCCESSFUL GARDENS

SEED catalogues and nursery booklets with their alluring lists of beautiful things lead many gardeners into temptation. Eager to have the best, the surprises, the innovations, amateur gardeners are apt to create meaningless effects in their gardens, because they have not considered the results of careless planting.

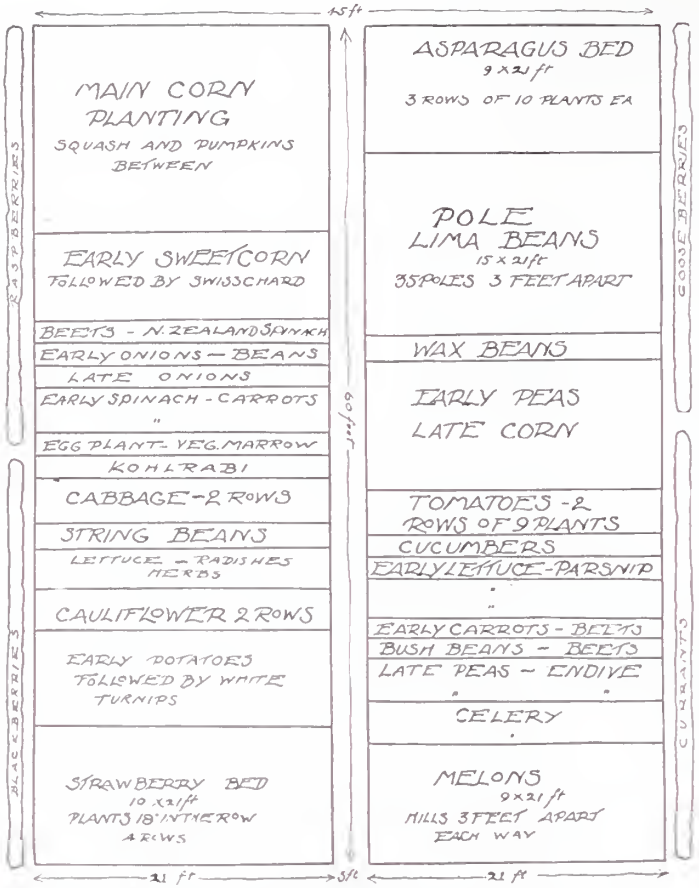
Make up your mind, this month, finally, what you want to plant and where you want to plant it. Catalogues and booklets should be thoroughly digested by now, if you have spent a winter with them in pleasant anticipation of the delights seedsmen and plantsmen reveal.

Work out a garden scheme now, on paper, and stick to it. Avoid last-minute reservations. On your garden chart put only those things you want to grow this year,—a pink windflower for the hardy border, that new Michigan beet for the kitchen pot, those shrubs for the lawn,—and when the selection is made, abide by it.

Only by such processes can you achieve a garden which will be useful, economical and beautiful.

Above all else be careful in the planting of shrubs, either on the lawn as specimens, as backgrounds for hardy borders or wherever they may be used. Be careful not only in the selection of their sites but in the way the work is done. Plant them for permanency.

THE LARGEST NUMBER OF THE CRAFTSMAN WILL BE THE APRIL HOME-BUILDER'S NUMBER, BRIMMING WITH INFORMATION FOR THE LAYMAN WHO IS SEEKING TO BUILD A REAL HOME.



PLAN FOR A CRAFTSMAN VEGETABLE PLOT

PLANNING THE GARDEN ON PAPER

LONG ago March used to begin the year. Not until 713 B. C. did the Romans rearrange the calendar so January and February might open the month sequence. The Anglo-Saxons called March "lenct-monath," the spring-month, and began their rude gardening operations then.

Our gardening should properly begin right after the holidays, by drawing our plans for vegetable patches or flower gardens on paper. The long January and February evenings should see these plans finished, but if they are not done, it is better to make them in March than not at all.

Unless we take thought beforehand, to add a cubit to the length or breadth of our gardens, to plan crop rotations and intercropping systems, to tenant the vacant homes of bulbs with late blooming perennials, to plant a tree where shade is needed, the garden will not be the place of our dreams, but only a haphazard, messy affair. Nature mocks at half and half, and fills the void with weeds.

First decide on the dimensions for the garden plot, and its site, whether it be for food or floriculture. Then fix a scale to use when the plan in your head is put to paper. Four feet to the inch is ample. Plotting paper, printed in quarter inch squares, can be bought for five cents a sheet, 20 by 24 inches. Pin over this a sheet of tough but transparent tracing paper. The scale lines will show from beneath and guide your eye accurately.

Use a soft drawing pencil to sketch in the outlines of the proposed plan. A quarter inch means a foot outdoors, remember. If vegetables and small fruits are to be cultivated, have the rows run north and south if at all possible, indicate them by dotted lines on the plan, and mark the compass points.

If the garden is shaped or situated so that rows running north and south will be inconvenient, they may run east and west without much difference to most of the garden truck. But pole beans and peas, as well as tomatoes, ought to be planted in rows running north and south, to get the full daily exposure to the sun, which is needed for their maturing.

Rows should be about 18 inches apart for small crops and 2 to 3 feet apart for crops like corn, potatoes or melons. Draw no lines for planting lettuce, parsley, or radishes. These can be planted 'tween rows to save space. If you set aside a 25 foot row for early bush beans, remember to follow this crop with another of entirely different character. A good plan will keep late maturing crops by themselves, separated from those which must be replaced by succession crops. Most seed catalogues inform their readers the length of time necessary for the seed to mature. Plan to keep fruit bushes on the outskirts of small gardens, or else in a well defined location where they need not be disturbed. Here is the plan of a CRAFTSMAN vegetable garden which may

furnish some suggestions to ambitious souls who would rather grow their own vegetables than buy them. It embodies the Craftsman principles of economy and utility, and simplifies work as well, so that its cultivation shall be a relaxation, not labor. An hour a day will keep it clean and free from weeds, but more time spent in it will repay the maker.

Notice that this plot is only 45 by 60 feet, half the usual size of a tennis court, and that on this small area, less than an eighth of an acre in extent, it is possible to raise enough fruit and vegetables to feed a family of six during the summer, and provide some for winter.

So prolific are many small, well-tended gardens that neighbors have to be enlisted to consume the vegetables. Two dozen tomato plants will under careful cultivation produce so plentifully as to supply a family, their neighbors besides for at least one meal a day and material for catsup and pickles. At present the custom is growing of planting tomatoes in variety, that to this so-called plebeian of the garden may not be added the sting of monotony.

Today the tomato grows in many and diverse forms, its uses being multiplied in proportion. There is the small, red tomato shaped like a pear; the tomato the size of a cherry; tomatoes growing in bunches, like grapes or currants; yellow tomatoes looking like plums and larger ones, white and red like peaches. In these comparatively new varieties the housewife delights, since they are not only food in the abstract, but have a decorative value when used with salads and as garnitures for various dishes. All of these kinds of tomatoes respond readily to cultivation. The neighbors' chickens with their hard bills striking to their very heart and a mammoth green worm, sluggish and without conscience, are their greatest enemies.

Unquestionably the vegetable garden, simple in its layout, can become one of the greatest assets of a country home. The fresh wholesome food that it supplies distributes also a feeling of independence, akin to that of handing the deed of property bought with the results of labor. The man who raises his own vegetables can face the world with a smile. He must, however, beware of the tyranny of such a garden: its demand for constant attention. Let him turn his back upon it, even for a day, and the weeds will have become profuse.

OUR NEW BOOKLET

WE have just published a booklet dealing at some length with the new CRAFTSMAN SERVICE. It is an attractive little book with many illustrations, well printed, and bound in a Craftsman brown cover.

The title of the booklet is "Craftsman Service for Home-Builders."

The first topic discussed is "The Reasons for Craftsman Service," wherein the origin and growth of the Craftsman movement is traced step by step from the designing of the first piece of Craftsman furniture by Gustav Stickley to the present world-wide scope of Craftsman influence in the many questions involved in the building and furnishing of the home. The "Why" of our new service is fully explained and its inevitableness pointed out.

The "Distinguishing Features of the Craftsman House" are next noted clearly and completely. In this article we make no attempt at argument. We merely state our case in the simplest way. We do not quarrel with or criticize other ways of building and other styles of architecture; but we believe firmly that every home-builder would do well to look over this little book before investing in a home. This article is especially well illustrated, the cuts having been chosen with a view of showing the various points we make in regard to Craftsman houses.

"Why We Offer Craftsman Service to You" is the next heading. Whether this service will be found valuable will depend largely upon whether the reader is in sympathy with the preceding article. We explain herein why we are best equipped to help the man who wishes to build in the Craftsman way.

Then follows an article, "The Extent of Craftsman Service," discussing our facilities for supplying plans, the scope of our Real-Estate Service, our Landscape and Agricultural Service, and a fair summary of what we can do for CRAFTSMAN subscribers and why we undertake to do these things.

We wish to distribute this booklet among discriminating home-builders and believe that they will find it interesting reading. If you have a friend or acquaintance who thinks of building this spring send us name and address and we will forward the Booklet without charge.

ALS IK KAN

THE SPRINGTIME OF MEMORY

A GOOD and wise man has said that memory is the great consoler of age—making youth eternal by recalling and vivifying the experiences of youth. As the receptive period of our life passes by, more and more we find ourselves turning to the comfort of that system of multiplying joys known as memory. We forget with our brains and remember with our senses; boundaries and figures learned in youth go down before the increased weight of years; but the sensations experienced in our early days, the smell of wet grass, the fragrance of arbutus borne on March winds, the bloom of crab-apple trees in the twilight—what eternal measure of joy they bring! As memory thus touches our emotions we are children or lovers again with an intensity of happiness scarcely known in the actual days of childhood or realized romance. So through memory one experienced joy swells into a multitude of joys, stirred into life by the cry of a child, the color of a rose petal, the velvet sound of running water over smooth stones.

Happily for this memory of the senses—we do not wait for logic to turn our way or reason to release her stiff grasp. The joys of memory are ours for the having. A sensitive spirit will find them ready to shower blessings on every hand. Indeed age seems to vanish where the sensuous memory stirs to refresh and invigorate us. Memory can do what books fail utterly to accomplish; she leaves us the hero of our sweetest romance. Books exact our appreciation of the virtues (those stilted literary virtues) of others; memory thrills us with the splendid recollection of our own early hopes and our occasional achievements. Memory has but one vital rival in her power to bring swift, safe pleasure, namely, the companionship of very little children who are at once frank and wise, tender and serene.

And to have memory in our old age to call upon when impulse is waning a little and our capacity for material joys lessening we must fill our youthful days with fresh strong beauty. Young life must be full of wonder and romance, storing up impression which through memory will furnish us enlivenment and profit in the years to come.

The days when life is new to us, and so our impressions strongest should necessarily be spent in surroundings that will stimulate the imagination, enlighten the character and infuse the spirit; thus only do we fill our wonder house. Nature should perforce be the background for these receptive days, for Nature holds the illimitable romance of all times. Nature is emotional as youth is, and as years go by we remember through our emotions rather than our intellect. It is indeed the quickening of our imagination in the emotional creative period that gives us a living fineness of joy even after the possibility of material enjoyment is past. In the early days of alert comprehension, swift responsiveness, the body and the soul alike are susceptible to all shades of attack from life. To the young mind glowing with enjoyment, appreciation, enthusiasm, "God is in His temple" merely because the sun is high, and rapture winds rose veils about the eyes of those who would gaze upon love.

It is during the creative years, mental, spiritual and physical, that the emotions are most flexible and the capacity for response most sensitized and whatever vision we possess most awake and eager. Then, what so natural as to fill heart and soul with indelible impressions of beauty from Nature, the foundation of beauty? What are all our metropolitan achievements along artistic lines but reproductions of nature? What is art, music, literature, drama, but a re-presentation of phases of nature that have poured into the heart of man through his vision and out again to the world through his mastery of mediums. Then why not seek the whip for our inspiration and the food for our memory from visions of beauty at first hand? The boy and girl who would enrich memory as a treasure house for age must seek real joys through intimate contact with life, and Nature is indeed the only joy that never fails. But you must know her well when your imagination is young. You must arise as she beckons you from the East in the early morning. You must rejoice and sorrow with her intimately and understandingly, you must sleep peaceful in her divine stillness—or later in life you will seek in vain to find her raptures through memory. Keith, the great painter of the Western oak, says that he learned to know the trees by sleeping under them, and then he painted them from memory.

In this feeding of memory we find a vital, if not the most vital, reason that all young life should be lived in the country. There are other reasons, too, for country life in childhood,—health, sympathetic understanding of animal life, knowledge of the importance of manual labor, a sense of responsibility toward progress, respect for strength and simplicity. But valuable as these are as a foundation for a sane, wholesome, useful life, the development of the imagination through country living and nearness to nature and consequent storing of the soul with new, joyous experiences for memory to reproduce in years to come seems the supreme gift that real rural living has to offer our children.

"But I don't want my children to become farmers, James is going to be a great lawyer and Marguerite cannot live without society." This is supposed to be an argument against country life for young folks. As a matter of fact it is only one more in favor of it. If James is going to shut himself up in a law office for the whole of his business life, he more than almost any other needs to enrich his early years with those ineffable experiences that only Nature can give. He far more than the average man will need to draw upon his memory for the joy that in age life will withhold from him. So let James in particular have the opportunity of getting the soil ready to bring forth good gifts. Let him some time in his youth catch a glimpse of a bluebird in March, let him listen to the robin at sunrise of a gleaming April day and above all let him rest at noon with the wide hillsides pale green, all the orchards fragrant and the orioles nesting under his very eyes. James has been cheated indeed if he has not, with rushing feet, brought cherry blossoms to his mother, the first that unfolded from the very branch he had been watching with loving, eager eyes. For with this experience how often, at what disastrous hours the thought of the orchard and the hillside and the branch of blossoms will return to him; perhaps in the crowded courtroom scene or at the day of some bitter failure or in the midst of defeat memory will bring back with her delicate, loving hands those wonderful joys of boyhood when James had the great opportunity of his life to live in the country.

And Marguerite too, will have a much richer life with country days at the beginning of it. What is this society that is offered her in place of the wildrose in bloom, the fields yellowing with the harvest, the bird calls in her waking moments, her first love borne out of the tender romance of spring, of which she is the living symbol? Can telephone calls and silly school gossip, new fashions in manners and dress, her hair banded low enough on her forehead, her silk stockings cob-webby enough —can these things and their daily discussion really count in her life against intimacy with Nature, a knowledge and love of her wonderful ways, a response to sky, wind, rain, sun, perfume, and in addition a friendship with the kind farm animals, a training for work because it links her with the progress ot life, a developed love of peace and a sure, physical poise? What girl in truth has really received her birthright who has not lived happily, vigorously, sanely for a time at least in the country?

We do not advocate too strenuous a life —that every child shall be a pioneer in rural conditions, a life filled with hardship and bleakness—although this is better far than the completely enervated false life of many city and village children; but with all our heart and soul out of the fullness of conviction, borne of experience and observation we say to all parents *give your children country life,* a knowledge at least of springtime in the land of growing, flowering nature, that memory in later life may give them in turn her treasures of exquisitely renewed joys.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE REEF: BY EDITH WHARTON

"THE REEF" is not a strikingly imaginative story, not like "The House of Mirth," wherein Mrs. Wharton knew the value of her material and used it a trifle sensationally, nor does it touch the high art note struck in "Ethan Frome." It is a clever book written from the viewpoint of one knowing life well, regarding it with semi-cynical indulgence; of one past the time of expecting it to unfold with the concentrated energy of the drama.

From beginning to end the story goes on much like life. Agreeable or not its consequences follow each other relentlessly. There is no reprieve from its details; its cup of bitter presented with the draught of love.

Within the souls of its principals there

seems to lurk an appreciation of the exalted quality of self-sacrifice; to put which into practise proves, on the test, to be at variance with their own desires.

They are not lovable people; they are not dramatic; rather they are the usual kind mercilessly revealed through the introspection of Mrs. Wharton's pen. For this reason the book, while consecutively reasoned, lacks somewhat in action. It goes on through the rains of Paris and the rains of Givré until the reader longs for bright sunshine, unquestioned and unquestioning love.

Mrs. Leath, a woman of chaste mentality, meets in her early widowhood *George Darrow,* whom she had loved to the extent of an unfolded nature when a girl in New York; but who had failed to win her because of his passing admiration for a woman lightly touched by scandal.

Left a widow a bit subdued by her mother-in-law; in sympathy with her stepson, *Owen* of undisciplined morals, and endeavoring to serve her own blithe little girl *Effie,* it is small wonder that *Mrs. Leath* met her old sweetheart in London with a smile that gave the impression of "a red rose pinned on her widow's mourning."

But she was a woman given to self-torment, oppressed by the details of life. *George Darrow* on his way from London to Givré received the word: "Unexpected obstacle. Please do not come till thirtieth." He surmised that she had put him off in the interest of some triviality. *Effie* had to be found a new governess. Thrown back on himself he falls in with a young woman whom he dimly remembers; one whose remembrance of him is vivid. "My name is Viner—Sophy Viner," she recalls. And his mind reverts to a dreadful sort of lodging house in Chelsea, where, intent on seeking another occupant, he had been prone to pass her on the stairs. The Channel with Paris beyond lay before them.

Some months later at Givré, *Darrow,* installed as the accepted husband of *Mrs. Leath,* was asked to give his opinion concerning the little girl's governess. The governess was *Sophy Viner,* not to remain long in the position however, since the son of the house, *Owen,* had asked her to marry him.

The end comes with the supposed return of *Mrs. Leath* to *Darrow* and the flight of *Sophy* with *Owen,* probably without the inconvenience of marriage since he too had learned her story, to Spain, to India, or wherever their overstrained emotions led them.

Here somewhere between the earth and the sky "The Reef" leaves its readers suspended, quite after the fashion of Henry James. Again it reminds us of life. It cuts us off in the midst of things, throwing us, against our will, back on our own surmises. (Published by D. Appleton & Company, New York. 376 pages. Price $1.30 net.)

SATURDAY IN MY GARDEN: BY H. HADFIELD FARTHING

NATURE books unlike those of fiction have a certain perennial interest accentuated with the return of each spring. It is so with "Saturday in My Garden," a book which inspires the reader with the desire to cultivate the soil even though his space is limited to a quarter of an acre and the time for its attention restricted to Saturdays. The book is a reproduction of articles which appeared in the *Daily Express* meeting with speedy appreciation. Much material, however, has been added to the original articles and the book systematized so that its information is readily obtainable.

It is offered exclusively as a help and guidance to amateurs, making no pretence to gain the attention of experts. Its suggested cultivation of plants nevertheless is about identical with that generally practised, whether in large or small gardens.

"Saturday in My Garden" does not deal alone with flower growing. It teaches how to make and to preserve a lawn, also how to select fruits and vegetables for the small garden. It devotes a chapter to the amateur's greenhouse and provides a chronological table at the back of the book indicating the work that should be done each day in the year. Happy is he who has more time to spend in his garden than a single weekly Saturday. (Published by Doubleday, Page & Company, New York. Illustrated. 476 pages. Price $2.50 net.)

TREES IN WINTER: BY ALBERT FRANCIS BLAKESLEE AND CHESTER DEACON JARVIS

THE title of this book as explained by its authors does not, as might seem likely to those unacquainted with the habits of trees, limit them to the regulation winter months of December, January and

February. It covers rather the time of tree-life from the shedding of their leaves in the autumn to the bursting of their buds in the spring, a period differing greatly with various species. In some cases it may include the months between March and November.

The arrangement of the book places its subject matter well. In fact it is one of the first publications to give to the public able assistance in the identification of trees during their leafless period; even though it is at this time that lumbering and the commercial handling of trees is mostly done. The trees included for description are those of the northeastern part of North America, New England being the pivotal region.

Botanical specialists as well as students of tree diseases will find an added means of their identification by use of the book, although its primary purpose is to assist in tree-study out-of-doors. A pleasant part of the book is that which assists its readers to recognize trees at a distance by their general habit of growth and their bark. In this connection some of their photographs are highly interesting. Enthusiasm is aroused through the views presented and the mind is enlivened with a desire to come into a fuller sympathy with trees not only as natural objects of beauty, but also as art works in the landscape.

The tree, its propagation, planting, selection, care and protection from injuries and diseases—the tree in its utilitarian aspects is thoroughly discussed in this book which recognizes the beauty of the tree more as a by-product than as the impelling object of study.

For those who have to do with trees from no matter what point of view, planting them on the lawn or selecting them in the forest it would seem that "Trees in Winter" should rank among essentials. In every way it is an example of comprehensive information placed systematically at the service of the reader. (Published by the Macmillan Company, New York. Illustrated. 446 pages. Price $2.00 net.)

THE OLD GARDENS OF ITALY: BY MRS. AUBREY LE BLOND

TO aid the traveler to find Italian gardens of interest and to provide some idea of the way to go about gaining permission to view them is the individual theme of Mrs. Le Blond's book.

That the old gardens of Italy owe and retain their character after, in some instances, generations of neglect, to their entire suitability to the home, its occupants and the surrounding climate is now a recognized fact, while the idea of copying them literally on American soil has begun to pall on intelligent people. But the great lesson they teach that the house and garden should be treated as a whole cannot be too strongly reiterated.

In Italy the term "villa" means the whole property. The Italians used few flowers other than roses in their gardens, simply because the heat of their summer suns forbade them to flourish. Box, cypress and holly formed their substitutes. Inevitably the Italian garden is a place in which to live; its walks for cool days so planned as to trap the sun and its grottoes for sunlit weather dripping with moisture.

The plan of the book is good on account of the directness with which the subject is treated. There are no elaborate descriptions of villas; but in each case their essential and peculiar features are mentioned. Few words are used. The book is an excellent hand book for those who wish to know what villas to visit, likewise which ones to avoid. Its scope is wide and the pleasure it gives the reader, greatly heightened by the numerous illustrations. (Published by John Lane Company, London and New York. Illustrated. 173 pages. Price $2.50 net.)

GARDEN FLOWERS IN COLOR

THIS series of small books dealing with various kinds and types of flowers each one written by an author familiar with the respective subject, includes a number of hand books useful to those wishing to specialize in some particular phase of flower-growing.

Tulips: By Reverend Joseph Jacob is held to be "a practical manual of tulip-culture," emphasizing much that is interesting about the historical, scientific and literary discussions that have gathered during past generations about this fair Eastern flower.

Irises: By W. Rickalson Dykes inspires its readers with the desire to pursue iris-culture, since it offers the able assistance in this field of garden work that has formerly been somewhat difficult to obtain in concise and pleasing form. The iris is brought forward as a genus of plants of

which some member can be had in bloom each month in the year. This fact alone should give the unusual forms a more general place in the gardens of rarity-seekers.

Chrysanthemums: By Thomas Stevenson with chapters by C. Harman Payne and Charles E. Shea makes a plea for the retention of the chrysanthemum as the great decorative flower of the plant world, one that has been carefully cultivated and systematically improved for over 2,000 years. Indeed, the Japanese began to hold their famous chrysanthemum shows in the year 900 A. D. The chrysanthemum as a flower of the autumn and an exhibition plant is fully treated. Its history, to which a chapter is devoted, is interesting and the cultural instructions are simple and well-stated.

Annuals—Hardy and Half-Hardy: By Charles H. Curtis gives in limited space a wealth of information concerning this class of important garden plants. Those of the greatest value are presented, while others regarded by the author as less desirable in the garden are grouped together in a separate chapter. The selection and cultivation of annuals are carefully directed.

Each one of the books in this series holds eight plates in color of prominent flowers. Many of them are exceedingly attractive, the various tones being more faithful representations of the blooms as they actually occur than is frequently the case in similar works. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Illustrated. Pages about 110 each. Price 65 cents each, net.)

POPULAR GARDEN FLOWERS: BY WALTER P. WRIGHT

THE strong plea made by the author of "Popular Garden Flowers" is for fewer flowers in each garden and for those of renowned virtue which have been carefully developed and tested over a long period of time. Indeed in taking this position rests the note of newness of the book, since the greater number of both books and gardens represent today so many varieties of flowers as to be fairly bewildering to those caring for garden simplicity.

In the present volume, issued to complete the trilogy of which the other two volumes are "The Perfect Garden" and "The Garden Week by Week," the most important plants are introduced to the reader, not superficially but through a relation of the number and meaning of their names, their origin and history, their position in literature and folklore, their entrance into the garden and the best varieties that can there be propagated.

Cultural items are dealt with in detail, while at the same time much information concerning the personality of the plants is given. Such flowers as roses, chrysanthemums and carnations, having a recognized life in the greenhouse as well as in the garden, are treated in connection with their indoor habits, exhibitors being offered guidance through the discussion. The colored illustrations of gardens scattered through the book show several particularly attractive arrangements of flowers. (Published by Doubleday, Page & Company, New York. Illustrated. 376 pages. Price $2.50 net.)

DYES AND DYEING: BY CHARLES E. PELLEW

IN his book entitled "Dyes and Dyeing," Mr. Pellew extends to intelligent craftsmen the pleasure of comprehending and undoubtedly of practising one of the most interesting arts. For the book is not for the professional dyer who conducts work on a large scale in the factory and to give instructions to whom would be like carrying coal to Newcastle; but rather it is for craftsmen and amateur dyers who wish to stain textiles upon a somewhat small scale.

To obtain authentic information on this subject has been for the latter class of individuals a difficult matter, that is, until Mr. Pellew became aware of their need and aided by knowledge gained during his service as Adjunct Professor of Chemistry at Columbia University and later by personal experiments, gave to the public the series of articles which were published in THE CRAFTSMAN. The present volume is an outcome of these articles.

Mr. Pellew leaves no doubt as to the fact that the specialized art of dyeing has very distinctly advanced since the days of the ancients and that the present time shows it in a higher degree of development than ever before. The historical incidents that he relates are interesting, especially when viewed in retrospect from the dawn of the new era in dyeing—marked by the discovery of Mauveine in 1856 by Sir William Henry Perkin. From this discovery the modern aniline dye-stuffs followed as a natural sequel.

The outfit suggested for home dyeing is

simple, far from costly; the instructions and recipes given are clear and to the point; a classification of coal tar colors available for craftsmen should prove helpful, also the list of selected dyes.

Directions for dyeing raffia, silk, wool, cotton and linen, feathers and leather, are entered into in detail. The scope of the book is ambitious, moreover satisfying. Not only does it run the full gamut of instructions concerning the changing of colors; but it devotes several chapters to the ancient and modern methods by which craftsmen can apply dye-stuffs so as to produce definite patterns on the objects dyed.

Tied and dyed work is described; stencils and stencil work, and enough about batik (the Japanese word signifying painting in wax) is written to arouse thoroughly the enthusiasm of the reader. Batik in fact is a process practised in the East for many generations and only recently experimented with by English and American craftsmen.

It is without doubt that Mr. Pellew's researches will be a ready assistance to those wishing to gain color effect in home decoration, for fancy costumes, for wearing apparel and for materials useful in various arts and crafts. Teachers will be glad of the book as an assistance in educating children to a sense of color, its many shades and differences. (Published by McBride, Nast & Company, New York. Illustrated. 264 pages. Price $2.00 net.)

INDUSTRIAL MATHEMATICS: BY HORACE WILLMER MARSH

FOR those who have need to use mathematics in the various industries which they serve this book, an outcome of Mr. Marsh's experience as head of the Department of Mathematics, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, fairly teems with information and facts needful to know. Its appeal is to those "who desire mathematical preparation for technical courses, who are taking industrial courses of study; for those who are employed or who anticipate employment in technical industries."

Many examples and problems are provided through its pages, actual commercial data being used to give them expression. The master mechanic will find in the text the mathematics useful to him, while it will also furnish many with the ability to read technical periodicals regarding various industries in which for one reason or another they find interest. (Published by John Wiley & Sons, New York. Illustrated. 477 pages. Price $2.00 net.)

PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR: BY FRANCIS TREWELYN MILLER, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: IN TEN VOLUMES

THE Civil War, its meaning, its facts, its history, its romance and its poetry are fully told in these ten volumes of photographs appealing to the eye of the reader as well as to his intelligence. Thousands of scenes enacted between the years 1861-1865 are herein reproduced through photographs; while the text under each one is written by some special authority. The work accentuates the re-establishment of sympathy and confidence between the North and the South, and the fact that being now wholly one people in a great country, the time is ripe to treat this heroic period of history from the standpoint of what it teaches of literary significance and of reconstruction. (Published by the Review of Reviews Company, New York. Illustrated. 350 pages each volume. Cloth Edition, price $34.00.)

ILLUSTRATIONS OF DESIGN: BY LOCKWOOD DE FOREST

FIFTY plates illustrating the lines used by the craftsmen of India make up Mr. de Forest's book. A student of Oriental art for the last 35 years and in close touch with the workmen of India and Damascus, he has learned much concerning the way in which they work and about their wonderful facility in making designs, an art almost lost to the Western world.

Through observation of the Mistri caste of India, Mr. de Forest has come to believe that design is "a language of form taken in through the eye to the mind, just as music is taken in through the ear." One must learn the notes of line and color before being able to compose, otherwise to design.

The plates of the book, many of which are very beautiful, should prove suggestive to those wishing to design in almost any material ranging from stone to wall decoration, even to jewelry. (Published by Ginn & Company, New York. Plates 50. Price $2.00 net.)

NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

AT THE FOLSOM GALLERIES

THE fat woman is irresistible. She is so softly, unguardedly fat, she seems to follow herself with a certain swaying defiance, her clothes tight as only a fat woman ever wears tight clothes, strained about her, dangerously taut, an embodiment of every defect the fashion of the moment is capable of. But her tight ungracefulness is worn with pride, a curious sturdy acceptance of Fate's injustice.

A child walks swiftly past her, incurious of her unbeautiful exterior, not a schoolgirl, though young. You can see at a glance that her education has been life, not books, and that life has also given her a cheerful independence and an impertinent sureness. She is also "stylish," hideously so, lean to emaciation, her few garments a complete revelation of this leanness. Her hat, the largest to be found, with a feather in length to grace the court of Henry the Eighth, not an unbecoming hat but startlingly unreal. Her little skirt as meager as the hat immense, as though all her trifling money had been expended in the millinery bargain.

"FIFTH AVENUE GOSSIPS."

"THE APPRENTICE FROM MADISON AVENUE."

Regarding the child with amusement not unmixed with contempt are three young girls arm in arm, the latest fashion accent in every detail of their self-conscious garments. In fact, quite willingly and purposely all of the lines and curves and eccentricities that make for fashion are exaggerated in their pose and garment. They are sprightly, satisfied caricatures of the modern girl whose means enable her to express the mode of the day without artistic conception or grace in execution. But these three young women carry their accented clothes with the same obvious content that the fat woman bears her straining harness and the young girl her royal head adornment. There is eager interest in each face, a purely material interest; but keen with the curiosity of undeveloped life about physical things.

A shade less satisfied, and many shades more elaborate as a caricature, is a tall woman with a corsage bouquet and a muff drooping at the side—the picturesque carried consciously to the *n*th degree, carried beyond all beauty, beyond all understand-

ing, born in the mind that only knows quantity and that feels that *more* must inevitably mean better. So absorbed is she in the contemplation of her perfection of eccentricity that she has no sympathy for the fat woman or interest in the little girl and does not heed the amusement she gives the three gossips whose smiles are not unmixed with envy.

The fifth figure is the aged ingénue type; she abounds in England, you cannot walk a block on a London street without passing her. Her dress is young and short, with senile coquetry in every line, the hat large and garden-like, the face cruel, seamed and hardened with rapacious, envious thoughts. She glares at the others and they do not smile at her, for they are a little fearful lest she turn and rend them.

Others there are young and old, in this little community at the Folsom Gallery, all real human types to be seen any evening on upper Broadway, indeed on almost any wide avenue in the theater region of New York. These particular types which we are speaking of and showing in this article have been reproduced with consummate skill and rare human sympathy in the portrait-studies by Ethel Myers, miniature pieces of sculpture holding mighty satire on the more or less undeveloped feminine humanity, the by-product of a huge, heartless city. In no instance has Mrs. Myers (who by the way is the wife of the painter of Eastside children, Jerome Myers, an artist of keen insight and skilled technique) given us intentional caricatures. She is not revealing in these studies her point of view about these people, their aims and ambitions; but in the most subtle, yet simple fashion, their own point of view about themselves. You do not look at them with pity and say, poor, grotesque humanity, what can be done for them? As you study them, you know that they are quite satisfied. They are dressing in a way that satisfies their taste completely, where they exaggerate they think themselves finer, more interesting. Clothes to them become almost the sum total of human achievement, and they must be clothes that bring them the tribute of astonishment in the eyes of the

"MISS BROADWAY."

"FIFTH AVENUE GIRL."

passerby. Quality they cannot have. They are hardly conscious of it. Size and quantity hence become their standards. They may pass through this phase to a finer understanding of the relation of clothes to the human mind and body, or they may continue their life long to exaggerate with self-satisfaction, but for the time being at least their enjoyment of life is as great or greater than yours or mine. They do not envy simplicity, but are scornful of it. Their enjoyment of life is flamboyant and their expression of it showy and tawdry.

In the past Mrs. Myers has been better known to the artist world as a painter of courage and skill, for the future she must rank, whether she will or no, as a sculptor with the power of presenting through her work a knowledge of life and understanding of human psychology as rare as it is interesting.

SOME OF THE BEST RECENT EXHIBITIONS

WE regret having to go to press with only the briefest notice of a number of noteworthy exhibitions at the various New York galleries. We have held so closely to the idea of a garden number in this March issue in answer to requests from all over the country for our help along these lines that our space has been completely taken up in the more practical fields of Craftsman endeavor. We feel, however, that it is only due our readers to append here a list of artists who appeared before the New York public in more than usually satisfactory exhibitions:

At the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the great Morgan collection of paintings. At the Knoedler Galleries, the paintings of George Elmer Browne. At the MacDowell Club of New York, an exhibition of paintings and sculpture including the work of Robert Henri, George Bellows, Randall Davey and Jonas Lie. At the Numismatic Society, an exhibition of medals, plaques and drawings by Signor Cariati. At the Macbeth Gallery, an exhibition of the widest interest under the head of the "Paintings of the Far West." Some of William Ritschel's work was shown, which our readers will remember in an article on Southwestern art. In the Montross Gallery one of the most interesting events of the season has been an exhibition of early Chinese art from the collection of Mr. A. W. Bahr. Durand-Ruel has had a rare collection of Claude Monets which they grouped under the head of "Views of Venice." The Macbeth Gallery presented a collection of Charles Hawthorne's works. At the National Arts Club there have been a series of exhibitions, the most interesting work shown being that of the painter, sculptor and architect members. Interesting sculpture was shown by Ernest Wise Keyser at the Folsom Galleries, and the Pen and Brush has had an exceptionally interesting exhibition of arts and crafts. The Seventh Annual Exhibition of the Books of the Year had its usual place in the National Arts Club Galleries and was more than usually interesting. Perhaps one of the most startling exhibitions was that given by Alfred H. Maurer at the Folsom Galleries. Paintings that were revolutionary to a degree both in subject and color, interesting to the initiated but bewildering to the lay reader and confusing at close range to any one whose eyes do not work like reversed opera glasses. Frederick Keppel & Co. have shown some exceptionally good engraved portraits. One of the most interesting and vital exhibitions of the year was Paul Dougherty's paintings at the Macbeth Gallery. This we hope to review at length later.

AN ART EVENT

THE art event of the season in New York so far is unquestionably the opening, February 17, of the International Exhibition of Modern Art, in which the most vivid and original modern art was shown both from Europe and America. The morning papers characterize this exhibition as little short of sensational. Over 3,000 people were present, thronging through room after room of the great Armory on Lexington Avenue.

The Association of American Painters and Sculptors, which brought together this extraordinary exhibition, is less than a year old and really has worked a miracle in getting together such a collection, in hanging the pictures in so short a time with such skill and judgment. Practically all the modern men of Europe whose names are linked with progress or revolution are present in this collection, not with one, but many canvases; so that one sees Cézanne not only at his best or his most unusual, but through various stages of his development. The same is true of Matisse and the revolutionists of a generation ago.

DISTINGUISHING FEATURES OF THE CRAFTSMAN HOUSE

THE RULING PRINCIPLE OF THE CRAFTSMAN HOUSE IS SIMPLICITY.

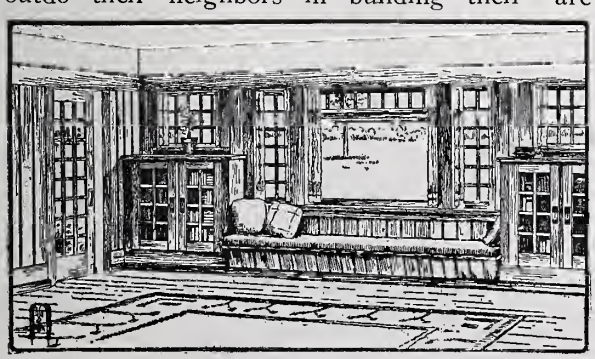
THE central thought in all Craftsman activities is the simplification of life and a return to true democracy. Accordingly the exterior lines of the Craftsman house are very simple and its interior divisions are few.

SIMPLICITY SPELLS ECONOMY.

Elaborate ornamentation is eliminated by our method of interior treatment. Post-and-panel construction replaces useless partitions. Native woods are used liberally. The fireplace is made an ornamental feature. These and other methods are employed in the Craftsman plan to give at a reasonable cost proper decorative effects. The principles of cleanliness and sanitation are recognized in such a way as to make for economy, but possibly the greatest economy of all is the permanent quality of the homes we design. A Craftsman house should stand for 100 years or more without requiring repairs; in fact, for many years a Craftsman house will increase in value and beauty without impairment, and use will give to it a softness and friendliness which will constantly add to its charm.

THE SIMPLE LINES OF THE CRAFTSMAN HOUSE GIVE IT A BEAUTY AND A DIGNITY WHICH REACT MOST FAVORABLY UPON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE FAMILY.

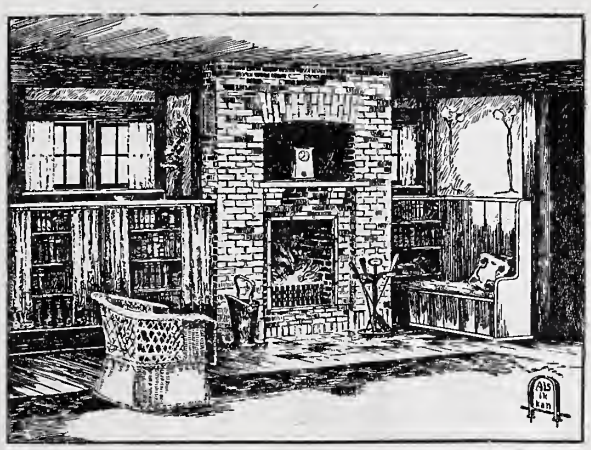
Growing children reflect their environment. Home-builders who are influenced by the notions of others and who strive to outdo their neighbors in building their home, instil the same spirit into their children, and a home which is the product of weak imitation or freakish straining after originality, cannot have a wholesome effect on its inmates.



BUILT-IN WINDOW-SEAT AND BOOKCASES IN A CRAFTSMAN LIVING ROOM, SHOWING THE DECORATIVE EFFECT OBTAINED BY STRUCTURAL FEATURES.

A CRAFTSMAN HOUSE ANSWERS THE QUESTION—"WHAT ARE THE NEEDS OF THE FAMILY?"

Too large a house with unused rooms breeds a spirit of extravagance. The relation of every part of the interior of a house to the needs of the family should be direct and apparent. A Craftsman house is designed to meet these needs just as simply, comfortably and economically as possible.



CRAFTSMAN FIREPLACE CORNER WITH BUILT-IN SEAT AND BOOKSHELVES.

A CRAFTSMAN HOUSE REPRESENTS NOT ONLY ECONOMY IN COST BUT ECONOMY IN FLOOR SPACE.

Not an inch of space is wasted. Because of this the owner's money is made to go as far as possible, and a small house, properly designed, is generally sufficient for the ordinary family. The general living rooms are thrown together, usually including the entrance hall and stairway, so that the whole lower floor of a Craftsman house has the effect of a great living room. Post-and-panel construction and the arrangement of pleasant nooks and corners give a sense of room division as well as a feeling of semi-privacy.

BUILT-IN FEATURES ARE OFTEN INCORPORATED TO MEET SPECIAL NEEDS.

Like other structural features, built-in fittings add to the interest and beauty of rooms. They are directly related to the life of the household and make for simplicity and comfort.

DISTINGUISHING FEATURES OF CRAFTSMAN HOUSES

A DISTINCTIVE NOTE OF THE TRUE CRAFTSMAN INTERIOR IS THE FIREPLACE.

We advocate the fireplace not only for the purposes of affording warmth, light and ventilation, but also as a decorative feature that will add to the interest of the whole interior.

DECORATION IS ACCOMPLISHED BY PROPER USE OF STRUCTURAL FEATURES.

A Craftsman interior, with its built-in features, its cosy nooks, its fireplace and friendly atmosphere created by absence of separate rooms and overcrowded furnishings, affords real decoration without additional expense.

CRAFTSMAN DINING ROOMS ARE ARRANGED TO SIMPLIFY HOUSEHOLD MACHINERY.

The dining room is usually designed to be either almost or wholly a part of the living room. We believe this arrangement to be a constant expression of the spirit of hospitality—entertainment grows thus less elaborate and more friendly, and this phase of home life becomes less formal.

THE CRAFTSMAN KITCHEN IS DESIGNED TO PROVIDE FOR THE HOUSEWIFE EVERY KIND OF CONVENIENCE AND COMFORT.

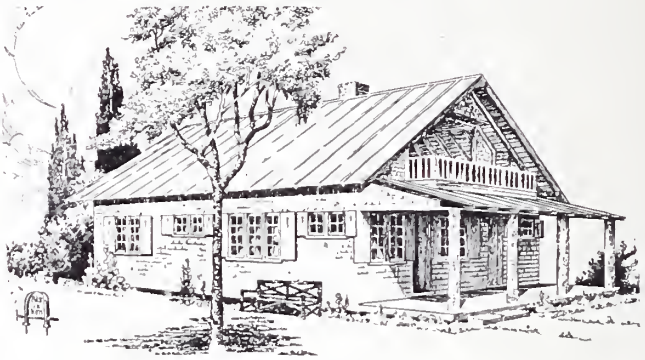
The drudgery of housekeeping is largely due to cluttered kitchens and inconvenient arrangements. We believe in plenty of shelves and cupboards, open plumbing, the hooded range; in short, an equipment which will make the housewife independent of the maid.

CRAFTSMAN BEDROOMS ARE SIMPLY FURNISHED, AS INDIVIDUAL RETREATS.

Nothing lays such a burden upon the shoulders of a housekeeper as large, elaborate and over-dainty bedrooms. Here, as elsewhere, we lay chief stress upon the natural beauty of the walls and woodwork, and the bedrooms of a Craftsman house reflect the idea of durability and cleanliness.

CRAFTSMAN INTERIOR DECORATION IS BROUGHT ABOUT BY THE PROPER USE OF WOODS AND HARMONIOUS COLOR SCHEMES.

The common impression that the lavish use of woodwork is a luxury is erroneous.



CRAFTSMAN SHINGLED BUNGALOW WITH OPEN SLEEPING ROOMS ABOVE: NO. 109.

Beamed ceilings, built-in furnishings and wainscoting amply decorate the most commonplace interior. Gustav Stickley is perhaps the leading authority on the proper use of our native woods and their treatment for decorative purposes. All Craftsman color schemes are based on soft wood tones and are in themselves distinctive.

CRAFTSMAN EXTERIOR CONSTRUCTION IS SUCH AS TO EFFECT A COMPLETE HARMONY BETWEEN THE HOUSE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

We like especially to link the house as closely as possible with the ground on which it stands. We do not advise the leveling of a lot to provide for a smooth, neatly squared spot for the house to stand on—we accommodate the house to the site. In suggesting the materials for the walls we are guided, in deciding what tone should be given, by the general color effects of the landscape—warm, creamy tones for one locality, and perhaps a dull green pigment or the gray of natural plaster in another section of the country. In every detail the Craftsman house is an harmonious unit with its environment.

THE CRAFTSMAN HOUSE ALWAYS COMMANDS A MARKET PRICE FAR IN EXCESS OF THE ORDINARY DWELLING.

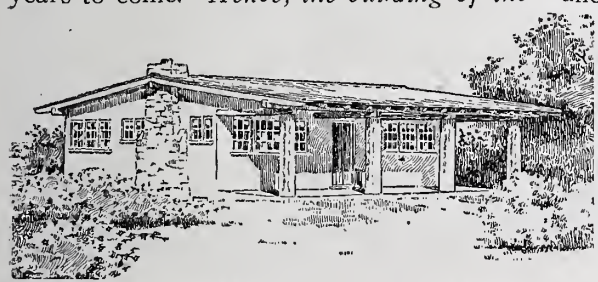
This is due largely to the fact that the Craftsman house is designed for permanency. It is built to endure for years without any expenditure for repairs. When constructed in the Craftsman way, a house is adequately protected from the weather, is built upon a secure foundation of the best materials, and will stand for years after ordinary dwellings in the neighborhood have passed into the scrap heap. Another reason for the high market value of the Craftsman house is that so many homes

have been built from our plans and our home-building work has become so generally recognized that the word "Craftsman" is a hall mark of quality and will add several hundred dollars to the value of any house.

The question of market value is of extreme importance to the house-builder himself from the standpoint of the security of his investment, as well as the ease with which a loan on the property may be secured.

THE VALUE OF CRAFTSMAN SERVICE

MOST persons build only once in a lifetime, and the house when completed must be lived in, whatever may be its imperfections. A man's home generally represents the savings of years, and may anticipate the savings of years to come. *Hence, the building of the home is not to be undertaken lightly, and no one is entitled to the confidence of the home-builder in assisting and advising in such a problem, unless there are adequate grounds for such confidence.*



INEXPENSIVE SUMMER BUNGALOW OF CEMENT: NO. 80.

For this reason we want our subscribers to know exactly what our qualifications are for rendering such services.

In the first place, we have designed in our Architectural Department and published in THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine over 150 houses, ranging in cost of construction from $900 to $30,000.

The number of homes built on Craftsman lines, after Mr. Stickley's plans, runs into the thousands each year. Over twenty million dollars' worth of Craftsman homes were built last year alone, in all parts of the world, from Alaska to the Fiji Islands, thus attesting to the popularity and adaptability of this style of architecture.

To most people, however, the factor which gives them the greatest confidence in our organization is the thoroughness and sincerity for which the word "Craftsman" has become a synonym.

With this background of practical experience to draw from, and this reputation for good workmanship to uphold, the Craftsman organization comes to you, a prospective home-builder, proposing a relationship of principal and client. This proposal is made with a full understanding of the importance of the problem here discussed.

The scope of our architectural activity must necessarily be somewhat limited, for naturally no home-builder who does not endorse the principles which have been outlined here would wish our aid. On the other hand, for those who *do* believe with us, we alone are qualified to give satisfactory service. Mr. Stickley is the originator and designer of Craftsman houses, and therefore the natural source of information and assistance for people who wish to build Craftsman houses is *right here*. It is as necessary to come to us for a Craftsman house as for a piece of Craftsman furniture. There are plenty of imitations and plenty of other styles, but no other place to obtain a single piece of furniture having the real Craftsman lines, the real Craftsman finish and bearing our shop mark. The same is true of Craftsman houses.

CRAFTSMAN LANDSCAPE AND AGRICULTURAL SERVICE

THE planting and laying-out of grounds is an important matter. A tree is not planted for the day, but for succeeding generations. It indicates, to a great extent, the character and judgment of the one who plants it. Of equal importance is the proper planting of flowers and shrubs.

Realizing the great need for care in these matters, especially in the case of Craftsman homes, where house and grounds are meant to be an harmonious unit, a new department of Landscape Service has been organized as a branch of Craftsman Service. Questions about planting, gardening, landscape work, the protection of wild flowers and the conservation of other native flora, will be answered with care.

Pictures and descriptions of gardens made by CRAFTSMAN subscribers will also be published in the magazine.

RECEPTION ROOM OF THE CRAFTSMAN SERVICE, 41 WEST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK

DIAGONALLY opposite the Waldorf in the heart of the shopping and business section of the city, THE CRAFTSMAN has established its headquarters, aiming by this means to provide its subscribers freely with information and to consult with them about their house-building problems.

Visitors from the suburbs, the Middle States and the Far West, visitors from Bermuda, the East, the North and the South will here be welcomed by experienced men, ready to answer their questions and to discuss with them whatever plans they may have in mind concerning their realty, their homes, their gardens and their farms. Here at headquarters subscribers to this magazine will find a room fitted up as a model Craftsman living room; its chairs and lounges comfortable, its writing desk well equipped, its air that of solidity and home comfort.

The shelves of this room hold many books relating to house-building and decoration; designs and plans of various Craftsman houses are exposed; while booklets descriptive of necessary products can be had for the asking. Samples of roofing, grating, brick-laying, lighting fixtures, ventilators, fireirons and candlesticks can also be seen. The treatment of floors and the use of American potteries are also embodied in this model reception room of friendly and helpful purpose.

SIDE VIEW OF CRAFTSMAN RECEPTION ROOM.

VIEW OF ONE END OF CRAFTSMAN RECEPTION ROOM.

Examples of wood finished in different shades of Craftsman Lustre, here assist the house-builder to select some style pleasing to his individual taste, thereby avoiding the disappointments inevitably the result of hasty decisions. Real Craftsman Fireplaces, moreover, are features of this reception room.

Nor is it without well chosen plants that give it the Craftsman touch of intimacy with the out-of-door world.

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